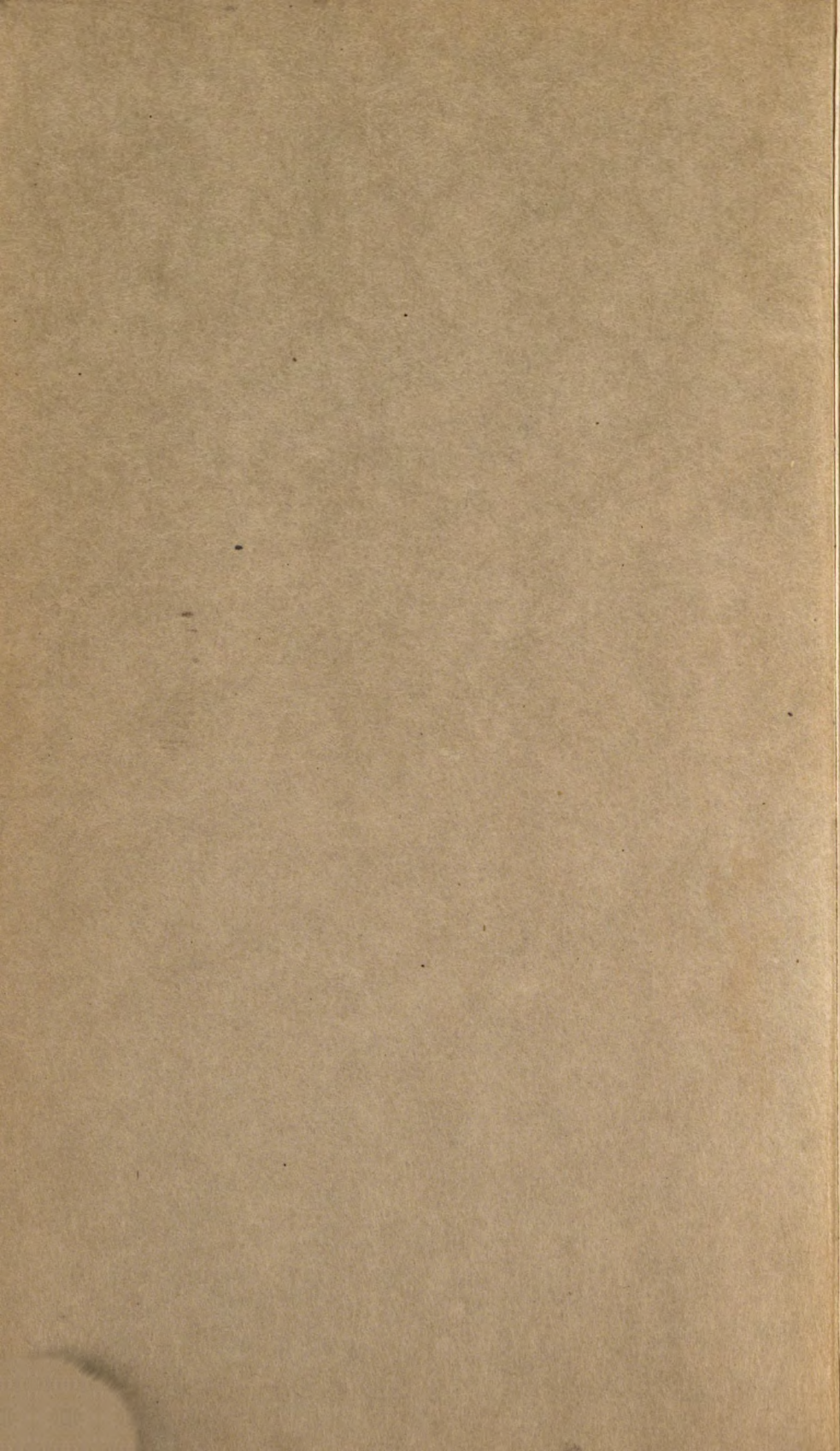


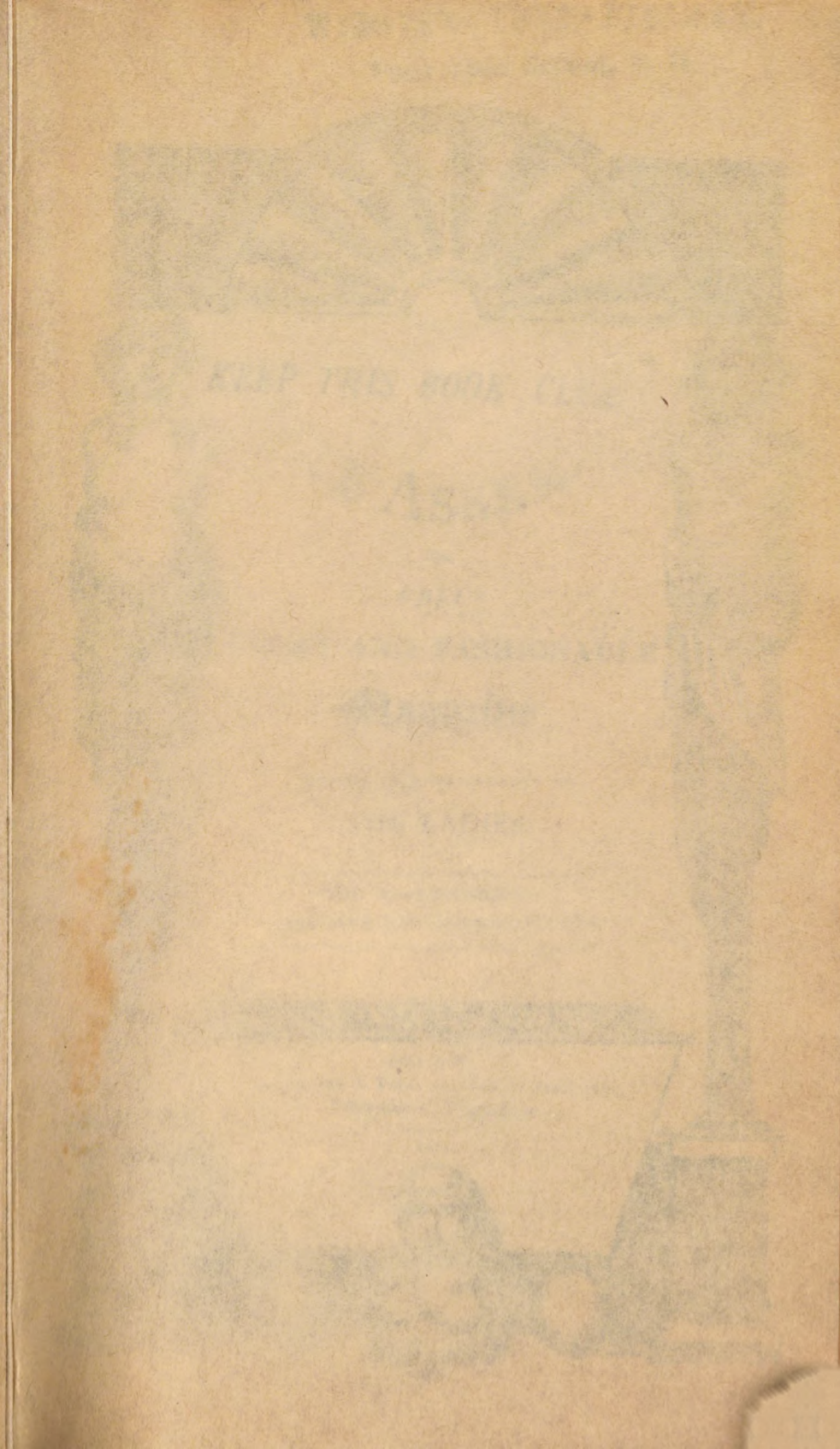
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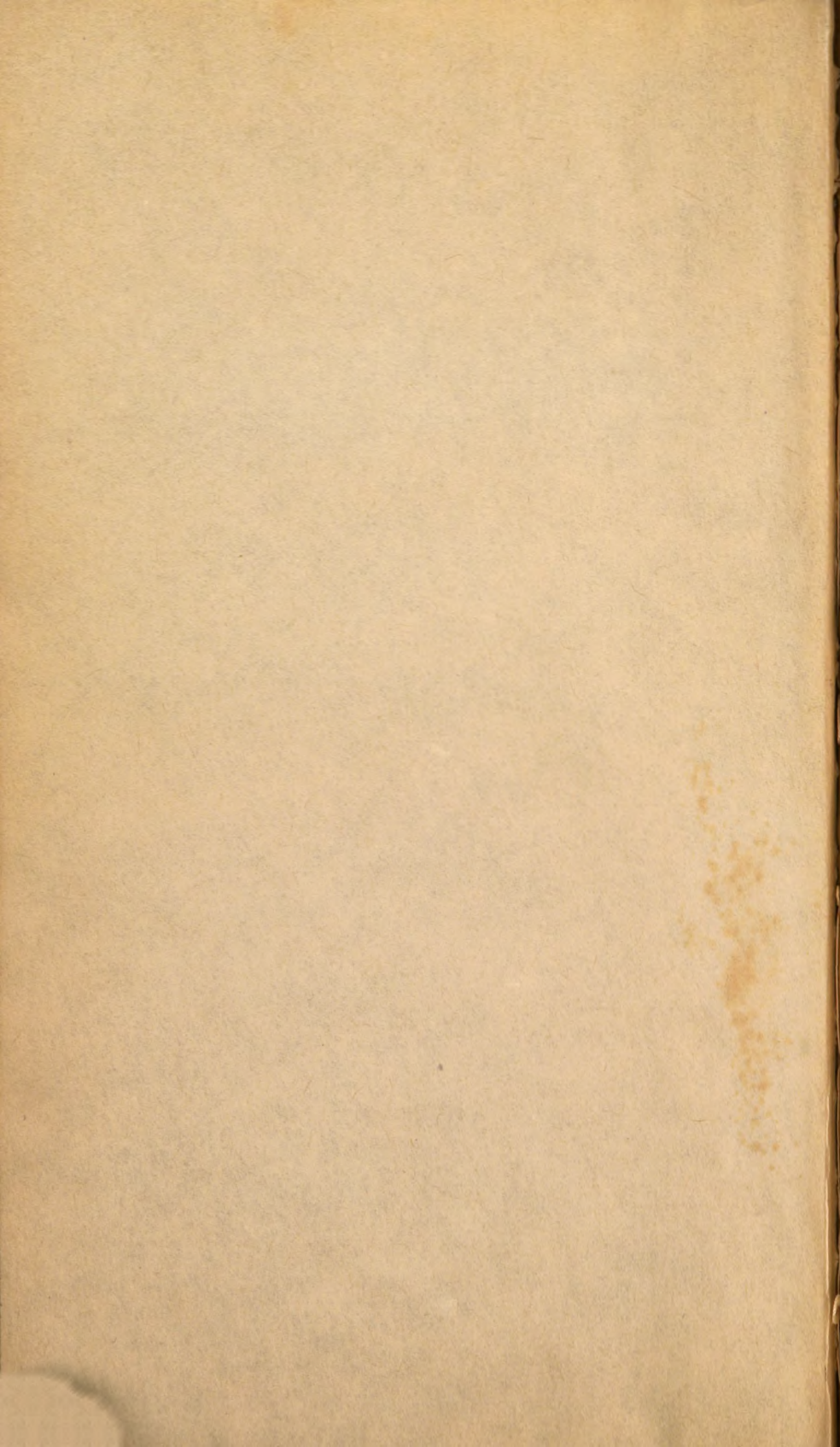


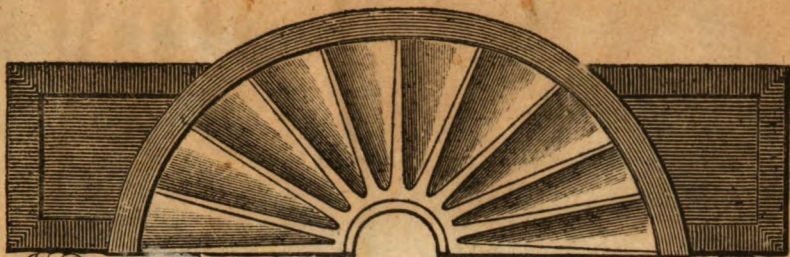
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TO OUR READERS.

WE sincerely regret not to be enabled to give TWO PLATES of PORTRAITS this Month; a most interesting Portrait of BONAPARTE'S SON, the ci-devant KING OF ROME, we had entrusted an Engraver to complete in the necessary time for publication; and he has disappointed us, in not having given all the spirit and effect to the Plate that the subject from which it is taken merits. We do expect that, when the Portrait is finished, our Subscribers will applaud the motive of delay; which has arisen from the determination of not publishing it until rendered perfect in all its parts. We do expect that it will not be inferior to the original, which is now selling at Half-a Guinea each.

London: Printed by and for JOHN BELL, sole Proprietor of this Magazine, and Proprietor of the Weekly Messenger, Clare Court, Drury-Lane.

AUGUST 1, 1814.

no longer meet her Maurice. But afterwards, though the regret of our lovers did not diminish, yet they both began to think of employing this weary time to advantage. The wheel turned, the plane slid, and the time passed, but not exactly in the same manner with one as the other. The tender Ernestine, faithful to her grief, persevered in her plan of employment: she did not allow herself a moment's respite; and she enjoyed no other pleasure than getting on with her counterpane and her knitting, and saying to herself every night, "Thank Heaven, there is one more day gone!"

Maurice also counted the hours which he passed away from his Ernestine; but he did not devote all his time to regrets for the past. In truth, the change of scene, and the variety of objects which he beheld for the first time, speedily consoled him: he contemplated with pleasure the different manners and customs of the countries through which he passed. During the first year he travelled from town to town, working at his business, he acquired a tolerable knowledge of the French language; and being at Lyons, he engaged himself for two years to a skilful cabinet-maker, who was called Master Thomas. This man was much celebrated for his cleverness; he received all his models of furniture from Paris; and Maurice thought that he could acquire both money and knowledge of his business from him. Master Thomas had the most fashionable business in the town, but he neglected it for the bottle and the gaming table: he was enchanted, therefore, to find what he had long been seeking for in vain—a clever, honest, and prudent workman, to whom he could intrust the care of his work-shop, while he himself was at the alehouse. Maurice was indeed a pattern of attention and diligence, and his master spared no pains to retain him in his service. One of the most effectual means, he thought, would be to bring him acquainted with his only daughter, Thérèse, a pretty attractive little Lyonesse, who had been well educated, and who was naturally amiable. "Go into the shop," would her father say to her when he went out; "carry your work there, and keep Maurice company." "They will soon take a fancy to one another," thought he; "and I could not have a son-in-law that would

suit me better; besides, as my wife is dead, they may live with me. Maurice is clever and well informed; he will attend to my business while I amuse myself. He is likewise a fine young man, and will, I hope, make Thérèse forget that great lazy fellow, Frederic, whom I have discharged."

This Frederic was a workman whose thoughts and time were solely occupied by Thérèse: Master Thomas was tired of him; Maurice took his place, and soon gained the old man's good graces and the heart of his daughter. She obeyed with great pleasure the commands of her father to sit with him in the work-shop: she amused him with a thousand sprightly sallies; sang to him the *vaudevilles* of the day, and read to him romances, operas, and the newspaper. In the evening, when he had finished his work, she would take a walk with him, and sometimes they played together at shuttlecock. This game was admirably calculated to display all the graces of the little Lyonesse, who had the prettiest foot and the roundest and whitest arm in the world. How captivating was her countenance when, in laughing at the fall of the shuttlecock, she displayed teeth whiter than ivory! even her little Cleopatra nose appeared to Maurice at these moments handsome. Sonnemberg, and the sad Ernestine, are they then forgotten? It must be owned, that Maurice does not think much about his Ernestine when he plays at shuttlecock with Thérèse; nor when, seated by him in the work-shop, she converses with him or sings to him: but we must do him the justice to say, that when he retires to his room he feels something like remorse. It is this sentiment that so often presents Ernestine to him in his dreams; but she is always tender and affectionate, as in the days of their infancy; her image is present to him: at his awaking, he rises, vowing that Ernestine shall never have any rival in his heart. He is determined speedily to give her a proof of it: but Maurice is young, Ernestine is at a distance of four hundred miles from him, and Thérèse is with him.

The father continued to give them entire liberty; he even said to those who had any pretensions to the hand of his daughter, that she was engaged to his foreman, Maurice, and that he would have no other

son-in-law. He declared this more positively to her old sweetheart, Frederic, whom he met one night strolling about, and in a very melancholy mood from having seen Thérèse playing at shuttlecock with Maurice. To banish all his expectations, the father made him believe that they were really married: "I tell you, simpleton," cried he, "that you lose your time and labour: have not you seen how fond Thérèse and Maurice are of each other? I have given her to him; every thing is concluded; and Maurice is able to break your bones, if you only look at his little wife." Frederic believed this intelligence, which filled him with vexation. He had only remained at Lyons for the sake of Thérèse, and he quitted it the next day, convinced that she was married.

Maurice had now completed his engagement with his master. During that time he had received some very affectionate letters from Ernestine; and he had written to her, but not so often as he would have done had not Thérèse occupied his leisure moments. Between the plane and the shuttlecock, there remained very little time for correspondence; and the consciousness that Ernestine had some cause to reproach him, often hindered him from writing, because he was embarrassed what to say to her. However, not having heard anything from Sonnemberg for more than two months, he began to be uneasy, and at last resolved on asking leave of absence.

Notwithstanding the attractions of Thérèse, Maurice had been, strictly speaking, faithful to his Ernestine. He thought Thérèse very pretty and genteel; he liked to romp with her; but he never had the most distant idea of marrying her. What was his surprise then, when one night Master Thomas, returning home half drunk, interrupted their play, by asking them if they were not thinking of a more serious game? "I mean marriage, my children. This is the spring: it is the proper time to think of it, and I wish every thing to be settled. Your engagement is expired, Maurice; you must enter into another for life with Thérèse. Write home, my boy, and ask the consent of your father, who will, no doubt, be satisfied when he knows that I give you my daughter, my con-

nexion, and all that I am worth; and that I only ask in return that you should attend to business, and make Thérèse happy. But, come, why don't you speak? Is not such a gift as this worth thank ye? And you, you little fool, come and kiss me, instead of twisting your apron-strings."

Thérèse threw herself into the arms of her father; and Maurice, pale as death, covered his face with his hands, and knew not how to articulate a refusal. The father was very near laughing at him, but pitying his confusion, "Come, my son," said he, "embrace your bride—exchange your rings."

These words, *embrace your bride—exchange your rings*, restored Maurice all his courage: he imagined he heard his father say to him, when he gave him his Ernestine, "Go, my son, embrace your bride;" he thought he saw that tender girl throw herself into his arms, and say, "Dear Maurice, what will become of me without you?" and the ring which he was required to place upon the finger of Thérèse was the same that he had received of Ernestine! In a moment he raised his head, and in a tone full of feeling and expression he thanked his employer, and told him that he should never forget his kindness and good intentions; that he should always love Thérèse as a sister, but that he could not marry her, as he was already engaged; and that the ring which he wore on his finger was given him by his betrothed wife. He begged his master would ask his daughter, whether he had ever spoken to her of marriage? He might have added, that he had spoken to her repeatedly of Ernestine, and had given her the history of his ring; but he did not wish to bring any reproaches upon her. The old man flew into a violent passion; but Maurice bore his reproaches with so much sweetness, that Thomas, who had a good heart, concluded by being softened towards him. "Go, then, marry this betrothed of yours," said he, in a tone half sorrowful, half friendly: "since it is not Thérèse, the sooner you go the better. I shall always regret you, and you will perhaps sometimes regret the shop and the daughter of old Thomas."

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

THIS Lady, the mother of our present gracious and much-loved Sovereign, could not, with her unsullied character, be safe against the malignity of faction and party, which dared to attack and calumniate her heretofore pure and unblemished reputation. In the midst of the loudest clamours of her opponents, while even manual outrage was threatened upon the palace and person of this injured and excellent Princess, a celebrated manufacturer of Birmingham was shewing her, at Carlton House, some specimens of his ingenuity; and while the horrid yells and execrations in the court-yard nearly prevented her being heard, she preserved all the fortitude of a great and virtuous mind, and said, with the utmost coolness, "How I pity these poor deluded people! I hope they will know better by-and-by."

JOAN OF ARRAGON.

SHE was the daughter of the Duke of Montalto, the third natural son of Ferdinand, King of Naples, and was accounted one of the most illustrious females of the sixteenth century. A temple at Arragon was erected to her, under the title of the Divine Lady; and as a mirror of learning in those times, she received the ceremonials of a poetical kind of deification, equal to that of being canonized as a saint.

During the pontificate of Paul IV. she shared in the resolutions taken by the Colonnas against the interests of the Pope. Her sex and character relieved her from experiencing the horrors of a prison, but she was forbid to leave the city: she contrived, however, either to deceive or bribe her guards. Gratiani describes her as a woman of most masculine resolution, on this account; and adds, that she escaped with her daughters from Rome, who had assisted their mother in bribing and corrupting the guard. Though far advanced in life at that time, she walked at a very quick rate, till she had entirely lost sight of the centinels; then mounting on horseback, accompanied by her daughters, she fled to the camp, where the Duke of Alva received her with joy. Unwilling, how-

ever, to permit her daughters to remain in the camp, she retired, accompanied by her son, and escorted by a party of horse, into Campania.

The fortitude and constancy of Joan on the loss of her eldest son have been celebrated by a famous French author, in a dialogue of one hundred and twenty-one pages, entitled, *Statues of the Temple of the Lady Joanna of Arragon*.

BLANCHE OF CASTILLE

WAS the grand-daughter of Henry I. of England, and mother to Louis IX. of France. An anecdote is related by historians, when speaking of the great respect and affection shewn by Louis for his inestimable mother, as follows:—

Tenacious of performing those rites of a parent, from which her Majesty thought no woman ought to be exempt, she had insisted on suckling the young Prince herself. The example of the great, it is well known, has an influence over the multitude; and a lady belonging to the court had, in imitation of her royal mistress, nursed her child also herself: she had, therefore, during an indisposition of the Queen, thought proper to supply the wants of the young Prince. Blanche, on reviving, put her child to her breast, which being satisfied, refused the then feverish sustenance of nature. Blanche, suspecting what had passed, requested to see the person who had done this kind office. The lady confessed the fact, alledging that she had been moved by the cries of the young Prince. The Queen made no reply than by a look of scorn; then compelling the child to throw back the milk he had swallowed, declared "that no other woman should dare to dispute with her the title of mother to her son."

JOAN BEAUFORT, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND,

WAS the grand-daughter of the famous John of Gaunt, and was married, in 1423, in the church of St. Mary Overy, Southwark, to James I. King of Scotland, who had been a prisoner in England since March, 1404.

In 1437, Joan received information of a conspiracy against her husband. Walter, Earl of Athol, uncle to the King, was told by a necromancer that before his death he should be crowned amidst a great concourse of people: this prophecy roused his ambition, and he determined on poisoning the King, and seizing on the reins of government. The plot was discovered to James by his Queen; he quitted his castle of Roxburgh, and repaired, accompanied

by Joan, to Perth. Walter, who had watched their motions, bribed a domestic to admit him into the apartment where the King and Queen were lodged. Joan, as the ruffians rushed into the room, threw herself between their weapons and the body of her husband; but her interposition was vain, she was torn from the arms of the unfortunate monarch, who fell a victim to his assassins.

SELECT ANECDOTES.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE FAMOUS JOHN LUDWIG.

JOHN LUDWIG was born February 24, 1715, in the village of Cosse-daude, in Saxony, and was sent, among other poor children of the village, very young to school. The Bible gave him much pleasure, so that he conceived the most earnest desire of reading it to others, but he had no opportunity of getting one into his own possession. In about a year his master taught him to write: this was very irksome to him. At ten years old he was put to arithmetic; but this he found extremely embarrassing and difficult, and was so disgusted with it, that after much scolding and beating he went from school, having learned no more than reading, writing, and his catechism. He was then sent into the fields to keep cows, and in this employment he soon became clownish, and lost all he had been taught. Associating only with the sordid and the vicious, he soon became as insensible as they. As he grew up he kept company with women of bad character, and abandoned himself to all those low pleasures which were within his reach. But, at length, a desire of surpassing others, that principle which is ever productive of true greatness, was not yet extinguished in his bosom: he remembered how often his master had praised him when he was learning to read and write; he was still eager after this praise, but he knew not how to come at it. In the autumn of 1735, when he was about twenty years old, he bought a small Bible, at the end of which was a catechism, with references to several texts on which the catechism was founded.

Ludwig had never been used to take any thing upon trust, and was therefore continually turning over the leaves of his Bible, to find the passages referred to in the catechism. In March, 1736, he was employed to receive the excise of the little district in which he lived; and he found, that in order to discharge this office, it was requisite for him not only to read and write, but to be master of the two rules of arithmetic, addition and subtraction. His ambition had now an object, and he determined to apply himself to arithmetic, but he wanted an instructor. At last he recollected that one of his school-fellows had a book, from which rules were taken by the master for the instruction of his pupils. Having borrowed this important volume, he pursued the study with such application that in about six months he was master of the rule of three, with fractions. The power of figures were now at an end, and he knew enough to make him anxiously desirous of knowing more. He met with a treatise on geometry, and finding that this science was in some measure founded on what he had learned, he applied to the new study with great avidity; but not being able to comprehend either its theory or utility, he laid it aside to attend to the culture of his fields and vines. A severe winter, in the year 1740, confined him a long time to his cottage, and he once more had recourse to his book of geometry; and comprehending, by dint of study, the leading principles, he procured a little box ruler and a pair of compasses, and got the figures formed in wood. But he was still in want of a new book; and having laid by a little money by the next fair, he pur-

chased three small volumes, from which he acquired a complete knowledge of trigonometry. After this he could not rest till he studied astronomy; and having frequently met with the word philosophy, this soon became the object of his attention. He next proceeded to the study of the mathematics and metaphysics.

Mr. Hoffman, the chief commissary of Dresden, when he was auditing the accounts of some of the peasants in 1753, was informed that there was one John Ludwig, a very strange man, and very poor, who, though he had a family, was continually reading and gazing at the stars. This raised the curiosity of Mr. Hoffman, and he ordered Ludwig to be brought before him. He was surprised to see in one of whom he had formed very superior ideas, the veriest boor in nature: his hair hung over his forehead down to his eyes, his aspect was sordid, his countenance stupid, and his whole demeanour that of a plodding ignorant clown. However, Mr. Hoffman, notwithstanding this unpromising appearance, thought his intellectual abilities would certainly appear when he spoke; but in this he was also disappointed. He asked him if what his neighbours said was true, that he was always studying? "If I have studied," said Ludwig, "I have studied for myself, and I don't desire that you or any one should know any thing of the matter." This, to the great disappointment of Hoffman, was uttered in the most coarse and clownish manner; however, he asked him several questions in astronomy, to which he expected very unsatisfactory replies: but in this, too, he had formed an erroneous opinion; for Hoffman was struck not only with admiration, but confusion, to hear such definitions and explications as would have done honour to a regular academician in a public examination. After this Mr. Hoffman prevailed on Ludwig to stay some time at his house, that he might farther gratify his curiosity; and he proposed to him the most abstracted and difficult questions, which were always answered with quickness and precision.

During his residence with Mr. Hoffman, that gentleman dressed him in his own gown, and every other clean and proper article of dress; and this alteration had such an effect, that even the accents of

Ludwig seemed changed. It happened, before his departure, that an eclipse of the sun took place; and Mr. Hoffman proposed to his guest that he should observe this phenomenon as an astronomer, and furnished him with proper instruments. The impatience of Ludwig till the time of the eclipse is not to be expressed: he had hitherto only been acquainted with the planetary world by books and the naked eye; he had never yet looked through a telescope, and the anticipation of the pleasure which the new observation would yield him scarce suffered him either to eat or sleep. Unfortunately, before the eclipse came on, the sky grew cloudy, and continued so during the whole time of its continuance. This misfortune was more than his philosophy could bear: as the cloud came on, he looked up at it in the agony of a man that expected his dissolution would follow; when it came over the sun his consternation is not to be described; and when he knew the eclipse was past, his disappointment and grief were little short of distraction.

Mr. Hoffman soon after paid a visit to Ludwig. He found an old crazy cottage, the inside of which had been long blacked with smoke; the walls were covered with propositions and diagrams, written with chalk. In one corner was a bed, in another a cradle; and under a little window at the side, three pieces of board, laid side by side under two tressels, made a writing-table for the philosopher, upon which were scattered some pieces of writing paper, containing extracts from books and geometrical figures; his books and a pair of six-inch globes constituted the library and museum of the truly celebrated John Ludwig.

In this hovel he lived till the year 1754; and while he was pursuing the study of philosophy at his leisure hours, he was indefatigable in his day labour as a poor peasant, carrying a basket at his back, or driving a wheel-barrow, crying vegetables about the village. In this state his "patient merit" was subject to a thousand insults from the unworthy; and those who found fault with the price of his commodities would call him silly clown and stupid dog. When Mr. Hoffman dismissed him he gave him a thousand crowns, which

rendered him the happiest man in the world; for with this sum he built himself a more commodious dwelling in the midst of his vineyard, and furnished it with those moveables and utensils of which he stood greatly in want. He procured a considerable addition to his library, which was essential to his happiness: and he often declared to his benefactor, Mr. Hoffman, that he would not accept the whole province to be deprived of study; declaring he had rather live on bread and water than withhold from his mind the food his intellectual hunger required.

ANECDOTE OF MR. HENDERSON, THE
CELEBRATED ACTOR.

HENDERSON was subject at times to extreme depression of spirits, which he endeavoured, but in vain, to dissipate: he accounted for this to an intimate friend, from being the effects of a circumstance which occurred when he was a boy of eight years old.

His brother, at that time about ten, and himself, two years younger, were both dependant on their mother, who was afflicted with a nervous disorder, which had terminated into a settled melancholy. One morning, when at the height of this malady, she quitted her house and children, who were expecting, for a long time, her return, with the most anxious impatience. Night approached, and their mother returned not: in an agony of terror, the two boys went in search of her; and, ignorant of what course they ought to take, they wandered till midnight about those places in which they knew she was accustomed to walk, but without success. They then agreed to return home, but they could not find the way; and fatigued, alarmed, and distressed, they sat down on a bank and gave way to their tears, which flowed abundantly. At length they observed, at some distance, a luminous appearance: supposing it to be a light from some neighbouring habitation, they hastily made towards it; as they moved the light moved also, and glided from field to field for a considerable time, till it became fixed, and on their near approach to it, it vanished by the side of a large piece of water, on the margin of which they beheld their mother,

in a state of grief and anguish, from which she was roused by the tears and sobs of her boys. This light Henderson would never be persuaded to believe was an *ignis fatuus*, nor any imaginary luminary, but purposely sent by the peculiar interposition of Providence to preserve the widow and her fatherless children. The piety of Henderson, and his firm reliance on the care of that Providence, were well known to his friends; and though fervent gratitude to Omnipotence for this singular preservation was most conspicuous when he recollected the circumstance, yet he often declared, the horrors of that moment when he found himself and his brother lost at midnight, and ignorant also of their mother's fate, would never be effaced from his memory.

ANECDOTE OF L'ABBE ROUSSEAU.

THE Abbé Rousseau was an indigent young man, who was reduced to the necessity of going about from one end of Paris to another, to give lessons of history and geography. He fell in love with one of his pupils, Mademoiselle Gromaire, the daughter of the Envoy to the court of Rome, as Abelard did with Eloisa, or as St. Preux with Julie. Less fortunate than those successful lovers, but probably on the eve of being so—possessed of as much tenderness, but of a more noble mind, more delicate and more heroic—he seemed to have sacrificed himself to the object of his love. Before he shot himself through the head, he wrote the following billet to his mistress, as he took his last dinner at a *restaurateur's* in the Palais Royale, without shewing the least mark of trouble or insanity:

“The inconceivable contrast between the nobleness of my sentiments and the meanness of my birth, a love as fervent as it is unconquerable for an adored object, the dread of being the cause of her dishonour, the necessity of choosing either guilt or death, has determined me to put an end to my life. I was formed for virtue, I was about to be a guilty wretch—I prefer to die.”

GARRICK AND JUNIUS.

MR. GARRICK had been informed that no more letters of Junius were to appear in the *Public Advertiser*, and he mentioned

what he had heard to one of the noblemen about the court. Junius, who had his eyes every where, was told that Mr. Garrick had given this intelligence. He therefore caused a letter to be sent to him at the theatre, just as this renowned player was about to enter on the stage, in one of his most celebrated characters. The letter con-

tained some very violent abuse; and concluded by hinting to him that he ought to be well contented in playing his part on the stage, but to keep from interfering in politics. This letter produced the effect it was intended for: this most incomparable actor for once played ill.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

(Continued from Vol. IX. Page 256.)

ITALIAN COMPOSERS AND WRITERS FROM 1750 TO 1812.

FELICE GIARDINI, (C)

"AN eminent performer on the violin, was born at Piedmont. His musical education was received at Milan. He next went to Rome, and afterwards to Naples. At the latter city he obtained a place among the *ripéenos* in the Opera orchestra. Here his talents began to appear conspicuous, and he was accustomed to flourish and change passages much more frequently than he ought to have done. However, says Giardini, 'I acquired great reputation among the ignorant for my impertinence; yet one night, during the opera, Jomelli, who had composed it, came into the orchestra, and seating himself close by me, I determined to give the *Maestro di Capella* a touch of my taste and execution; and in the symphony of the next song, which was in a pathetic style, I gave a loose to my fingers and fancy; for which I was rewarded by the composer with a violent slap on the face, which was the best lesson I ever received from a great master in my life.'

"After a short continuance at Naples, Giardini came to England, and arrived in London in the year 1750. Here his performance on the violin, was heard both in public and private with the most rapturous applause, and equally astonished and delighted his auditors. In 1754 he was placed at the head of the Opera orchestra.

"He resided in England until the year 1784, when he went to Naples, under the protection and patronage of Sir William

Hamilton. Here he continued five years, and then returned to this country; but his reception was not what it had formerly been. His health was greatly impaired, and, sinking fast under a confirmed dropsy, all his former excellence was lost. He attempted, but without success, a burletta opera at the little theatre in the Haymarket; and at length, in 1793, was induced to go to Petersburg, and afterwards to Moscow, with the burletta performers. But he experienced only the most cruel disappointment in each of these cities.

"The general capricious character, and splenetic disposition of Giardini were his bane through life. He spoke well of few, and quarrelled with many of his most valuable friends. Careless of his own interest, and inattentive to all those means which would have promoted his success in the world, he at length sunk under misfortunes of his own creating, and died at Moscow, weighed down by penury and distress."

NICOLA PICCINI,

"Was born in 1728, at Bari, in the kingdom of Naples, and may be ranked among the most fertile and original composers that the Neapolitan school ever produced. His father designed him for the church, but an invincible passion for music frustrated this intention.

"In 1742 he was placed in the Conservatory of San Onofrio, under the direction of Leo. In 1758 he was invited to Rome, and two years after, his comic opera of *La Buona Figliuola*, had a success that no previous drama could boast of. His serious opera, the *Olympiad*, was equally success-

ful, and for fifteen years Piccini was considered the first musical composer in Rome. Anfossi was at last unfairly preferred to him; and, in consequence, he left Rome in disgust, and returned to Naples.

"From the latter city he was invited to France, and, in December 1776, arrived at Paris. He knew not a word of the French language, but Marmontel undertook to be his instructor.

"Before Piccini had completed his first work in France, he found himself opposed by a most formidable rival in Gluck, who, about this time, effected a great revolution in French music. He had introduced into it the forms of recitative and songs from the Italian school, whilst, from the German school, he had brought grandeur and strength of harmony. A musical war was excited, which, for a while, divided and exasperated all Paris. While this war was at its height, Berton, the director of the opera, made an attempt to put an end to it by reconciling the two chiefs. He gave a splendid supper, at which Piccini and Gluck, after embracing each other, sat down together, and conversed with the greatest cordiality during the whole evening. They parted good friends, but the war went on with as much fury betwixt their respective partizans as before.

"The opera of *Roland* was the first which was produced by Piccini in Paris; it was followed by *Atys* and by *Iphigenia in Tauris*.

"A singing school was about this time established at Paris, of which Piccini was appointed the principal master.

"At the breaking out of the French revolution, having lost his pensions, he returned to Naples. The Neapolitan minister forbade him from appearing in public, in consequence of which he remained almost constantly shut up in his chamber, in solitude and indigence. During this time he amused himself by setting to music several of the Italian psalms of Saverio Mattei.

"In the year 1799, he returned to Paris, where he solicited from Bonaparte the renewal of his pensions. He was graciously received, and munificently recompensed for composing a march for the Consular Guard, at the express command of the First Consul. Not long afterwards he

was appointed to an inspector's place in the National Confederacy of Music. This situation he continued to hold till the time of his death, on the 7th of May, 1801, at the age of seventy-two years."

F. H. BARTHELEMON.

"Though an Italian by birth, he is said to have completed his first serious opera in this country, for the King's Theatre, in 1766. Mr. Garrick was induced to pay him a visit, for the purpose of asking him if he thought he could set English words to music. He answered that he thought he could. Mr. Garrick asked for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the words of a song to be introduced in the play of the *Country Girl*. Whilst Garrick was writing the words, Barthelemon, looking over his shoulder, set the song. Garrick, giving him the words, said, 'There, my friend, there is my song!' Barthelemon replied, 'There, Sir, there is my music for it.' Astonished and delighted at this unexpected exertion of talent, he invited him to dine that day with him, in company with Dr. Johnson. The song proved so successful, that it was encored every time it was sung; and Garrick, in the fulness of his heart, promised to make Barthelemon's fortune. As a beginning of encouragement, he employed him to set to music the operatic farce of *A Peep behind the Curtain*." The little burletta of *Orpheus*, in the second act, was so much admired, that this farce was performed an hundred and eight nights in one year. Garrick thus cleared by it several thousand pounds, and rewarded Mr. Barthelemon with the sum of forty guineas, instead of fifty, which he had originally promised him! alledging, as an excuse, that the *dancing cows* had cost him so much money, that he really could not afford to pay him any more.

"Mr. Barthelemon has composed the music to several other *petites pieces* for the theatres, particularly to General Burgoyne's dramatic entertainment, *The Maid of the Oaks*, which was first acted at Drury-lane about the year 1774.

"Mrs. Barthelemon and her daughter were both musical, and had also a taste for composition; the former published a set of hymns and anthems for the Asylum and Magdalen chapels."

THOMAS GIORDANI

"Was a native of Italy; he came into England early in life, and resided so many years in London that he was almost as well acquainted with the English language and style of music as any individual of his time.

"In the year 1799, he entered into a speculation with Leoni the singer, by taking the theatre in Capel-street, Dublin, for the performance of operas, in which the whole of the musical department was to be under his management. This connection continued about four years, Giordani composing the music, and Leoni superintending the singing. They had considerable encouragement; but owing, as it is supposed, to several improvident engagements which they made, they at length became bankrupt, and the concern was, of course, transferred to other hands.

"Mr. Giordani, from this time, continued to reside at Dublin as a teacher of music, where he had several pupils of distinction. He married there the daughter of a Mr. Wilkinson.

"He has not only written, but has published much music. His *sonatas*, and other pieces for the piano-forte, as well as his single songs, both Italian and English, have in general yielded a plentiful harvest to the music sellers.

"Giordani was the composer of an oratorio, entitled *Isaac*."

C. MUZIO CLEMENTI,

"Is a native of Italy, and well known to the musical world as a performer on, and composer for the piano-forte. On this instrument he has had few rivals, and scarcely any equal. His fleetness of finger is such, that he is able to execute running passages of octaves and sixths with as much facility as the generality of musicians can play single notes.

"Clementi came into England when very young, and, after some years, was appointed conductor of the operas at the King's Theatre. He was also engaged, for two seasons, in 1783 and 1784, to perform at the concerts in Hanover-square.

"The music of Clementi is almost wholly for that instrument on which he himself so much excels. It consists of more than forty

sets of *sonatas, concertos, lessons, &c.* for the piano-forte. His style, though not very pleasing to an unlearned ear, is peculiar to himself. It occasionally inclines to affectation, but never borders on vulgarity."

Among the German musical composers from 1750, to 1812, the author mentions, in the following manner, the celebrated

CHEVALIER CHRISTOPHER GLUCK,

"A native of the Upper Palatinate, on the frontiers of Bohemia, and born in the year 1712. His father dying while he was young, he was left almost without provision, and his education was in consequence wholly neglected. So great was, however, his inherent love of music, that with the knowledge he had at that time acquired, he travelled from town to town, supporting himself by his talents, until he had worked his way to Vienna. In this city he was befriended by a nobleman, who took him into Italy, and had him properly instructed. At Milan he studied under J. B. San Martini, and in 1742, composed, at Venice, the opera of *Demetrius*.

"The celebrity he had acquired was such that he was recommended to Lord Middlesex, as a composer to the opera in this country; and he arrived in England just before the breaking out of the rebellion in 1745. After this period the performance of operas was entirely suspended for about twelve months.

"This induced him to return to Italy, and in the year 1769, Gluck produced at Vienna his opera of *Alceste*.

"About this period he was engaged to write for the theatre at Paris, and he set to music an opera taken from Racine's *Iphigenia*. He does not, however, appear to have gone himself to Paris until the year 1774, when at the age of sixty-two, he arrived in that city under the auspices of the late unhappy Maria Antoinette; and his opera of *Iphigenie en Aulide* was performed. In this he accommodated himself entirely to the natural taste and style of France. This opera excited a great degree of enthusiasm in favour of Gluck. He afterwards, however, found formidable rivals in Sacchini and Piccini, both of whom arrived in France about this period.

"He died at the age of seventy-five, leaving behind him a fortune which he had accumulated of nearly thirty thousand pounds."

CHARLES PHILIP EMANUEL BACH.

"This original, great, and learned composer, was the second son of John Sebastian Bach, and born at Weimar in the year 1714. He was, in 1750, appointed chamber-musician to Frederic the Great, at Berlin. In this situation he continued some time, until on going with the rest of the band from Potsdam to Sans Souci, in winter, he was so frightened by the badness of the road, as to say to one of the officers of the household, in rather strong terms, 'Tell your master, Sir, that no honour or profit will be a sufficient compensation to us for such a dangerous service; and unless the roads are rendered more safe, we cannot come hither again.'

"But cowardice is sometimes desperate, and situations will occasionally give a courage, in remonstrance of which the greatest

heroes are not in possession; for Bach's boldness in this particular, not only surpassed that of all his brethren, but even of the most intrepid generals and great captains of the Prussian army. The consequence of this unusual remonstrance was the disgrace and banishment of Bach from the Court.

"In the year 1753, when his reputation, both as a composer and a performer, was at its *acme*, he published the first part of an *Essay on the true Art of playing on the Harpsichord*. The second part of this admirable work did not appear till 1762.

"Emanuel Bach was considered by Haydn as the author of all modern elegance and gracefulness of execution; and, with his accustomed modesty, he has been heard to declare, that had it not been for studying the works of Bach, he should have been himself but a clumsy composer.

"In 1767, Bach went to reside at Hamburg, and was appointed director of the opera there; in which office he died in the year 1788, at the age of seventy four."

CELESTIA; OR, INNOCENCE.

(Concluded from Vol. IX. Page 260.)

THEN the old man, being alone with Celestina, began questioning her. "And whose," said he, "is this child who is along with you?"—"Alas!" said Celestina, weeping, "I am its father."—"You, my son!"—"Oh, yes."—"Good heavens! You cannot be above seventeen: who could have corrupted you thus?"—"Mary, the daughter of the innkeeper of Nitrea."—"You, my son, who were so pious, so full of innocence!"—"Ah, I have repented heartily, and will do penance for my sin all the rest of my days."—"And have they banished you the monastery?"—"They have justly driven me away above a year since; and I have passed that time in one of the grottos in the wilderness." Here Celestina concluded. She would not, from humility, mention the happy dream which had so happily directed her: she felt herself too unworthy of the favours of heaven to venture to reveal them.

The old man being desirous of knowing positively whether Celestina had passed a year in a desert cell, resolved to send Eusebius, his eldest son, to the monastery of Nitrea, to gain all the information he could on the subject. Eusebius was wonderfully astonished at learning that Lea owed her birth to brother Celestine. "Oh, my dear father," said he; "it is the simplicity of this poor youth which can alone have caused his being led astray: who could believe him guilty, with that angelic figure, with those blue eyes full of mildness and innocence?"—"You are right," said the old man; "and, besides, his repentance appears so genuine, and he has shed so many tears."—"Ah, father, let us not abandon him then."—"Yes, son," replied the good old man; "he shall remain with us: he is in distress, young, and unsupported. Providence has sent him to us, and we must be thankful;

for is it not a benefit when we can afford relief to an unfortunate being?"

After this discourse Eusebius departed; and Celestina remained in the friendly asylum, granted her with a goodness which rendered it still more dear. At the end of a few days she had made herself adored in the family, by her softness, her sensibility, her exquisite modesty. The more the old man examined her conduct, the more he learned of her character, the less could he conceive how Celestine could have committed such a fault. In the mean time, curiosity overcoming discretion, the old man questioned Celestina, asking her in what manner Mary had seduced her? "There was no seduction," answered Celestina.—"How!" replied the old man, "did you not love her?"—"Pardon me; for I thought her a good girl: she often gave me little baskets of fruit."—"Well, and what then?" Then Celestina recounted at length all that had passed between herself and Mary the night she lay at the inn. While she made the recital she shed a torrent of tears, continually exclaiming, "Indeed, I was ignorant of the consequence of all this."

When she had finished her story, the old man, affected by it, and already convinced of her innocence, said, "And is this all that passed between you and this girl?"—"Ah!" replied Celestina, "you well know that that was but too much to ruin me."—"But how did you know that you were the father of this child?"—"By undeniable proofs. Mary became pregnant, and declared to the governors that I was the father of the poor little one; and our superior told me it was in consequence of my familiarities with her."—"And did not the superior question you in private?"—"No, for it was not necessary: the crime was averred, and I, as was most fit, acknowledged myself guilty."

At these words the old man was fully convinced of the perfect innocence of brother Celestine, not merely from her story, but from the inimitable candour and ingenuousness of character which gave such graces to her discourse and her countenance. He embraced her with paternal fondness. "Child," said he, "you shall never leave us more; and all will end well." From this instant the old man conceived

the warmest attachment for Celestine, and resolved to visit Nitrea himself when his son returned, that he might justify his innocence by all the means in his power: at the same time he determined to leave Celestine in his error until every thing was cleared up.

One day, when the heat was very excessive, the old man proposed to Celestina to bathe in a neighbouring rivulet. Celestina, who had never bathed, felt an emotion of terror at plunging into the water, and wished to leave it immediately. At that instant, her shirt opening, discovered her bosom; and the old man, who was close by her, discovered, with inexpressible astonishment, that brother Celestine was a young maiden. Recollecting at that moment that Celestina had been brought up as a boy at the monastery from the age of two years, he thought she must be ignorant of her sex, as well as all the religious with whom she had lived; and was confirmed in the idea at seeing that Celestina at that moment discovered nothing but her usual modesty, without the slightest embarrassment, although the old man gazed earnestly at her.

On his return to the house he confided his discovery to his wife. Celestina was again questioned: she told them that her father had promised to reveal to her a great secret when she should attain the age of seventeen, but that he died suddenly before that time arrived. The old man easily guessed what the secret was, and was still more affected at the fate of the gentle and lovely penitent. He charged his wife to reveal to her the secret which her father had carried to his grave. Her surprise was unbounded; yet she could not convince herself that she was absolutely unconnected with the child whom she loved so tenderly. "But," said she, "if it be true that I am a girl, ought I not to be this child's mother? And, besides," added she, "I will keep it: they gave it to me, and it would be unjust to take it from me because I am innocent." They assured her that means should be found to satisfy her in this respect; and she consented to assume the habits of her sex. They took from her her woollen frock to give her a robe of linen dazzlingly white; they placed on her head a muslin veil; and in the new

dress she appeared so lovely, and they praised her person so much, that for the first time in her life she cast her eyes on a mirror with an emotion of curiosity, and perhaps of new-born vanity, since she began to learn that there is a kind of beauty independent of the mind or of virtue. The most modest and ingenuous of maidens was not the less, however, the humble Celestine of the wilderness.

The next day Eusebius returned from Nitrea: he took the warmest interest in brother Celestine, and returned full of joy, for he brought admirable news. When he arrived, Celestina was in her own chamber: the old man, willing to enjoy his surprise, mentioned nothing of what had happened in his absence. As soon as Eusebius beheld his father, he exclaimed, "Celestine is innocent, he is not the father of the child."—"I thought so," said the old man, with a smile.—"Our good interesting Celestine is innocent, and fully justified."—"And how?"—"Why, that wicked Mary had calumniated him, for Celestine never had the least intercourse with her. This girl has just lost her father, inherited his property, and recalled her lover, who is a soldier, and father of the child."—"Well!"—"She has declared the truth in public; and she and the soldier wish to have the infant back again: they have been to seek it at Celestine's grotto, and Mary shewed great grief at his having left it. I reached Nitrea in the midst of all these things."—"Have you been to the monastery?"—"Yes; and they have learned the justification of brother Celestine. Every body regrets him, and he would be received with open arms; but let us keep him here, my father, for here he will be happy. And now, where is he? for how

delighted shall I feel to give him these good tidings!"

At these words the old man again smiled; he arose, and went to seek Celestina. The latter, on entering the chamber and perceiving Eusebius, looked more lovely than ever from the blush that suffused her cheeks. Eusebius, petrified with surprise and admiration, remained motionless with his eyes fastened on Celestina. They explained, in a few words, her wonderful adventure, and how her ignorance and ingenuous openness had caused all her misfortunes. At the recital, soft tears started into the eyes of Eusebius: "Oh, prodigy of innocence, of truth, and humility," cried he; "interesting and pure virgin, who could see thee with indifference?" Eusebius paused; he was too much affected to say more. His virtuous parents noticed these expressions: they made much of Celestina, and in a few days, perceiving that Celestina's sentiments accorded with their views, they formed that union which Eusebius desired with ardour. Celestina wished to keep little Lea; and the magistrates of Nitrea even decided that the child should remain in such worthy hands.

After his marriage, Eusebius yielding to the desire Celestina felt of going to offer her prayers in the desert, accompanied her in this species of pilgrimage. Celestina, bathed in the soft tears of gratitude, kneeling in her grotto, returned thanks to the almighty Protector of innocence. She promised to merit her happiness, by exercising all the virtues of the wife and the mother. She was faithful to a vow so dear to her heart, and she enjoyed to the end of a long life all the blessings of which it is susceptible.

MAXIMS CONCERNING LOVE.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THOSE who affirm that to love truly one must be loved in return, were certainly persuaded that Justice and Love went hand in hand; but, to speak with sincerity, they were unacquainted, in general, with the temper of women. We are much more liable to love those who are peculiarly ami-

able, than those by whom we are beloved. It is more likely, in order to gain the favour of the fair sex, for a gallant man to be successful rather than an amorous one. Great passions are always attended by sorrow; and love is more easily bred from joy than grief. Thence it is, that melancholy

lovers, who are continually complaining before the object of their affections, give their rivals the advantage over them, if those rivals chance to be of a lively temper. I therefore recommend the following maxims, which, by long experience, I have found advantageous and certain :—

I. A man ought to love whatever he finds amiable, provided there seems more likelihood of pleasure than trouble in the conquest he proposes to himself.

II. A man should take care, when in the company of ladies, never to profess himself fickle or inconstant; yet, in reality, he must not be too scrupulously constant, for a thousand loves are better than only one during a man's life.

III. A lover must, above all things, make it his business to please; but to divert without making himself ridiculous.

IV. A lover must never acquaint his mistress with his real secrets; for since a man who is very well acquainted with the world should never have any one particular object of pursuit, he ought to make his confidences among persons of either sex, and only direct his attentions, his wit, and his sonnets to his mistress: but to please her he may invent some secrets, as if of importance, as it accustoms ladies to speak low, and may therefore be of infinite advantage to them as well as to himself.

V. A man must do all in his power to render himself pleasing; but, in order not to ruin himself, he should take special care how he fixes his love: let every one applaud his wit, his gaiety, his art of pleasing in company; for it is no honour to any one to be admired by that woman who only seeks to add to the number of her slaves.

VI. It is also good that the lady he loves should not think his heart so much at her devotion, but that she may very probably lose it if she slights him; and also that she should be well persuaded that, if she rejects it, another will be very happy to accept of it.

VII. He must farther endeavour, as much as in him lies, to make himself perfect in all the gallant customs of the place wherein he resides. The fair are as easily persuaded by examples and the usages of the times, as by arguments.

VIII. A man must have the art of saying flattering things to all beauties; but at

other times he may comport himself with that easy air of indifference, as to shew that his time is not yet come for him to wear their chains.

IX. It is not also amiss for a man to use that kind of artifice as may make him to be feared by those who would seek to injure him, and to know how to make use of that fascinating kind of raillery, so as to cause his mistress to make a jest, in concurrence with him, even of a favoured rival.

X. And as the tyranny of women and their caprices are but too well known, a man must, by all means, avoid a too implicit obedience; for that only serves to be a source of trouble to a lover, for which he receives no thanks from the injustice of his fantastical mistress.

XI. But above all things, let a man remember, that if he ought to instruct while he amuses, it is much better for him to please himself while he persuades; he should never profess love to make himself unhappy; neither to be so violently in love as to cease being amiable, for that will render him utterly incapable of inspiring love in the breast of another.

There were so many gay young men of fashion at that time who subscribed to the justness* of this gentleman's remarks, that he was tempted to draw up his ideas in the above form, and publish them under the title of the Baron von Torren's "Morality of Love." He met with some opponents, who undertook to answer him; one of which answers we transcribe, and wherein every one of his maxims seemed ingeniously refuted.

"Those who never knew what it was to love, have become great converts to the new morality of Baron von Torrens on that sublime passion, and have adopted that, his mistaken opinion, 'that a man should be more *gallant* than *amorous*.' He is content, then, to wound other hearts, without feeling his own touched in any degree. Indifference in love can never bring with it but a mediocrity of pleasure; and a man who feels no more can never make any illustrious conquest. Certainly a man ought to seek to amuse the person he loves, but it is not enough to divert her, unless he has some influence over her heart: to act rationally, he must not only render it alive to joy, but

he must make it also susceptible of grief, and know how to turn each feeling to his advantage. Two or three sighs, seasonably breathed, may be more effectual than all the sonnets in the world.

“I. A multitude of mistresses are not to be endured, for even he who has two has not any at all.

“II. Whoever would banish constancy out of the empire of love, destroys love itself; for no sooner does it enter into the imagination of man that the time may come when he shall love no more, than he ceases to love at that very instant: the greatest satisfaction of the tender passion is to believe an eternity in love.

“III. No doubt but a man ought to study to please and divert, but not by way of raillery. Every lover ought to accommodate himself to the humours of the person beloved.

“IV. Whoever can conceal from his mistress his dearest secrets has not given her his heart; for it is utterly impossible to conceal any thing from those we love. A man deprives himself of all delicate pleasure, if he does not repay the candour of his mistress by mutual confidence. Those trifling secrets which he may please to invent signify nothing, and such inventions only belong to those who never knew love but by name.

“V. Von Torrens says, ‘a man should do all in his power to please his mistress, without, however, ruining himself.’ As to excessive magnificence in entertainments given to the fair, it certainly ought to be avoided; yet love renders that splendour excusable, and love was certainly the sole inventor of such entertainments. Yet extravagance in our retinue or clothes ought to be dispensed with; and a lover should endeavour at gaining the heart of his mistress by more intrinsic qualifications.

“VI. It is certainly no small advantage

that the lady beloved should believe herself inspired with a mutual passion; but this persuasion ought to proceed from the great merit of the gentleman, and not from his insinuations that another may be glad to accept the heart she thinks proper to reject.

“VII. In regard to the gallant customs of the place he lives in, a man who is really in love cannot so easily adopt them: a sincere man takes his resources from that affection which pervades his whole heart, and that teaches him sufficiently the whole art of love.

“VIII. I agree with Von Torrens that a man ought to pay universal homage to beauty: when he loves but one, however, this will degenerate into mere compliment, and even that adulation must be well tempered, lest it should wound the peace of the only object of his real affections.

“IX. I disapprove much of that artifice proposed by the Baron in regard to raillery, or that provoking kind of insinuation which renders a mistress as satirical as himself against a formidable rival: such a talent, he may depend upon it, will rather excite fear than love in the breast of his mistress.

“X. As to obedience, if you deprive love of that, you take away his empire: he who cannot yield implicit obedience to the person he affects to love, loves her not in reality, and should be banished from her society.

“XI. For the last article,—that man who expects to be always prosperous in love is either a fool or a madman; but this passion being involuntary, the torments which attend it are the same. All that remains, therefore, to be said on the maxims of the Baron von Torrens, is, that he knows very well how to be a man of gallantry, but never yet knew what it was to really love.”

THE DIVORCE.—A TALE.

RELATED BY A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

I HAVE been exposed to, and have laboured under very severe calamities: although I dare not affirm that it was not through my own fault, yet my conscience upbraids me not. From the period of my

birth to that of my death, the laws of my country have undergone a great alteration; but I have ever retained my former sentiments, neither has there been any change in my manner of viewing matters: from

this contrast have resulted those poignant sorrows that lead me to the grave. I shall here recount all my former and present reflections, without either accusing or justifying myself. To you, my child, I address the present narrative. If you should ever become a wife, may you live in a time when the laws conspire not with the passions to break asunder an association wherein you shall have brought youth, beauty, and fortune; and at the dissolution of which all that is restored to you will perhaps be only money! Alas! my dearest daughter, how much I have suffered!

You have a sister whom you are unacquainted with. I have ever kept her at a distance from me: she is no daughter of mine, she is your father's child: she bears his name, the same as you do yourself; and yet you were already born, and I was still alive, when she came into the world. This very idea to me is dreadful. Shall I be reproached with having treated her with rigour and coldness? She is a stranger to me: she is the daughter of my rival, of a woman who has ravished from me the sacred title of a wife. My dear child, on my death-bed I recommend her to your care; watch over her—but from afar. The laws have decreed her your sister; and, if my presentiments deceive me not, she has but a small share of happiness to expect from her to whom she is indebted for existence.

Judge not of your father from his behaviour towards me: I know but too well what pangs that conduct occasions him: however, he has annulled a union which constituted my happiness. I have forgiven all. Reason, indeed, forgives; but the heart can never forget. It is not in my power to restore him any right to the fortune which I leave you, and my recital will inform you wherefore your father is not appointed your guardian. I leave him at your disposal, as your discretion may suggest: if it be a wrong, you may dispense redress. I am aware how sacred you hold your duties—you will discharge them all. He has taught me that he could fail to fulfil his: am I to be blamed because the recollection haunts me? When love, jealousy, and the purity of my sentiments will cause my death, who would presume to reproach me in my tomb with having been too ten-

der a spouse, or a parent too jealous of her claims?

Listen to me, my beloved daughter.

I was sixteen years of age, and still went by the name of Julia; I was as yet ignorant of that of my family, and the caution with which I was treated in that respect prevented me, notwithstanding my curiosity, to ask any questions of Madame Depreal, with whom I lived, and who I called my aunt. This lady was not yet forty years of age: she possessed beauty, mildness of temper, and great piety. She lived a retired life, which agreed with her weak constitution and an habitual melancholy that gave inexpressible charms to her actions and to her conversation.

Our household was composed of four servants, two males and two females: one of these latter was particularly attached to my service. From my earliest infancy I had always seen the same domestics, the same connections, and the same friends; every family transaction was always gone through at regular hours: the summer brought back the same amusements, and winter the same occupations; and as Madame Depreal was fond of taking an airing over the fields only, she kept no carriage. Never was a more sweet mode of life better regulated; every thing was provided for want and convenience, luxury or dissipation was entirely out of the question. For sixteen years I never heard a cry in the house except those that were uttered against myself; for although I was not a wicked child, my great vivacity and obstinacy were carried to an excess. These defects, however, vanished before I had attained the age of fourteen, owing to premature reflection; I only retained that firmness and steadiness of disposition which prompted me never to form a resolution without some motive, and never to relinquish it when formed. I have oftentimes been accused of being proud; alas! the reason why is, that my heart is too feeling not to revolt at whatever hurts it, yet none more yielding when used with proper management. Cast your eyes, my child, over all the mothers whom you may be acquainted with, and tell which other than myself you would have chosen, if heaven had left you the arbitrator of your own destiny.

Ever since I had been sixteen, I had re-

flected much on the obscurity in which my birth was enveloped; I never heard my parents mentioned, neither did Madame Depreval speak of her relatives. Her only visitors were a few gentlemen, more distinguished on account of their wit or talents than of their rank; she neither received nor paid visits to any of her own sex, at least when I was in company with her. I made a thousand conjectures, but never dared to venture one single question. Long since I had observed that some few words which I uttered at random produced a disagreeable effect upon Madame Depreval, and without occasioning her the least ill humour, nevertheless increased her habitual sadness. I had made it a law to act with the utmost discretion, before I could surmise from what motive I was bound to be discreet.

As soon as I attained the age of sixteen, Madame Depreval seemed to repose greater confidence in me; I could perceive that she wished to treat me as a friend, and entrust me with a secret that laid heavy on her mind. I was sensible of her anxiety, and made it a duty to conceal from her how anxious I felt myself of hearing what she might have to say. I could also discover easily that her health suffered in consequence of her perplexed mind.

One morning, as we were conversing together in a most friendly manner, both our hearts experienced sympathising emotions in consequence of some caresses which she bestowed upon me, and that I repaid from the bottom of my soul. She then clasped me in her arms, and exclaimed, "Let there be an end to all secrets, my Julia; times to come are uncertain, I must seize the present opportunity, and make your destiny known to you."

Then hastening to proceed, as if apprehensive of not being able to summon fortitude enough at a future period, she added,

"You are my daughter, my dear Julia, and long since, no doubt, your heart has anticipated this avowal. Ask me no questions respecting your father; I have promised never to name him, and though I were to break my promise, you should derive no benefit therefrom.

"I am not a Frenchwoman, but was born in Russia. An orphan from my earliest infancy, I was brought up by a person

of the highest rank, who took particular care I should receive a good education, and who always shewed me the affection of a mother. Nature most unfortunately had endowed me with beauty, and the son of my benefactress soon became but too sensible of it. Young, violent, accustomed to pleasure, he forgot that I was under the protection of his mother, and thought it no difficult matter to rank me among his numerous conquests. His wonted levity secured me, no doubt, against the misfortune of loving a man to whom I could not be united; but also perhaps he was the only one whom I could ever love, for I must affirm, that, with the exception of some looks which I involuntarily cast upon the Prince prior to his having spoken to me of his love, no other man ever fixed my attention.

"Whether through whim and fancy, or that my resistance had given rise to sincere love within the breast of the youth, he continually followed me, persecuted me, and finally made me the proffer of his hand. I deemed it indispensable to inform my benefactress of what I had hitherto taken care to conceal from her, and we agreed together that I should set off for Paris with one of her sisters who was very partial to me. The Prince, being apprized of this plan, became enraged; never did we meet but he shot at me most tremendous looks; and once that we happened to pass at a time through the same walk, he told me, in an agony of despair, that since I was determined to make him miserable, he likewise would make me wretched. His looks, the tone of his voice, are still present to my recollection—methinks I still see and hear him. Merciful heaven! was that the expression of love? I had occasionally beheld him more submissive, and of course much more dangerous, more to be dreaded.

"Notwithstanding my regret at leaving my benefactress, under a certainty that one or two years at most would bring me back to her, I wished to hasten the day of my departure, which however was postponed on account of a most shocking occurrence. Suffice it for you to know, my dear Julia, that an avaricious hand delivered up to the Prince the key of my apartment; and that I awoke the victim of the passion of a man, who, guilty of a crime, begged of

me, in the name of love, to forgive him.—Cruel man! He ran away for fear I should expire in sight of him.

"My cries had brought several of the domestics into my apartment; some asked what I wanted, others waited in silence for my commands, but I could not utter a syllable, so confused were my ideas. My benefactress, in the mean time, having fortunately been apprized of my being indisposed, had the goodness to come to me; I requested she would dismiss all that were present, and then my tears and despair informed her of the crime of her son.

"So violent an agitation brought on a fever; I was confined to my bed. Pursuant to the entreaties of my benefactress, I imparted to no one the occasion of my grief: alas! I found it not difficult to obey her; I would have wished to conceal it from myself. I was not yet recovered, when the Prince was ordered to travel, and he was gone to Spain. Released from the apprehension of meeting him, I felt strength enough to leave my apartment; I endeavoured to resume my former occupations, but my mental contamination, and even the caresses of my benefactress, were painful to me. Six weeks only had elapsed, when I was made acquainted that a transaction of which I was the victim, although no guilt attached to me, should influence the remainder of my days.

"My benefactress, disconsolate as she was, would have given up the whole of her property to comfort me; but what can riches remedy the diseases of the mind? She offered to fulfil all the wishes I might form, except one; for she had entered into an engagement with regard to her son, which her ambitious views would not allow her to break. You will be astonished at me, perhaps, my dear Julia, when I shall tell you that I should have preferred death to the hand of a man whose conduct I abhorred; I only requested to be allowed to leave Russia for ever, and it was accordingly settled that I should set off with my benefactress's sister, to whom the circumstance of my misfortune was made known.

"In company with that lady I reached Paris, under the name of Depreval, a widow. I could speak French well enough not to be obliged to tell what country I was born in. You came into the world, my dear

child; and when I embraced you for the first time, I felt that a new career was opening before me, and I engaged henceforth to live for you alone.

"My benefactress's sister asked me what were my intentions, assuring me that she had been ordered to gratify them all. To her question I replied, that I wished to continue in Paris, there to live a retired life. To this determination she opposed no objection. A fortnight after I was conducted to this house, that had been purchased in my name, and here I found the same domestics that you see at the present moment. On the day of her departure my companion delivered a pocket-book into my hands, and said, 'If you accept of it, my sister will be assured that you consent to fulfil the only condition which she prescribes to the indemnification you have a right to expect from her. With regard to myself, I can only advise you to accept, and to entrust Mr. Dormeuil with the whole.'

"I was less anxious to ascertain the contents of the pocket-book, than to know upon what terms the gift was granted; I was informed that I must engage never to mention the name of my child's father, a promise which I made without the least reluctance.

"Left, as it were, alone in a foreign metropolis, I thought but of you, my dear Julia; I was even forgetful of opening the pocket-book, to know the amount of my fortune; indeed, although I had looked into it, I could not have formed a true idea of how much I was worth: I was equally unacquainted with the value of the different coins, and with the extent of my expenses. I was afraid of going to Mr. Dormeuil's; but his lady had the goodness to come and pay me a visit.

"Mr. Dormeuil was at that time an opulent banker, upon whom the sister of my benefactress had taken letters of credit; I had seen him several times already, and had always found him equally polite, honest, and obliging.

"Mrs. Dormeuil one day reproached me with neglecting her: she confessed to me her being informed of my situation; neither did she conceal from me that to her care I was obliged for having procured me a house, my servants, in short, all the accommodations which I was so pleased with.

'Come, and breakfast with me to-morrow,' added she: 'you are richer than you imagine; but you stand in need of an agent, and my husband will undertake with pleasure to discharge that office. Your fortune would be soon reduced, if attention were not paid to increase it. Believe me, Madam, Mr. Dormeuil, whilst managing your pecuniary concerns, will less adhere to the directions he has received, than in conformity to the sentiments with which you have inspired us.'

"I thanked her for her kindness, and accepted her invitation. I delivered into Mr. Dormeuil's hands the whole of my property, which he told me amounted to two hundred thousand francs. This money he worked as he thought proper; I signed whatever vouchers he presented to me, and received from him one thousand francs monthly.

"From what I am going to relate, my dear Julia, you will be able to judge whether any man ever deserved more to be confided in, and whether I can do too much for his widow.

"Six months ago Mr. Dormeuil, in consequence of some repeated heavy losses which he had sustained, thought it advisable to call a meeting of his creditors. Not fully satisfied that he could honour all their demands, he called upon me, apprised me of his embarrassed circumstances, and thus addressed me: 'My first care is to save you from ruin; therefore I shall never consider you merely as one of my creditors. You have hitherto been so successful in all your speculations, that, besides the monies which you have already received, the original sum which you entrusted to my care and management for now fifteen years has nearly doubled. Withdraw it, Madam, whilst it is yet time, and place it so as to secure yourself against future events.' I requested of him to keep the money for his own use and purposes, which proposal he refused. He soon after settled his affairs, paid the whole amount of his debts, but had so very little left to live upon that he soon died broken-hearted.

"Listen to me now with great attention, my dearest Julia. I am hardly double your age, yet I dare not flatter myself; I am nearer the term of my dissolution than you may imagine. If heaven should take me from this world, what would become of you? it is therefore incumbent upon me to look out for a family that will adopt you. Your birth prohibits such pretensions as your fortune might entitle you to, but gratitude, perhaps, points out to us the use we are to make of that property. Mr. Dormeuil has left an only son, who is possessed of every qualification that can make a man agreeable: his mother, my only friend, is acquainted with every circumstance concerning me; we lie under great obligations to her deceased husband: let his son become yours, and we shall at once discharge several duties. Three days hence I shall introduce you to Madame Dormeuil; you shall see her son, and let me know candidly what you think of him. Forget not that I wish for your happiness alone, and that I should act contrary to my own inclination were I to address you in any other language than that of true friendship."

In the above manner was I made acquainted with the secret of my birth. It would be impossible for me, my dear child, to describe the effect produced upon me by that confidence, which could nevertheless add nothing to my affection for Madame Depreval; it was so easy a thing to love her, that it did not even require being obliged to her to prefer her to all other women. My ideas were fixed upon the apprehension of losing her, and the solitude in which I should find myself in case that misfortune should befall me as speedily as it appeared inevitable: in the mean time I could reflect but with grief and terror on the necessity of uniting my destiny to a man whom I knew so little of. My heart had already made a choice, or rather, my imagination had been dreaming; but is there any meaning in the first dream of an imagination of sixteen?

(To be continued.)

THE NEW SYSTEM OF BOTANY;

WITH PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLORA, &c. &c. &c.

WE are now arrived at, perhaps, the most interesting, at least, certainly the most curious division of the kingdom of vegetable nature; a division which the immortal Swedish botanist has ranked as

CRYPTOGAMIA,

including the whole tribe of Mosses, Fungi, Lichens, Ferns, &c.—and the investigation of which will lead us to the most recondite, and, at the same time, amusing researches into the first efforts of nature to fulfil the behest of a wise and bounteous Providence.

In this research, though we shall *particularise* each distinct species, yet it will tend much to the edification and amusement of our fair readers to *generalise* upon the various secrets of these productions of a “clandestine marriage:” for such is the literal translation of the term *Cryptogamia*, derived from the Greek words *cryptos*, concealed, and *gamé*, which signifies marriage—thus united and adopted because the parts and properties of fertility are less evident than in the other offerings of Flora to the scientific botanist.

It is true that, to a casual observer, the species now under consideration may appear too contemptible for notice; but then it must be recollected, that things apparently the most trivial are alike the work of an Almighty hand; and surely *Christian* observers will not deny that meed of admiration which a *Heathen* philosopher has already paid to Almighty power, when he said, that “Nature never appears more perfect and wonderful than in her minutest works.” If the truth of such a position could for a moment be doubted, still we trust that a candid perusal of the following lectures will tend to confirm its justice and accuracy.

In this investigation we shall adhere to the Linnæan classification, as that, though still imperfect in this instance, comes nearest to truth and propriety. It is true, indeed, that other plants, not strictly of this order, might be arranged under this definition; such as some of the grasses, and even so large a tree as the fig, whose flowers

are actually shut up within the fruit, so that the fruit itself must be dissected, or at least pierced, to get at them: an operation which nature has caused to be performed by small insects, which, after feeding upon the male flowers, proceed to the fruit-buds on the female species, and there deposit the *pollen* which they have rubbed off from the anthers of the other species. So necessary is this operation in the culture of the fig, that it is artificially done by the Spanish and Italian peasants, with as much care and attention as an English gardener attends to the grafting of his most curious specimens.

It has been attempted to get over this difficulty in nomenclature, but not successfully, inasmuch as the *want of anthers* was adopted for the distinction; but as that is the case with some other plants, the same objection holds good against it.

This, indeed, may be considered as a part of the subject not exactly fit for female investigation: we shall therefore merely add, that the most elaborate research has yet only ascertained the sexual distinctions of a few of the class; but on a mature investigation of the external conformation and the correspondence of the most obvious parts of each, it will be found that the cryptogamous plants constitute several natural orders or families, which are mutually related to each other, and approach more or less to other families of plants, called *Phænogamous*.

Simple and trivial as, at first glance, appears the subject of our present research, yet our immortal Avonian Bard thought it not beneath his notice, when he so sweetly introduces it as one of the ornaments which the birds would bring to Fidele's sad grave:—

“—————The ruddock would,
With charitable bill (Oh, bill sore shaming
Those rich left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument), bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
none,
To winter ground thy corse.”

This allusion to the obituary piety of the red-breast cannot, surely, be excelled for

sweetness; but as botany in Shakespeare's days was but in its infancy, we must refer, for more scientific allusion, to the lines of the poet of the Derwent, who, in speaking of the first efforts of vernal nature in Alpine situations, exclaims most energetically :—

“ There, as old Winter flaps his hoary wing,
And, lingering, leaves his empire to the Spring,
Pierc'd with quick shafts of silver shooting light,
Fly in dark troops the dazzled imps of night,—
*Awake, my love! enamoured Muschus cries,
Stretch thy fair limbs, refulgent maid arise;
Ope thy sweet eye-lids to the rising ray,
And hail, with ruby lips, returning day.*”

In addition to this Dr. Darwin observes, that the species of

MUSCHUS,

called the *Coral Moss*, vegetates beneath the surface of the snow in northern regions, where the degree of heat is always about forty, or in the middle between the freezing point and the common heat of the earth. It thus serves for many months as the sole food of the rein deer, who dig furrows in the snow to find it.

Darwin's observation drawn from this is no less just than curious, when he says, that as the milk and flesh of the rein deer form almost the only sustenance which can be procured during the long winters of the higher latitudes, so this *moss* may be said to support some millions of mankind!

It is an ancient but very correct observation, that in all parts of nature the gradations are so minute from species to species, and so interwoven in the varieties of each, that it is almost impossible to ascertain where one begins or where another ends. In conformity with this, we see that the *Ferns* bear a strong affinity to the *Palms*, whilst the latter have but very little affinity with others of the cryptogamous class: again, the *Mosses* resemble some species of *Saxifrage*; and, indeed, there are several polar plants which by a careless observer might be mistaken for mosses.

An accurate investigator of this branch of botany avers that mosses, by means of particular species, unite with the *Hepatica*, which latter again unite with the *Lichens*; whilst these again, in one species, partake of the nature of the *Fungi*: thus affording

to the curious eye the most palpable affinities amongst these remarkable assemblages of plants.

This writer adds, that most of the cryptogamous plants agree in one particular circumstance, that whilst they are destitute of any distinctly developed organs of fructification, their propagation is most effected by elongation, buds, tubers, and other kinds of roots, than by dissemination.

Still must it be remembered, that not only the mosses, but also the ferns, are provided with true seeds, which, whether spread by nature's bounty, or artificially cultivated by men, will always germinate like more perfect plants.

It was, indeed, formerly supposed that the mosses were only excrescences, produced from the earth, or from trees, though now well ascertained to be no less perfect as plants than productions of vegetable nature of greater magnitude.

Long, however, before they were noticed by Linnæus, that expert and judicious botanist, Dillenius, had examined and described them accurately; so that little more was left to the Swedish botanist than to arrange the species as *Cryptogamia Musci* in the second order of his twenty-fourth class, and to give them specific characters, which he did by dividing them into three kinds, as having no calyptræ or veil, having males and females separate, or having the males and females on the same plant.

Since his time great light has been thrown upon this branch of botany by Hedwig, as well as by Sprengel and others; of whose discoveries, at least the most interesting parts of them, we shall not fail to avail ourselves.

It is worthy of notice that the production of these plants by germination is of much rarer occurrence than their propagation by lateral elongation: in fact, as we shall soon have occasion to shew, the whole structure of these species is evidently calculated for the latter mode of reproduction; so that, by means of this mode of propagation (a mode so universal that even the *Cryptogamous Aquatics* partake of it), this whole vegetable family shews some degree of affinity to the *Zoophytes*, the first stage in animal creation.

In short, it is asserted, both by De Sausure and by Vaucher, the Genevese philo-

sopher, that they have found a species of *Conserva*, which is of the class under consideration, sometimes on stones, walls, and old wood, and often in fresh water, where it generally forms a thick texture like felt, and which may be seen constantly to move in all directions when exposed to the influence of light and heat.

This extraordinary affinity of the vegetable and animal kingdoms of nature shall form the ground-work of our succeeding lecture: in the mean time, we shall conclude the present one with some curious references of the learned and poetic Darwin, with respect to the *aquatic mosses* above alluded to.

Speaking of a species of the *Æga*, which is found loose in many lakes in a globular form, floating from shore to shore to unite with other fixed species, he observes:—

“Night’s tinsel beams on smooth Loch Lomond
dance,

Impatient *Æga* views the bright expanse:
In vain her eyes the passing floods explore,
Wave after wave rolls freightless to the shore.
Now dim amidst the distant foam she spies
A rising speck,—“’Tis he, ’tis he,” she cries;
As with firm arms he beats the streams aside,
And cleaves with rising chest the tossing tide,

With bended knee she prints the humid sands,
Upturns her glistening eye, and spreads her
hands.”

After such a description, a reference to the classic story of Hero and Leander might naturally be expected; and in conformity with such expectation, Darwin actually makes the allusion, describing the vegetable Hero as exclaiming—

“’Tis he, ’tis he! my lord, my life, my love!
Slumber, ye winds; ye billows, cease to move!
Beneath his arms your buoyant plumage spread,
Ye swans; ye Halcyons, hover round his head!”

After so warm a reception we are not surprised to find, that

“With eager step the boiling surf she braves,
And meets her reflux lover in the waves:
Loose o’er the flood her azure mantle swims,
And the clear stream betrays her snowy limbs.”

And all this in exact botanical conformity with her classic counterpart, the fair Hero, whom the poet describes as holding her lamp, sheltered by her robe from the winds, as a beacon for her lover, when

“—————She guides
Her bold Leander o’er the dusky tides;
Wrings his wet hair, his briny bosom warms,
And clasps her panting lover in her arms.”

THE CHAPEL OF ST. BENEDICT.

A ROMANCE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

(Concluded from Vol. IX. Page 262.)

THERE was little fear of Cecile oversleeping herself the next morning; sleep was a stranger to her eyes till the hour of five, when she rose and dressed herself in haste, and making up a small parcel, while she placed the little casket given her by De Tourville carefully about her person, she descended into the garden, and resolved, rashly, as she then thought, to follow the Palmer.

He did not keep her waiting, but hastening to a gate which led into a private road, they both entered a covered litter, which stood in waiting, and had proceeded in it before noon, over a considerable tract of country. They then halted at an inn, to take that refreshment of which both stood greatly in need.

The little inn and the hostess seemed neither of them unknown to Cecile; and

she felt certain that she was not deceived in this conjecture, by the woman eyeing her, with that kind of look, which, though devoid of impertinent scrutiny, served to shew she had seen her before, but sought in her memory for the time. Cecile well recollected the court before the house, and felt now convinced she was in the same road she had travelled through before, with the steward of Madame de Lambert: she made the remark to the Palmer, who only replied, that the roads in France were very similar to each other; and after they had taken an hasty meal, they ascended a more light voiture, and travelled on at a much quicker rate.

After sleeping one night on the road, the astonishment of Cecile was truly great, when she beheld the next morning, after a journey of about three hours, the venerable

ruins of St. Benedict's Chapel, and the lofty turrets of the proud Castle of St. Valerie. Trembling now with dread of her benefactor's anger, she severely blamed herself for the rash step she had taken; but the Palmer, who seemed to discover what was passing in her mind, said, "Fear not, daughter; De Tourville will not blame you for what you have done: he will rather praise that fortitude, which will enable you to behold to-morrow the marriage which is to be privately celebrated in the Chapel of St. Benedict. It is there that the Marchioness de Lambert is to receive the nuptial benediction, as she hopes to unite her hand with that of St. Albert, who will on no account be married elsewhere." Cecile clasped her hands together in silent agony; she could not speak, she was not prepared for so sudden a shock: it was there, thought she, he first breathed his vows of attachment to me; and it is, there he becomes doubly perjured! "Be assured," resumed the Palmer, "that De Tourville respects the strong parental tie too much to withhold a daughter from embracing her mother: fear nought from him, but hasten now to the good Pauline, the nurse and careful protectress of your infant years." Cecile waited not for a second command, but leaped from the voiture, and with breathless haste, ran towards the castle.

Pauline was seated in melancholy mood, at the great hall door, spinning: after the first congratulations, she informed Cecile that the Count had quitted home soon after her departure, and had not yet returned, and poor father Anselm lay at the point of death. "Alas!" said Cecile, bursting into tears of grateful tenderness, as she recalled to her mind the old man's energetic blessing on her, "how many are the vicissitudes of a few months!"—"Ah! indeed, Mademoiselle," said Pauline. "First we have never seen the light in the chapel that used to terrify us so, since you've been gone; then my good master's gone, nobody knows where, and the poor old father is dying; and then there's that old witch, the Marchioness de Lambert, going to be married in the old chapel to-morrow to a young boy; I don't know who he is, he is not yet arrived, but he will be here to-morrow, early."

The amiable Cecile, however her own

sorrows now took possession of her mind, yet flew to the succour of the old confessor; her presence seemed to revive him; she attended him with the most assiduous and soothing care, and the next eventful morning, the physician who attended him, pronounced him out of danger.

The Palmer came about ten o'clock to conduct the pale and weeping Cecile to the Chapel of St. Benedict. "This day," said he, solemnly, "marks the future colour of your life; be courageous,—be heroic,—you will soon see your parents,—you will be happy as your heart can wish." Oh! how impossible, thought Cecile, as she retired with her conductor, behind the ruined shrine of St. Benedict, and awaited the approach of these ill-paired votaries of Hymen. Six young women, arrayed in white, entered, strewing the broken pavement of the chapel with flowers. The Palmer smiled, and said, "Fit emblem of the union of spring with decayed age!" At another time Cecile would have smiled too, but she now fancied she should smile no more.

Next came the agonising sight of St. Albert, richly dressed, his face lighted up with smiles of joy, leading by the hand his future bride, habited in white and silver, and her own dark hair adorned with pearls. Already she had placed her foot on the lower step of the altar, and Cecile, on the verge of fainting, sunk her head on the shoulder of the Palmer. "Fear nothing," said he, "now is the decisive moment; revive: this wedding will not take place." This last sentence acted like electricity on Cecile; but she looked anxiously on the Palmer, whose cheek now glowed with a faint but beautiful flush. The priest opened the book! The Palmer darted from his concealment, threw off his disguise, and from beneath the large pilgrim's hat, fell a profusion of auburn tresses, and under the humble habit was a rich robe of blue and silver, which floated down a spare, but elegant female form, and Cecile beheld the original of the picture she possessed, with the casket given her by De Tourville. Though somewhat faded by years and sickness, it was still the same sweet countenance, which neither seemed capable of destroying.

As this form stood before the Marchioness de Lambert, that lady gave a piercing

shriek, and fell senseless on the steps of the altar. Consternation sat on every face—the wedding was at an end!

Suddenly the door of the chapel opened, and the Count de Tourville, attended by a numerous train of lords and vassals, entered: approaching the altar, he said to his servants, "Take up that wretched woman; and you, ladies, who were her attendants, see that nothing is wanted to her recovery. And now, holy father, proceed in your sacred office." Then taking the hand of Cecile and that of St. Albert, he led the astonished orphan to the altar: she, however, drew back, and said, "O, Sir, pardon my disobedience: I cannot wed the man, who preferred riches, though accompanied with age, to me."—"No, Cecile," said St. Albert; "from my first visit to Paris, till this moment, my heart has been solely yours; and all my endeavours were only employed to obtain you, with your father's consent. Allow me then to receive you from a father's hand."—"Ah! where is my father?" said Cecile. "Behold him here," said De Tourville, tenderly embracing her; "behold, also, your much injured mother." The lady, then, heretofore disguised as a Palmer, sprang forward, and received the embraces of the astonished Cecile. "Give your hand now to St. Albert," said the Count; "and we will then repair to my castle, where all shall be explained."

The wedding of Cecile with St. Albert was then celebrated in that chapel, where her mother, the Countess de Tourville, had endured much sorrow, but who now saw her daughter united to her godson, the first and sole object of that daughter's choice. An elucidation immediately took place on their return to the castle, and which we will now give our readers as briefly as possible.

Madame de Lambert had ardently loved De Tourville, even after her marriage; and a prey to every passion, she resolved, when she found him married to the beautiful Adelaide of Morency, to effect her destruction.

Adelaide had a friend to whom she was tenderly attached, and who married, at the same time, the Baron St. Albert. Madame de Lambert observed that the Count de Tourville's grand foible was an invincible jealousy. She soon found means to inform

him that his wife carried on a criminal correspondence with the Baron St. Albert. Forbade the house of De Tourville, St. Albert found means one day to bear a letter from his wife to the Countess, during the absence of her husband: he returned unexpectedly, and St. Albert was taking a last tender farewell, as Adelaide urged his instant departure, when the Count entered her apartment. Full of rage, the Count drew his sword, and was about to plunge it in the bosom of the Baron, when his wife threw herself between them and awarded the blow. St. Albert escaped, but was murdered by a banditti in his way home.

The wicked Marchioness soon after became a widow, and she incessantly defamed the unhappy Adelaide, while she pretended the firmest friendship and pity for the Count. Thinking Adelaide the only obstacle in her way to a marriage with him, she sent a female, whom she thought she could trust, to administer poison to the innocent Countess. The messenger, however, abhorring the horrid act, pretended to comply, but acquainted the Countess with her perfidy, promising her every assistance in her power. Madame de Tourville was then in a distant province, living on a very moderate pension allowed her by her husband, who had taken from her her child, the little Cecile, and whom he resolved to bring up ignorant of her parents.

The Countess was soon persuaded to confide in the female who was sent to be her murderer. Her beauty, her sweetness, and virtue, wrought a real reformation in this woman, who continued the faithful attendant, and assisting friend of Madame de Tourville till her innocence was proved.

The first care of the Countess was to give out that she was actually dead; and the care of the confidante was to furnish herself with every attestation of the innocence of her mistress. Years past on, and remorse had not yet assailed the mind of the Marchioness, though her love for De Tourville was at an end. He thought her a steady friend; and, through her, Cecile was introduced to the Princess Marguerite.

By the help of her confidante, Adelaide found means to gain admittance to the subterraneous vaults of the deserted Chapel of St. Benedict. She was shocked to see a tomb erected to the murdered St. Albert

and for some time she thought, like Cecile, that her husband had been his murderer. The tomb was raised near that of his mother, and remorse alone had caused the unhappy De Tourville to erect a monument to him, of whose death he was entirely innocent. The Countess longed for an opportunity to shew herself to her daughter, to discover herself to her, and urge her to fly from the protection of a murderer. She knew the females of those times were not slow in investigating any thing which bore the appearance of mystery, and she furnished herself with a light, which she made to glide from window to window, in that manner, so that her form was not seen, except once. When St. Albert and Cecile entered the chapel on the night of the storm, she stationed herself behind the ruined shrine, holding the light above her head. In anguish at her daughter's departure for Paris, she soon after quitted St. Benedict, and took the habit of a pilgrim, while St. Albert, whose first journey to Paris had been at the instigation of his dying mother, was introduced to Madame de Lambert, who no sooner saw the elegant youth but she loved.

As usual, her passions were unswayed by any consideration: she offered herself and her fortune to the needy St. Albert; and he now, in concurrence with his godmother, saw the opportunity of attesting her innocence, and of exposing and confounding the guilty: he delayed from time to time the projected marriage, till he had rendered the lady so dependent on his will, that she at length consented, though with much reluctance, to have the wedding solemnized in the Chapel of St. Benedict.

In the mean time, the confidante of the Countess was employed in finding out the Count de Tourville: provided with letters from the Marchioness, and the most certain proofs of her lady's innocence, she found,

with sorrow, her task a most difficult one. The Count, a prey to the bitterest remorse, and his love for his lost Adelaide knowing no diminution, was frequently absent on long and rigorous pilgrimages of penance. At length, this indefatigable woman found him at Loretto: she produced her testimonials; she informed him his wife yet lived; and De Tourville, on the wings of love and penitence, hastened to throw himself at the feet of his injured Adelaide. All was now ripe for execution: he met the pretended Palmer on the road, where Cecile had stopped to repose, embraced, and was forgiven by his wife; and he promised her on a signal, agreed on between them, to be in the Chapel of St. Benedict the next day.

The wretched Marchioness, on coming to herself, after her preposterous marriage had been prevented, sent for a priest, and in presence of the Count and Countess, with the young Baroness of St. Albert, confessed the whole of her guilt, and retired to end her days in a convent. While St. Albert and his lovely bride, blest in each other, were made still more happy by the union of the amiable Gertrude with Mont Aubin, which union had been prevented for a time, by the insidious artifice of Madame de Lambert, who had implanted the thorn of jealousy in the bosom of Gertrude, against the interesting Cecile, whom the Baroness Mont Aubin again pressed to her bosom with the cordial embrace of friendship, and gladly hailed the alliance of the house of De Tourville with that of St. Albert.

The delighted parents, now happier than before, in this their second union, passed the remainder of their days in harmony, and in the exercise of every virtue; and the first improvement made by De Tourville on his estate, was the repairing and beautifying the scene of his many anxious, but now happy moments.

ON THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

TO THE EDITOR OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

SIR,—I hope a better motive than the sinister pleasure of egotism induces me to send you some account of a recent adventure, and to intreat you may, without delay, allow my paragraphs a place in *La Belle Assemblée*. If I cannot, like many of

your correspondents, adorn the impressions of sense with the glowing tints of imagination, I shall lay before you facts, interesting to the commercial interests of all Europe, and most intimately and inseparably connected with all that can render life desirable to thousands who have braved every

danger for their country, and have enriched her treasuries by their labours—labours that have terminated fatally for themselves. A lively writer has observed, that the romance of real life goes beyond the most soaring or devious flights of fiction: and, alas! if the mothers and wives of mariners were able to bring forward their records of domestic calamity, my diminished narrative would appear to furnish only common incidents. But those incidents operate incessantly upon the general weal or woe of nations, and they ought to be made known to their rulers, who must remain in ignorance, if no humble agent will take upon himself to convey the information.

I lately accompanied a brother, whose health had been impaired by multifarious and harassing cares, and had been advised to divert his mind in travelling through districts where the novel wild graces of natural sublimity might excite the most poignant delights of taste and sensibility. We frequently left our horses in trust to our attendants, and struck through pedestrian paths in quest of the poor and the afflicted. A traveller possessing means and inclination for dispensing benefits in his progress, will seldom pass one day without exquisite satisfaction. For the sum of two hundred pounds my brother has accumulated a fund of blissful retrospections not to be exhausted though his valuable life should be prolonged to patriarchal years. He has a wife and large family, so I took the liberty of reminding him he was not master of Fortunatus's purse. He gaily replied: "I am master of a purse still replenishing for charitable purposes, by the œconomy and self-denial of my *chère moitié*, and her well instructed boys and girls. They saved last winter several hundreds of their stated allowance for dress and amusements. I am deputed *Almoner* of that sacred deposit, and in discharging the duties of my office, my constitution of body and spirit has derived more salutary influence than by all the tonics, balsamics, or cordials in the whole *materia medica*. The finest and most extensive prospects we expect to behold to-morrow, in ascending the peak, can yield no charm so heart-cheering as the smile glistening through tears on the cheek of consoled misfortune." The words were prophetic. We have met beings who have

excited our tenderest feelings, our most anxious exertions. We left our inn just as the sun began to shed a rosy light over the eastern horizon; and guided by a youth, who climbed the steepest acclivities with the elastic movements of a chamois, we surmounted a stupendous pile of rocks, and rested half an hour beneath the shade of majestic trees in the middle region. Proceeding to the highest peaks, the hoarse moaning of the winds, that perpetually agitated the wood, sunk into profound silence by the great space that intervened. Every sense was absorbed in the faculty of vision, which comprehended the circuit of ten counties. I shall not attempt to delineate the diversified, blended and contrasted beauties, which, in her most munificent and sportive mood, nature had lavished on the irregular scenery formed by rocks of every shape and dimension, gradually sloping to verdant mounts, glens, and wide vales, intermingled by forests, lakes, rushing cataracts, winding rivers, and more rapid streams glittering as they purred along the pebbled channel. We also caught a distant view of the expanded ocean, where the frequent passing sail might almost have been mistaken for the course of a bird in the sky. Dilapidated, castellated remains of baronial grandeur were interspersed by lofty plantations of trees introduced by the industry of latter ages; with cultivated fields, flowery meads, luxuriant gardens, and velvet lawns, surrounding edifices of modern architecture. These are objects that have been described or imitated, until novelty is worn to frittlers. But the claims of humanity can never lose their power over British hearts, or meet disregard from the r—l personage who, as their guardian, has been crowned by Providence with unparalleled prosperity. His aim would be to wipe all tears from all faces. Oh! that I could represent the sorrows I have witnessed! The briny showers that bathed the cheeks of age and infancy would not have fallen in vain.

In, the vicinity of the mountain we remarked a cottage scarcely rising above the low copse that defended the thatched roof from northern gusts of air. Our guide informed us that lonely dwelling had been rented by a lady, who came there two years ago for goat whey, as her daughter-

in-law was ailing, but she died in a few months, leaving an infant three weeks old, and twin boys, who could hardly help each other if they chanced to fall, besides two little girls. The old lady was supposed to be far from rich: she lived very retired, but her hand was open to relieve distress. This artless detail determined my brother to ask admission to the habitation; and when we had descended the most difficult ways, he sent the lad to crave leave to call upon Mrs. M—— next day. Our watches had not told the ninth hour, when he returned to us with an invitation to breakfast, elegantly penned. The lady met us near her abode, and conducted us to a neat but simple apartment, where two lovely girls were at work, and two fine boys, amusing a younger child, came to us with extended arms as we entered. Humble dignity and habitual refinement characterised the manners and conversation of our hostess. The *naïveté* of her grandchildren was far removed from awkwardness or rusticity. We talked of public affairs, to which Mrs. M—— replied with intelligence and discernment. My brother expressed a fervent wish that Mr. Wilberforce's admirable firmness might be rewarded by success, in convincing the sovereigns of Europe, that a federal abolition of the slave trade was a duty incumbent; but he intimated some fears, that insidious counsellors might frustrate our Prince Regent's magnanimous efforts to influence the allies in this great cause of humanity. "What idea can kings frame to themselves of the condition of slaves?" said I. "Slaves!" ejaculated Mrs. M——, the tea-cup dropped from her hand,—the children burst into a passion of tears and left the room. Soon recovering her self-possession, the aged lady apologised for the pain she had involuntarily given us; "but when you know the cause, you will pardon,—you will pity our dreadful affliction. My only offspring,—the father of these children, is, oh God! a slave at Algiers; but four days since I received, by a man who made a wonderful escape, the papers I shall put into your hands." The papers consisted of a letter from the captive, covering a petition addressed to the "Illustrious Prince Regent of Great Britain, the Allied Sovereigns of Europe, and the advocates of African eman-

cipation throughout the universe," praying that as their forces were now conveniently assembled, they might take effectual measures for delivering thousands groaning in bondage to infidels; and surely sound policy, humanity, and justice, call aloud for the annihilation of those engines who incessantly seek to annoy the trade, and to enslave the seamen of civilized nations. If ever war and conquest can be sanctioned by reason, religion, and mercy, it must be when the sword shall be unsheathed to protect or to recover all that potentates are bound to guard for their subjects; and in carrying the blessings of civil and religious liberty to the shores of Africa, we shall implant principles that will ultimately refine away the odious prejudices which have led to a traffic in human beings. Europe may be enriched in immediate and substantial gains, by conveying her speculative wisdom, the doctrines of divine truth, the arts and sciences, to the haunts of predatory oppression and ignorance. With what alacrity will the allied navies and armies bend their prowess to overturn the bulwarks of Mahometan superstition; to break for ever the scourge of commerce; to restore sons, husbands, and brothers to their sorrowing relatives: and how abundantly would our sailors and soldiers be repaid by the spoils accumulated at Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, and their dependencies, through ages of successful rapine! It seems a species of infatuation for the powers of Europe to contend with each other for this or that foreign settlement, whilst a quarter of the globe, which spares neither friend nor foe on the watery element, is permitted to go on in outrage and depredation, so easily checked, and for ever made to cease. Shall the allies claim from England a participation of her colonies in the east, and undertake a six months voyage, when in six weeks they may obtain the most valuable productions of Asia, and insure the safety of their traders, by wresting from the Barbary states the power so long abused? The soil and climate of Africa are genial and salubrious in the most northern latitudes, and its situations are more central for intercourse than any part of the known world. Let us not war with the natives, but with the unjust and tyrannous governments. The allied sovereigns are now in

England. The Prince Regent has no study but the felicity of his people—of all the human race. Such an opportunity for delivering our own captives may not return in the lapse of ages; nor may the means for rescuing and enlightening the sons of Africa be again so practicable. Whatever may be the result, I shall reflect upon my intentions in this representation, to the latest hour of my life, with the purest self-approbation; and you, Mr. Editor, who give my pages

to your readers, will assuredly receive a secret and sincere satisfaction in coinciding with the benevolent design, of which I am only the willing agent; for I write by my brother's desire, while he addresses his friends in behalf of the suffering family whose distress suggested this train of ideas.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

T. H.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

TEARS OF THE NOVEL WRITERS; OR, FICTION'S URN.

A SATIRICAL POEM.

THE above little satire afforded us much amusement in the perusal; the remarks are in general apt, and we are sorry to say, but too full of verity; the satire is also well pointed against the present mode of *book-making*, nor are the book collectors spared, those encouragers of the "black-letter mania."

In some parts, however, of this concise work, we observe a want of point, as if the author was actuated by a fear of being too severe; but as this mildness is chiefly extended to female writers, it is in a great measure pardonable. There is also in the style of the poetry an heedlessness, whether by accident or design we cannot pretend to determine: we should imagine from the latter, as we are sure the author is capable of something better.

In a spirited Preface, the author's motives are stated for penning the above satire, in which the following remarks are well written:—

"Startle not! we are in "Tears," to be sure, but the beauties of Niobe were not obliterated by her distresses. Are our sorrows either less or more unreasonable? Are our graces either less engaging or more soluble?"

"Startle not! we are not weeping ourselves to sleep—our "Tears" are not those of dulness; they flow rather from anger than from sorrow. Maddened to the determination of avenging our wrongs, we lift

the satiric thong in rage at the authors of our misfortunes, and lay it on without mercy—but not without discrimination."

The following extracts from this Poem will, we doubt not, be acceptable to our readers; it opens with these lines:—

"If Genius droops in these degenerate times,
If living poets often starve on rhymes;
If war affright the Muses from their seat,
And men, instead of reading chuse to eat;
How can the Novel tribe expect to thrive?
By what new fictions keep themselves alive?
By what charm'd spell, by what mysterious lore,
The dark recesses of the purse explore,
Command th' unwilling hand to drag to day,
The long'd reward which half their cares repay?
Yet, led by hope, there are who persevere,
Nor hints of friends, nor eritics think sincere;
Scribble strange nonsense, as the nonsense rise,
And pen twelves' volumes of capacious size.

Unknown, unknowing, ign'rant of the rage,
For knowing authors in a literate age,
A wight without a name, essays the way,
Which some, with far less gifts, have made to pay;
Fearless th' accusom'd path he takes, when lo!
Dangers assail, around, above, below,
Led on by Prejudice, a phalanx strong,
Impedes his progress as he moves along;
Awe-struck he stands, a thing without a name,
Consign'd to pity, or condemn'd to shame,
Clamour confounds him and his fate appalls;
Stunn'd by neglect the unknown author falls.

Ephemeral fortune waits th' insidious youth,
Who courting prejudice and scorning truth,
With well turn'd compliments and fraudulent wiles,
Gains from all changeful Fashion fitful smiles,—
Smiles that confer a short deceitful pow'r,
And hail him, fav'rite of the passing hour:

That hour past, works, favour, fame, respect,
Fly far away and die before neglect.
Unlike their merit, yet alike their state,
Each sinks neglected, each laments his fate.

Book-making leads the van, a limping elf,
Whose stock is stolen, and whose profit pelf;
Who all that's good in others, seeks to cull,
And paragraphs productions more than dull;
Calls weakness excellence, and bad the best,
And what is worst—far better than the rest.

Next comes a hoary sage, long dead to fame,
Of withered aspect, of Black-letter name;
Brown, dried, and shrivell'd, with worm-eaten
skin,

His form unpleasing, and no wit within;
Proudly pre-eminent by age and years,
On new-made stilts he stalks above his peers.
All fill his purse—Duke, Marquis, Viscount,
Lord,

And hence his well fill'd bags and glitt'ring
board,—

He sneers aside, as thousands heap his store,
And counts each fresh fond fool makes twenty
more.

Last comes Travestie, scurrilous and low,
Who aims at every excellence a blow;
Blights each refreshing grace, and dulls each
charm,

And thus, though weak, inflicts a lasting harm.
Aided by these, lo! Prejudice succeeds,
And many a pleasing unknown writer bleeds.
Erect in power, they rise and overthrow,
And crush the Novel-writers at a blow;
Romantic authors die away by scores,
And Fiction bleeds at all her num'rous pores.
Ye bards, who popularity pursue,
And keep alone the public's praise in view;
Think not your versatility can gain
That praise, which, when 'tis lost, ye loud com-
plain.

First ye collect from literature's store
The legendary trash of days of yore;
Then if, in satire keen, your nameless page
Pourtrays the faults and follies of the age,
When all the work admire, you senseless claim
Th' applause, and shew the point at which ye
aim;

Which is, to fill your purse, and thus acquire
A venal fame, whilst the discordant lyre
Drops from your hand; of principle devoid
The author falls, his works—himself destroy'd."

The Urn of Fiction is thus described:—

"In mute despair they seek a shady wood,
Where erst a monument to Genius stood;
Her statue overthrown they loud deplore,
And weep that novelty can charm no more;
Then change the statue for a marble urn,
And see their works of fiction doom'd to burn,
Weep o'er their offspring, like a parent fond,
Again to see them live, like her despond;—
Here, like the fam'd Mausoleums of a state,
In which lie buried some of diff'rent date,

Of diff'rent worth, which others might surpass,
Mix'd there, confus'dly, in one common mass:
So die the works of justly earn'd renown,
With those of authors doom'd to sink unknown."

After naming various unsuccessful and
faulty authors weeping over the Urn, the
following just remark follows on sophistical
writers:—

"Vain were the task of bards to name the host,
Whose talents misapplied, and genius lost.—
Strove, by false maxims, to pervert the mind,
And nam'd their tenets, lib'ral, unconfin'd,
Their tears less giv'n to conscience than to shame,
When dead their sophistry, and lost their name."

The description of Fiction's Urn thus
concludes:—

"A motley race succeeds; some mourn the fate
Of fam'd heroines ta'en from early date,
When music's powers, and when learning's store,
Woman was seldom suffer'd to explore.
Yet ere the thirteenth century was gone,
Prov'd paragons of learning, and outshone
In science, every dame of future age,
Whose high renown has grac'd th' historic page;
And oft, with knowledge premature, they quote
Those poets who, unborn, had not yet wrote,
Till many years revolving pass'd away,
Since such heroines had beheld the day.
O nonsense!—trash!—fit only for the flame
To perish ever with the author's name.
Let such with grief deserv'd, bedew the urn,
While we to subjects more important turn."

The important subjects, however, seem
to be addresses to various modern novel-
writers of celebrity; and it was in these we
peculiarly marked an heedlessness of style.
The following address, however, to M. G.
L——, Esq. is excellent; his poetic measure
is well imitated, and we cannot forbear
transcribing the whole:—

"Winds continued to whistle; the hour was late,
As I read in my parlour alone;
The cat turn'd her back to the fire as she sate,
And the purse and the coffin bound'd loud from
the grate,
My heart felt as cold as a stone.

Tales Romantic I read with increasing dismay,
When the kitten did plaintively squeak,
I felt almost sure of the truths of each lay,
And then my belief for a moment gave way,
To a *Lion* once suffer'd to speak!

Is this the same pen, whose original skill
Could paint the gradations of crime,
When we know how the tempter each moment
can fill
The fair work of Heaven—to injure, to kill,
And to mar ev'ry virtue sublime.

As admiring we read, bound with horror-struck bands,

We feel the destroyer is near;
In the cause of fair virtue the bosom expands,
We hail her chaste laws, and obey her commands,
That the fiend may with haste disappear.

But opening the *Tales*, as before me they lay,
The effects of next morning how bright!
I laugh'd at my folly, the book threw away!
Declaring most solemnly, never to stray
O'er fields of such study by night.

Of thy Muse clad in terrors refuse not the aid,
O L—— for wholly she's thine;
Between each of thy pauses the heart feels dis-
may'd,

She hails thee, admires thee, in horrors array'd,
For in horrors we know thee to shine.

We wander well pleas'd midst the *Feudal Times*
power

As legends monastic we scan.

Thy *Bravo of Venice* has charm'd the lone hour,
Thy poems enchant to the *Peri's* fair bow'r,
And thy *Monk* shews the weakness of man.

But give no more lions well gifted with speech,
'Tis an insult to nurseries shown;
When those truths you objected *Antonia* to teach,
Those truths so divine, which frail man dare
impeach,

That an Ass spake, no doubt, you disown.

And no more too impassion'd and free, let thy
Muse

Paint love with such feeling and fire;
The meed of applause to thy *Monk* we refuse,
Neither virtue nor modesty e'er can excuse,
That their cause before vice should expire.

Oh! pen a chaste work, with thy genius profound,
Original, grand, and sublime;
O rove 'midst the flowers on classical ground,
Then with night-shade and roses thy temples sur-
round,

And triumph o'er critics and time."

The address to Rosa M——, contains also
some very judicious observations:—

"Yet vast we own thy skill, and pleas'd admire,
Th' harmonious notes, which grace thy tuneful
lyre,

When Rosa, as a poet, sweeps the strings,
And still we hail her, as she sweetly sings
The deeds of heroes; paints the moonlight scene,
The frowning mountain, or the valley green,
Sad, slighted Love, or else the tender joy,
When hearts in unison, no cares annoy:
Such, such are Rosa's powers; but when impell'd
Voluptuously to swerve from maxims held
Sacred, from ancient times, her sex's grace,
Sweet modesty; when bold, she takes the place
Of scribes impure,—then Rosa loses fame,
And kindles blushes on the cheeks of shame.

Though you the feelings you describe possess,
Those feelings woman never should express;

Though passion warms the heart of early youth,
We throw a veil oft o'er the form of truth.
Oh, Rosa! let thy tears fall unsuppress,
Where *Omer's Guilty Nun* stands full confest;
Erase that poem with a crystal tear,
Where the fond numbers speak the *kiss* too dear;
Make, with a penitent's regret and haste,
This sacrifice to decency and taste;
And then resume thy pen, well skill'd to trace
Each flow'ry thought, and true poetic grace."

The same remarks on licentious writing
commence the Conclusion:—

"Though small the errors of a chosen few,
Those errors visible, my pen has drew;
From faults the most are free, with genius blest,
Pure style and language in their works exprest:
Nor deem me, fair ones, prudish and o'er nice,
When I reprove the style which fosters vice;
The more admir'd your works, more dang'rous
prove

Scenes of illicit, or impassioned love,
Adorn'd with all that fancy can impart,
With style to fascinate, yet stain the heart:
Such pow'rs as yours should sole employ the
quill,

The principles of virtue to instil:
For Virtue oft will fly the leisure hour,
And leave the heart expos'd to Vice's power:
'Tis then perusing the licentious lay,
That thoughts from purity are led astray;
Thought leads to act—from trifling causes flow,
The streams of error in this world below;
And rocks and quicksands may less fatal prove,
Than scenes voluptuous of ideal Love,
Drawn by a female hand, which charms the most,
Preserving modesty—despis'd when lost.

But though offended modesty and sense,
Would wish to banish all such writings hence;
Yet, ha! Black-letter pow'r, ah! sink not all;
Crush not true Genius; mix not in the fall
Those tuneful bards of intellect possess;
Those pens of fiction, justly deemed the best.

Muse of Invention, wake again; adorn
The age of learning; leave us not forlorn
In Gothic darkness, fated to deplore
The loss of talent rare, which charm'd before."

The Poem is wound up with an invoca-
tion to Fancy in the following lines:—

"Oh! Golden Age of Fancy, quick return!
And, like a Phoenix, from the sacred Urn
Of Fiction, rise the good of ev'ry date,
Like tares from wheat, the bad be separate,
Destroy'd the common-place, dull trash; its doom
Be deep oblivion, and eternal gloom.

Then when the reign of talent is confest,
And Black-letter and Book-making suppress,
When Genius sheds her mild, but potent rays,
And Science fair her standard bright displays,
Then shall each bard be honour'd as of yore,
And "Tears and sighing then shall be no more."

FASHIONS

FOR

AUGUST, 1814.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—THE CIRCASSIAN LADIES' CORSET BATHING AND SEA-SIDE WALKING DRESS.

HIGH dress of rich Indian or Parisian chintz, made in a form peculiarly novel and elegant; it is trimmed with chintz bordering to correspond, or a rich silk trimming. Long sleeve, with the fulness let in at the top. The collar is extremely novel and beautiful, and the trimming most tastefully disposed, so as to give the appearance of a shirt to the pelisse: it is loose in the body, but fastens in to the waist. We forbear a particular description of this elegant and convenient dress, as it must be seen to be properly understood; we have only to observe, that it is made in a form never before introduced, that it is equally tasteful and becoming; it enables a lady to dress herself in a few minutes without assistance, prevents the chance of taking cold by the long delay in dressing; and, when dressed, to look as completely fashionable as if she had employed the longest time at her toilet. The principal novelty, however, consists in Mrs. Bell's new invented Circassian corset, which unites the advantages of being conducive to health and comfort, by being made of novel materials, free from superfluities, such as steel, whalebone, or any hard substance: so that ease, gracefulness, and dignity are given to the female form in a manner perfectly novel and original. It gives relief and protection to pregnant ladies, and at the same time adds dignity and beauty to the appearance. Head-dress *Chapeau Bras*. Slippers of pale green; and gloves to correspond.

No. 2.—MORNING DRESS

Of jacconet muslin, laced in the body and sleeves, and finished round the bottom of the skirt by an embroidery in coloured silks. A small front of plain muslin fastens at the

bosom over the cased one; the former is also ornamented with embroidery. We are certain no lady, on first seeing this elegant dress, could possibly surmise the purpose for which it was designed, that of enabling a lady to suckle her own child: it is, however, so contrived as to enable a lady to act the part of a nurse without discomposing her dress in the smallest degree; and the moment the pleasing office is over, a single pin leaves her again in the most elegant style of morning costume. Head-dress, small lace cap.

The above dresses are from the fertile imagination of Mrs. Bell, the Inventress of the *Ladies' Chapeau Bras*, of whom alone they can be obtained, at No. 26, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

Since the publication of our last Number we have to notice an almost endless variety in the walking costume; we have seldom seen our fair pedestrians dressed more becomingly.

Mantles of lace and muslin, French silk handkerchiefs, clear and jacconet muslin pelisses, satin, sarsnet, and muslin spencers, and high dresses of French washing silk, or Indian chintz, are all worn in the walking costume. The last mentioned are the latest introduced, and we think there is more of novelty in their form than in any of the others; but we shall, by describing them, enable our fair readers to judge for themselves.

In lace mantles there is no variation at all from last month; in muslin they are worn extremely short, either square or round, and we have observed several with small hoods, they are trimmed only with lace. Pelisses have suffered an entire re-

volution in their form, they are now all made cased in the back and sleeves, if of sarsnet, but if muslin, they are cased all through the body; the casings are three together, as small as they can possibly be made, and there is a distance of two inches between them. The sleeves are done in the same manner.

Pelisses are made up to the neck, and notwithstanding the heat of the weather they have in general a cased collar, which is edged round, as is also the ends of the sleeves and the bottom of the pelisse with lace. The waists are worn as short as possible, and the skirts fuller than we have seen them for some time.

The observations which we have made upon pelisses are equally applicable to spencers, except that in clear muslin spencers narrow letting-in lace is substituted for the casings, which has, in our opinion, a much prettier and less formal effect.

The high chintz dresses are, for the street, of a very small pattern, the elegant one which we have given in our Print, being exclusively a Bathing-dress; but for the walking costume small pattern flowered chintz is universal; they are made cased in the body and sleeves, and are worn up to the neck, but they have no collar; a blond lace, ruff-edged with narrow ribband to correspond with the predominant colour of the chintz, is substituted for it. The dress, which fastens in front, is trimmed down with silk ornaments of a very novel form, and three rows of scollops, placed one above another round the bottom, are ornamented with a light narrow silk fringe to correspond with the predominant colour in the dress. These dresses are elegant, simple, and extremely well calculated for the undress of a gentlewoman; if there is any thing to be said against them, it may be perhaps objected that they appear rather too warm for the time of year.

French washing silks, as they are called, though of their possessing this economical quality we must be permitted to doubt, are made in precisely the same way, except that the trimmings, which is a silk fancy trimming to correspond with the dress, is extremely expensive.—They are in high estimation.

French bonnets made of satin, sarsnet, or willow, literally loaded with artificial

flowers, are in the highest estimation for the walking costume.—English cottage bonnets, invented by Mrs. Bell, vying in size and garlands with the French ones, are in equal if not in more general estimation; the most fashionable material of which these bonnets are composed is fine willow; but they are worn in lace, muslin, silk, and blond and ribband mixed: the only one of these bonnets which we have ever thought entitled to the appellation, is to be seen at Mrs. Bell's *Magasin des Modes*.—There is some difference in the form, but what it is we cannot exactly point out: we can only say, that we have seen it on a lady who looks most bewitching in it, and what was rather singular, she had just pulled off one which had been brought from Paris, which was certainly the reverse of becoming.

In the carriage costume spencers of entire white lace over pale pink, azure, or straw-colour, are very general; they are composed of plain net-lace about a nail in width, sewed very full to a letting-in lace of not quite an inch in breadth; the sleeves are made in the same manner, and are finished at the wrist by a narrow lace.—The spencer, which is high in the back, has a second front of entire broad lace, which falls over as a cape behind, and is thrown back; it reaches nearly half-a-quarter below the waist, and finishes in a point.

White satin spencers also are still in high estimation for the carriage costume; but the most truly elegant pelisse that we have seen is the French pelisse; it is made in white satin, the upper part of the back is a plain piece which goes just between the shoulders, the lower part is very full. This pelisse may be called a three-quarter dress, it is not so low as a frock, nor does it come up to the neck; the points of the dress are so contrived as to meet in the middle of the back, and form a cape, which is certainly the prettiest and most tasteful that we have ever seen, it is rounded behind, and falls over the shoulders, and the pelisse either meets or flies back in front at pleasure; long plain sleeves, except at top, which had three pieces of satin let in, each was about half-a-quarter in length, and nearly the same in breadth, they were finished round with a narrow but extremely elegant silk

trimming. The pelisse is all cut round in scollops, which are finished with the lightest and most beautiful silk fringe we have ever seen. There has not been any thing introduced in the carriage costume for a considerable time at once so elegant and so becoming as this pelisse.

Small French hats of white satin, ornamented, not *loaded*, with flowers, are very general in the carriage costume; but the Princess Charlotte of Wales's hat, is we think in the highest estimation; it is worn in all the fashionable colours for the month, but we conceive it to be more elegant in white satin than any thing else. The crown is oval, and the front which is extremely novel and becoming, is composed of three rows of scollops one above another, which are edged with real or mock pearl; two ostrich feathers fall over to the left side.—This hat is extremely tasteful and elegant, and as it is but just introduced we may venture to predict that it will continue for a considerable time a favourite. It may be agreeable to our readers to be informed that it may be seen at Mrs. Bell's.

The principal novelty in the morning costume is the cased bodies, which though novel are not new; they are a revived fashion. The chintz, that we have described, are equally an in and out-door costume, but jacconet muslin is the most universal; and the lace mania, which we have so often mentioned, is not at all decreased, on the contrary our fair fashionables become daily more ingenious in the manner of using it; besides the double, and sometimes treble flowers of lace, there is generally a quantity of letting-in down the front; or if this is not the case, a small apron cut in scollops, edged with a narrow lace, has, generally speaking, superseded the lace ruffs or frills; and collars even of lace are very little worn.

Washing silks are very general for the morning costume; we have seen one which we thought extremely pretty, though in the days of our grave grandmothers it would have been looked on as too childish for *belles* who were out of hanging sleeves: it was a high frock, which laced behind, and came up to the throat, where it was finished by a row of scollops, edged with fine narrow lace; net long-sleeve was ornamented by a cuff to correspond, and

three rows of scollops edged with lace finished it round the skirt. A French apron of white lace scalloped round, and trimmed with a broad lace put on very full, the pockets trimmed with a narrow lace to correspond with that on the dress; and a lace *bib*, which forms a very pretty front over the silk one; the bib is as low as a frock bosom, it is an entire piece of lace, and has really an elegant effect.

In dinner dresses we again meet with cased bodies; frocks now are all made with them, but they differ from the morning dresses by being single casings, they are also as narrow as they can be made.—Waists are shorter than ever, and the dresses fall as much as usual off the shoulders. The sleeve highest in estimation is a triple epaulet of lace; the bosoms of frocks are not cut or slipped in any way, but formed by the casings to fit the shape in the most becoming manner.

Rich worked muslin over coloured slips is the highest in estimation for dinner dresses, and they are trimmed in every possible way with lace. Sarsnets are however worn by many *elegantés*. Ribband trimmings have declined very much, but fringe and silk fancy trimmings are universal.

For full dress, crape and white lace are universal. Coloured slips are now worn only for dinner dresses. In crape, white is the most predominant; but azure, the colour of the wild rose, and evening primrose, are also very general; straw colour is also worn by a few *elegantés*, but we must beg leave to remind them, that it always looks like dirty white by candle-light.—We have only one novelty to announce to our fair readers in full dress, and that is the Angouleme drapery, which is composed of white patent net, and is worn over a white satin slip; it is a cased frock body, with a triple epaulet sleeve; the sleeve, we must observe, is composed of very broad and rich lace; the drapery is open at the left side, it is about a quarter of a yard shorter than the gown, and is sloped a little on the left side, but not rounded, but on the right side it is rounded so as to display the satin slip beneath it very much; the drapery is edged with a broad and rich lace, and two flounces of lace are placed also at some distance one above the other,

he triple flounce of lace, and the fulness with which it is put on have, we think, rather a heavy effect, but we must own that it is magnificent. The slip is either cut round the bottom in scollops, which are ornamented with fringe, or finished with embroidery. This dress is certainly deficient in simplicity, but it is magnificent, tasteful, and above all fashionable in the highest degree.

The hair continues to be dressed in the style described in our last Number.

Artificial flowers and light silver ornaments are in high estimation in full dress. Coloured stones are apparently declining: small pearl sprigs, which are just introduced, being, after diamonds, most worn by our *élegantés*.

Ostrich feathers appear at present, as well as turbans, to be confined to matronly *belles*; we have observed some extremely elegant turbans composed of a crape half-handkerchief, richly embroidered in silver.

In jewellery we have nothing new to announce for full dress; in undress, white cornelian is universal.

Slippers of leather or jane to correspond with the dress, have superseded half-boots for the promenade costume. Half-boots of strong silk which lace behind, and correspond in colour with the dress, are universally adopted for the carriage costume.

Dress slippers are now made either of white kid or silk, they have no rosette, but are ornamented instead with an embroidery either in silk or silver.

Fans continue the same as last month.

Fashionable colours for the month are evening primrose, azure, straw-colour, pea and grass green, and the pink of the white rose; it may be proper to observe, that white satin is now tinged with the latter colour.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

We present our fair readers with the following extracts from the two last *Journal des Dames*:—"Amongst the straw hats which are at present in the highest estimation, we have particularly noticed the *Chapeau à-la-Pamela*, which is composed of satin straw, and ornamented with a large cockade of straw-coloured ribband and three feathers. These feathers are remarkably beautiful, they are soft as down

and ornamented with a slight intermixture of black filaments; they are of an uncommon length, and very dear. Straw loops and buttons begin to be in estimation. The artificial flowers most worn are those of the season. Sweet pea and jessamine, are, we observe, highest in estimation. Court dresses are now made in the simplest manner, their form is *à-la-chemise*, they lace behind. Short sleeves *à-la-sabot*, trimmed with blond. The trimming of these robes is in general extremely simple; a roll of the same materials as the dress goes round it at bottom, and above that a puckering ornamented with *tulle*. The mantle is trimmed with two rolls, one of which, that at bottom, is smaller than the other.

"Hats turned up at the side are once more in favour, but they are not worn so high as formerly, the crown is broad at top, and narrows gradually towards the bottom. We remark upon the edges of all the *Chapeau à-la-Pamela* in white straw, a plaiting of *tulle*, (letting-in lace,) the remainder of the trimming consists of a white satin ribband fastened at the side, and in flowers of the season. We have already spoken of corn flowers, we must now include amongst those in estimation large pinks. As the *Chapeaus à-la-Pamela* are worn put very far back upon the head, which would, without something to fill up the space between the hat and the face, have a very ill effect, our *belles* wear a diminutive head-dress composed of *tulle* and blonde. *Les Coeffures de Presentation*, are made in two ways,—first, the hair the form of a pyramid, not so high as formerly; pearl frontlet ornamented before and behind with roses and lilies, and two blond lappets half an ell or three-quarters in length.—Second, a frontlet of pearl, four small plumes and falling lappets; these last are an ell in length. We have spoken of blond lappets, blond mantles and sleeves constitute also an indispensable part of the court dress. Muslin walking scarfs, lined with florentine silk are in high estimation, they are richly embroidered in leaves, they are trimmed with fine rows of Mechlin lace, intermixed with embroidered bands; every row of the lace has a heading. The form of these walking scarfs is that of a small open shawl."

MONTHLY MISCELLANY, INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Bishop Horsley's translation of the *Psalms of David*, with notes, is printing in two octavo volumes.

The Rev. Frederic Nolan will publish in the course of the month, a *Vindication of the Received Text of the Greek Testament*.

Mr. James Wathen's *Journal of a Voyage, in 1811 and 1812, to Madras and China*, returning by the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, is expected to appear in a few days.

The Rev. T. F. Dibdin is preparing for publication, the *Bibliographical Decameron*, or Ten Days' Pleasant Discourse upon the early State of the Fine Arts, ancient and modern Typography, and Bibliography, embellished with numerous engravings.

Mr. Jens Wolff has in the press a *Tour to Copenhagen, through Norway and Sweden*, interspersed with anecdotes of public and private characters, in a quarto volume, dedicated to Prince Christian, with portraits and other engravings.

Edward Planta, Esq. has in the press, the *Stranger's Guide to Paris*; containing notices of every thing in the French capital that can be interesting to strangers; together with a gazetteer of France, and a concise history of the kingdom.

Miss Leonard will soon publish, the *Ruby Ring*, harmonized from the oriental story of Amurath, or the Power of Conscience, with engravings from her own designs.

Dr. Herbert Marsh is printing, in an octavo volume, a *Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome*.

Mr. J. J. Maxwell will soon publish, the *Aquatic Tourist, on the Banks of the Thames, from Westminster to Windsor*.

A new edition of Thoresby's *Ducatus Leodiniensis*, by Dr. Whitaker, vicar of Whalley, is preparing for publication, in a folio volume, illustrated by numerous engravings.

MANNERS OF THE FRENCH.

(Continued from our last.)

FIRST SUPPER OF M. GUILLAUME.—“I will have no more suppers at my house, that I am resolved on.”—“On that head, Madam, you and I shall never agree: reflect, Madame, a little, if you please, on what I am: in this respect a very Roman; for twenty years this repast has fallen into contempt in Paris; I have kept up the custom in spite of all the sneers of the *haut ton*; you would not, surely, wish me to lose the honour of my heroic perseverance!”—“No, but I would wish you to reflect that

your revenue does not increase with your family.”—“Ah! Madame de Montliver, you are always making your little economical calculations.”—“Always, Sir, and shall still continue them, unless you can prove to me that a family may be kept with fine speeches.”—“Do you find your expences too great? Diminish them; that is your affair; but I must have my supper; it is a delightful meal at the end of the day, and we may sit over it without preventing any business going on; it is a convivial repast, at which every one is at his ease, in a word, our suppers.”—“Are extremely disagreeable, since nothing is spoken of but politics; and argument supplies the place of conversation.”—“There is some little reason in what you say, Madame de Montliver, and that is the way that we generally end our disputes, by understanding each other. Let us now both speak with frankness; in regard to domestic economy, to use the good things of life is right, the evil is in the abuse; till now we have always had a few friends to sup with us; now we will only receive them twice a week.”—“And we will have only four different dishes.”—“So let it be.”—“And not one word of politics during the desert.”—“That I also agree to.”

My wife has not lost the manners of the winning mistress in the wife and mother; she has found the art of governing me, from the day in which she saw that I preferred peace to authority, and that by letting me have my own way it was often the best means of making me renounce what she wished I should. She is, besides, a most excellent woman, having a most tender affection for her children, and governs her house with that order and good sense, which would do honour to a more brilliant government.

I will now speak a word or two of our most intimate acquaintance, as I shall often have occasion to bring them on the scene at our suppers, and it is always well to know something of those we are going to meet.

M. Dubuisson, was for some time at the head of an office during a long administration, and had no other fault than that of thinking himself far superior to the situation he held, and never being able to make any one else think the same of him; and he was of that character which often made me think he would be one of the most miserable of men if he had not the consolation of saying, that he had been granted many indulgences. This M. Dubuisson is one among the many who mistake their talent: he has good sense, and judges well of others, but complains that he is the dupe of his own fancy, when actually he has no fancy at all; notwithstanding, he is a man of the strictest integrity, and just in all his dealings.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE RECEPTION AND PURSUITS OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AND KING OF PRUSSIA.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

HYDE PARK.—The exhibition in Hyde Park on Sunday, June 12, was most extraordinary. The Sovereigns, the Princes, the venerable Blucher, Platoff, and all the other illustrious strangers, mounted on the Prince Regent's horses, made their appearance in the ride; and it would seem as if every horse in the metropolis had resorted thither. The pressure was intolerable; the horses were so jammed together, that many noblemen and gentlemen had their knees crushed, and their boots torn off. The interesting Blucher was so cruelly persecuted, that he dismounted, and took refuge in Kensington Gardens; but here being afoot, he was more annoyed. He set his back against a tree, and seemed at length quite exhausted. The coarse kindness of our mob is more formidable to him than all the enemies he ever encountered. In the evening the Prince Regent gave a second banquet to the above highly illustrious characters, the great warriors who have immortalized their names by the talents and military skill which they displayed in bringing the war to a happy termination.

AQUATIC TRIP TO WOOLWICH.—On Monday, June 13, about eight o'clock in the morning, the illustrious visitors were taken up at their respective places of residence by the royal and other carriages, and proceeded to the Earl of Liverpool's mansion, which, from its contiguity to the place of embarkation, was made the general rendezvous for the reception and accommodation of the company, who were to participate in the pleasures of an aquatic excursion. At nine, the company came out the back way from the Earl of Liverpool's, and walked through his Lordship's garden to Whitehall Stairs, where the whole of the state barges belonging to the Admiralty, the Navy, the Ordnance Boards, the City Companies, the launches of the Enterprize, and of the men of war at Deptford and Woolwich, together with several large boats with bands of music, were in attendance to receive the august Sovereigns, Princes, heroes, nobility, and gentry, composing the party, in succession as they presented themselves on the platform.

The Emperor of Russia, in military uniform, and the Duchess of Oldenburgh, were the first upon the stairs, and embarked in a small handsome six-oared barge, with the Russian flag displayed at the head. Then followed the King of Prussia, the Prince Regent, the Dukes of York, Clarence, Cambridge, and Kent; Generals Blucher, Platoff, and, we believe, all the illustrious foreigners who have recently arrived in the capital; as also Lord Melville, and the other Lords of the Admiralty, the Comptroller and Commis-

sioners of the Navy, the Ordnance, Victualling Board, &c. in their respective uniforms. The King of Prussia, with a few attendants, embarked in a barge, similar to that of his Imperial Majesty, with the Prussian flag at the bow. The Prince Regent, Marshal Blucher, and several other distinguished foreign officers, as also the Royal Dukes, and the Lords of the Admiralty, went on board the Admiralty state barge, which displayed at the stern the royal standard. The rest of the company embarked in the barges belonging to the different Boards, and the ships of war in the river, under their appropriate flags. At five minutes after nine, the flotilla set sail, amid the acclamations of thousands and tens of thousands, who had assembled on Westminster Bridge, the banks of the river, the barges, and innumerable small craft which had collected, and proceeded down the river against the tide, which had not quite reached the full. The general appearance of the ships in the river afforded a most interesting spectacle. They all hoisted their colours in compliment to the Royal Party. The Monarchs had an opportunity of seeing, at one glance, the Russian, Prussian, French, Swedish, Danish, and other flags, hoisted on vessels brought to the port of London by commerce only. Independent of this rare and pleasing display, there were stages erected on both sides of the river, with flags bearing labels, such as the "Prince Regent and Commerce,"—"Trade and Navigation,"—"Peace,"—and other allusions equally pleasing. The flotilla in its passage towards Deptford was continually hailed by the multitude on shore, and the crews of the different ships dressed in their best jackets and trowsers. A boy was stationed on the truck of the Liffey, a fine new built frigate, who joined, by waving his hat in the air, in the shouts which extended along the margin of Old Thames. At Greenwich Hospital an immense crowd was collected, and the royal standard hoisted, in the expectation that their Majesties and the Prince would inspect the College. A party of the Horse Guards was also stationed there to keep order. The *Thïsbe* frigate, bearing the flag of Admiral Legge, fired a royal salute, and manned her yards. The effect was grand, and the Sovereigns did not fail to express their admiration of the scene. Never was the Thames more honoured, never were the admirers of nautical excellence more gratified. They saw at one view thousands of vessels from all parts of the known world bringing the richest productions of foreign industry to the lap of Britannia. Victory may be seen in fields of battle; splendid actions in warfare to be traced in almost every country; but where can our illustrious visitors see a wood of ships and a range of warehouses filled with stores, equal to those on the Thames? The flotilla passed the Neptune first-rate, on the stocks at Woolwich, which had been prepared for inspection, without going on board. On landing, the Monarchs were received by

the Earl of Mulgrave, Master-General of the Ordnance, with all due honours; a discharge of the great guns took place; and the Royal Party, with their numerous suite, proceeded to view the arsenal and laboratory. Much time was occupied in the inspection of these and other departments of this magnificent establishment. A superb tent was erected on the mound for the illustrious visitors and their suite; and, after they had taken their station, a most interesting exhibition ensued. On a signal given by Col. Congreve, who superintended the rocket department, a demonstration was made of the power of the rocket composition. At about two hundred yards north east of the mound where the royal visitors were stationed, a quantity of the composition, placed on three pieces of timber, exploded, producing columns of flame awfully grand. The discharge produced a volcanic appearance, attended by a tremendous roaring, but the burning property of the material was most remarkable. After the discharge, the timber remained in flames, and actually consumed to a cinder. The next operation was a display of the rockets as used in besieging. They shot upwards to a great height, carrying a tube, filled with burning material, a considerable distance. They were larger than any used on a former occasion, and made a most tremendous roaring. The next experiment was a proof of the havoc these engines occasion in a field of battle. They were fired from the opposite bank of the Thames horizontally across the low grounds, to the distance of eight hundred or one thousand yards. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by these discharges; wonder was expressed by the beholders. The shells thrown by the rockets flew to the distance required, and exploded with horrible sounds. There can be little doubt that a single volley would disunite a body of cavalry; against that description of force they are peculiarly operative, as they not only kill, but spread terror among the horses. The foreign Officers were struck by the effect of this new engine in the art of war. It was three o'clock before the illustrious visitors left the Warren, to proceed to the College of the Cadets, a fine building, in the Gothic style, on Woolwich Common, near Shooter's Hill. Here they arrived in a few minutes, and partook of a splendid entertainment, provided under the direction of the First Lord of the Admiralty. After remaining here for two hours, they proceeded on horseback, amidst the shouts and acclamations of thousands, to the Artillery Barracks, the grand riding-house, and other parts, which they minutely inspected. They then proceeded to the extensive and beautiful ground in front of the barracks, followed and cheered by a multitude of respectable persons, some in carriages, but by far the greater part on foot. From this extensive place, every thing like a vulgar mob was excluded. Here it may be observed, that the Emperor of Russia was dressed in the dark-green uniform of his own country,

and that the Prince Regent of England and the King of Prussia, in honour, no doubt, to his Imperial Majesty, wore similar uniforms. They all three had elegant cocked hats, with white feathers.

GRAND ARTILLERY REVIEW.—The Allied Sovereigns and their illustrious companions and attendants, all dressed in splendid military uniforms, among whom we particularly noticed Marshal Blucher, Count Platoff, the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg, Prince of Orange, Sir Charles Stewart, &c. &c. took their stations on the eastern side of the artillery ground; and then the brigade of foot artillery and artillery-drivers was drawn out upon the field, and performed all the grand movements and evolutions which are usually practised in time of war. The royal strangers were much pleased with the vigorous prowess of those soldiers who managed our great guns; and when the evolutions were concluded, they rode up to inspect the guns, the tumbrils, and the ammunition. The Emperor Alexander was particularly observant and inquisitive respecting every part of our military machinery, in the whole inspection of which he seemed to be uncommonly interested. This part of the review being concluded, the horse-artillery were next ordered into the field. A scene of martial dexterity and rapid movement, of which one can hardly form a conception, was now exhibited; enormous engines of destruction, which in former ages could hardly be moved at a walking pace, were now hurried over the plain almost with the rapidity of lightning. Drawn up close in front of the spectators, the horsemen instantly dismounted, fired several charges, got upon their horses again, and in an instant the cannon were out of sight.—Various grand movements of this kind were executed in a rapid and masterly style for upwards of an hour. When they were concluded, the foreign Sovereigns and warriors rode up to take a closer view of our guns and horsemen. All the grand spectacles of this day were now terminated; all parties seemed ready to take their departure, when the curious multitude, who had hitherto been confined by the Guards to certain parts of the field, broke from their boundaries, and with that generous ungovernable impulse that has set all hearts in motion during the last week, rushed, in spite of the centinels, to the spot where Alexander was stationed. He was the grand point of attraction. He looked round with amazement and beheld thousands of gentlemen and ladies elegantly dressed, approaching the spot where he stood, and invoking blessings on his head. He saw even the soft delicate sex disregarding all danger, and only intent on gratifying the impulse of their admiration and patriotic feelings. We never before beheld, nor could we have conceived such a scene of splendid confusion as now presented itself. The shining bayonets and white waving feathers that decorated the heads of lovely females came promis-

uously into contact with each other. The tails of horses were lashing beautiful silk shawls and handkerchiefs, and the guard who had been ordered to clear the space occupied by the Royal presence, might as well have attempted to restore order out of chaos, as to execute the commands of their officers. The Emperor of Russia by this time had got off his horse and stepped into the carriage which contained his sister the Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh. Here he was surrounded by a multitude of most respectable persons of both sexes, many of whom stretched out their hands to him, and all of whom cried out, "God bless the Emperor of Russia!" and at the same time filled the air with their acclamations. In the midst of all this manifestation of national congratulation, the Emperor and all the other Royal parties drove off from the ground towards the road leading to London. The Prince Regent preceded the cavalcade in a close carriage; the Emperor of Russia and the Duchess of Oldenburgh were seated in an open carriage, as were also the King of Prussia, and the Princes his sons, in another.—The road from Woolwich to London was lined with carriages; and the same eagerness was evinced by the people to behold the Emperor as on his first arrival in town. The illustrious party was every where greeted with loud and incessant plaudits.

IMPERIAL AND ROYAL VISIT TO OXFORD.—June 14th being fixed for the expected arrivals, the utmost activity prevailed. Half-past ten was the time appointed by the Chancellor for the assembling of the University to meet their august visitors. At a meeting of the Chancellor, Heads of houses, and Proctors, held in the Delegates' room, a Programme was drawn up and issued, by which all the arrangements were ordered. The Noblemen and other Members of the University, attended Lord Grenville, the Chancellor, at Dr. Coles's at Exeter College, at ten o'clock, and accompanied his Lordship shortly afterwards to the Hall of Magdalen College. At twelve o'clock, shortly after the arrival of the Prince of Mecklenburgh in the Queen's carriage, an *avant courier* announced the approach of the Prince Regent; and Lord F. A. Spencer rode out to meet his Royal Highness. The Prince came in his private travelling carriage and four, and alighted on the bridge, where his Royal Highness was met by the Chancellors, who laid the staves of the Bedels of the University at his Royal Highness's feet. The staves being most graciously returned, the Mayor advanced and presented to his Royal Highness the ensigns of his office, which being also most graciously returned, the procession was immediately commenced on foot. The Corporation walked first, the Juniors preceding; then walked the Chancellor of the University in his full dress robes, and the Mayor of the city in his robes, on his left hand. All were uncovered. The Prince Regent came next, with his hat in his hand. The Duke of York was on his right, wearing his academic robe, and

the Order of the Garter. Their Royal Highnesses were followed by Lord Sidmouth, the Earls of Darnley, Harcourt, Essex, Pembroke, Spencer, and Fortescue, the Bishop of Peterborough, and a long train composed of the Nobility, Clergy, and Members of the University. The royal and academic procession then moved up the High-street, and turning to the right at St. Mary's church, passed the Radcliffe Library to the Divinity school; in approaching which, the members of every rank formed lines to the right and left, while his Royal Highness was conducted by the Chancellor and the proper officers to his seat. Being seated, the Prince Regent received the Address of the University from the Chancellor, to which his Royal Highness made a gracious answer. The Chancellor then presented to the Regent the officers of the University, and afterwards, accompanied by them, attended his Royal Highness to the apartments prepared for his reception, at Christ Church College. All eyes in the crowded street and on the bridge were now turned with impatient expectation eastward, to behold the Emperor Alexander; and every appearance of an officer, or a servant in royal livery at a quick pace, was regarded as an indication of his Imperial Majesty's instant coming. At length, after the lapse of about an hour, a post-chaise and four, containing Lords Yarmouth and Cathcart, was hailed as the immediate precursor of the Russian Emperor. Some mistake in announcing his Majesty's near approach, occasioned a ludicrous error on the part of many of the spectators, who had come in from the surrounding country; and for a moment some of the honours of the populace, destined for the Monarch of the North, were about to be heaped upon the two noble Lords in the post-chaise. A few minutes after one o'clock, preceded by the General Lord F. A. Spencer, and a few light dragoons, Alexander, and his amiable and accomplished sister, appeared in an open barouche of the Prince Regent's, drawn simply by four post horses. They had no companions in the carriage. The Emperor was dressed in a plain blue coat, wore his hair without powder, and with his hat continued bowing to the public, constantly and gracefully, the whole way up the high street. The Duchess of Oldenburgh wore a magnificent plume of feathers, and, like her Imperial brother, constantly expressed her kind feelings of the respect testified to them, by similar tokens of gratification and condescension. The Emperor and his sister drove to Merton College. His Majesty the King of Prussia entered Oxford a short time after the Emperor of Russia, likewise in an open barouche of the Prince Regent's, drawn by post-horses. The King was accompanied by his two sons, the Princes of Prussia. They went to the residence prepared for them at the College of Corpus Christi, in front of which the Prussian Eagle was immediately placed, and a guard of honour posted. Several carriages, with the attendants of the Russian and Prussian Monarchs, continued to

come in till four, when the veteran hero, Blucher, arrived, whose presence was the signal for the most enthusiastic acclamations. With his characteristic activity, Alexander, after looking at his apartments, at Merton, and the College, walked out to view the gardens behind, which adjoin the Classic-grove of Christ Church. He remained there a short time, surveying the beauties of the place, and was walking in the public streets before three o'clock, accompanied by the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Fortescue, and the Earl of Essex, with whom he made immediately the tour of the most distinguished Colleges and public edifices. His Majesty in the course of his walk, visited Brazenose, All Souls, Corpus Christi, Christ Church, and three other Colleges, the Clarendon printing-house, the Divinity school, and St. Mary's church. The crowd following his Majesty from place to place at length accumulated so as to render it expedient to make an open path for him, by sending a small party of dragoons, which dividing into two parts, the Emperor, and the noble party with him, walked between them. About five, Alexander returned to Merton, bowed to them, and retired to his apartments alone. There he was to receive the Address of the Mayor and Corporation of Oxford. No guard of honour, nor any external symbols of royalty, had been placed in front of Merton College. The King of Prussia received a similar Address at Corpus. The Prince of Orange was at St. John's.

The grand banquet in the evening was surpassingly beautiful, from the effect produced by the form of the edifice, and the facilities it affords for a perfect view of the company. About two hundred dined, of whom fifty were the Prince's guests. The gallery was thrown open to the public, who ascended by the spiral staircase, and descended by a temporary wooden one erected externally. It was a truly gratifying sight to see the Sovereigns of great countries, hitherto unknown to each other personally, sitting down together with social friendship, and chastened festivity, surrounded by multitudes of gladdened spectators. The Emperor of Russia was particularly cheerful, and conversed much. His accomplished sister, whose residence in this country has almost familiarized her to us, was not the least joyous partaker of the feast.

At night the whole city was illuminated. Though in displays of this kind in London we excel what could be expected here, in the magnificent and costly devices in front of our public buildings, the illuminations of our private houses fall short of the beauty of those in the chief streets of Oxford. The serenity of the weather permitting it, the candles were placed on the outside of the houses, which give a much stronger light; on some of them the number was countless. The effect of the High-street was magical. The ancient battlements, turrets, and spires, thus rendered visible at midnight, were in the highest de-

gree picturesque, and approached to the sublime. The porch of St. Mary, with its twisted columns, lighted up in exact correspondence with the features of the architecture, was enchanting. Festoons of variegated lamps were hung between all the pinnacles at the top of the southside of the sacred edifice. Illuminating a church is rather uncommon; but a transparency explained, that it was in celebration of peace. Some paintings displayed a tolerable share of John Bull's humour. The well-dressed crowds (comprising Kings and Princes) who promenaded the streets, the great number of elegant females, and the greater proportion of academical persons in their sable robes, intermixed with the grotesque appearance of the country folks who had flocked from all parts to see the sight, gave one a notion of a carnival. But in the midst of all this splendour, before one in the morning, and most suddenly, the winds blew, the rain descended, and the lights were extinguished; the glare of lightning flashed through the city, and the noise of thunder closed the hilarity of the scene.

On the following morning the Prince Regent and the Duke of York were in readiness at the apartments of Dr. Hall, Dean of Christ Church, at nine. The Prince of Mecklenburgh, the Queen's nephew, arrived shortly after, from Lord Harcourt's at Nuneham, where he sleeps; the Prince is a genteel looking young man, and wears small mustachios. The Prussian Princes then came from Dr. Burton's apartments, and walked through Peckwater-court to their royal father at Dr. Cook's at Corpus Christi. They are youths of an ingenuous countenance; and the Crown Prince has a considerable resemblance to the portraits of his late mother. The Prince of Orange appeared next in his Doctor's gown. All these Princes were plainly dressed. Then came Lord Sidmouth and Mr. Bragge Bathurst, in the Windsor uniform, from Dr. Robertson's, at the Observatory (where Lord Harrowby and Mr. Vansittart were likewise accommodated), and waited on the Regent, as did Sir Charles Stewart, from the Bishop of Oxford's lodgings in the College. Sir Charles was very splendid from his dragoon uniform, and the glitter of his various stars. The Chancellor, robed, arrived last in his private carriage. A little procession was formed by the University Bedels. The Prince Regent followed; he wore a dark wig without powder, a blue coat, the Orders of Saint Andrew, the Prussian Eagle, and the Golden Fleece, and his academic gown. His Royal Highness was extremely cheerful, in conversation with Lord Grenville on his left; the Duke of York, with his gown and Garter, was on his right. The royal brothers moved at a slow pace to the Divinity school, with Lord Grenville, in his Lordship's carriage. The Emperor of Russia, and his sister, and the King of Prussia, unornamented, rode in the Prince's carriages, from Merton and Corpus, with their attendants.

The Theatre had been opened very early, and the ladies were flocking thither before seven o'clock. In the gallery, containing about five hundred, places were reserved for one hundred, who might accompany the Prince's guests.

The Regent and the foreign Monarchs, with their attendants, were first conducted to the Divinity school. The general arrangements of the Theatre were as usual, the whole of the lower semi-circular gallery being appropriated to the ladies, and the upper one to the Under Graduates and Bachelors of Arts; but there was a great alteration in the circles rising from the area. In the centre was a platform, the rail round which was covered with crimson velvet, and the steps with crimson cloth. On this was placed a chair, superbly gilt, with the Prince's plume on the back, and covered with crimson velvet for the Regent. On the right and left were two lower chairs, ornamented with similar materials, for the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. The Chancellor sat to the left of the latter Monarch; the Duchess of Oldenburg to the right of her Imperial brother. To the right of the Duchess, rather lower, sat the foreign Princes in chairs; and to the left of the Chancellor, the other foreigners and Noblemen of inferior rank. The area was allotted to Masters of Arts, Bachelors of Law, and strangers admitted by tickets. The Members of the procession, on entering the theatre, divided on each side, when the Prince Regent, the Emperor Alexander, and the King of Prussia, advanced to their respective seats, in their academical robes. The diplomas of the Degree of Doctor of Civil Law for the Emperor and the King had been passed in a previous convocation on Monday, June 15, and their Majesties now received them after the Chancellor had opened convocation. The Chancellor then proposed a diploma for the degree of L.L.D. for his Grace the Duke of Wellington, which was immediately passed, the two Monarchs joining in the votes, as Doctors of the University. The honorary degrees of L.L.D. were then conferred upon Prince Metternich, Count Lieven, and Field Marshal Prince Blucher. Mr. Crowe, the venerable public orator, ascended the tribune, and delivered a brief Latin oration, in honour of the illustrious visitors, the effect of which was much increased by his serious and impressive delivery.

This was followed by the recitation of five copies of English verse; the first by Mr. William Dalby, Fellow of Exeter; the second by Mr. Henry Bosanquet, of Corpus Christi; the third by Mr. Robert Ingram, of Oriel; the fourth (an ode) written by Mr. John Hughes, was spoken by Mr. Robert Mascall, both of Oriel; and the fifth (an ode) by Mr. William Taylor Coleridge, of Exeter. The verses in general were good; though not distinguished for transcendent poetical merit. They were for the most part tolerably well delivered. There was, however, too much of sameness in the themes, and in the manner of treating them: the conflagration of Moscow;

the ambition, tyranny, desperation, and fall of Bonaparte; the firmness, and union, and perseverance of the Allied Monarchs; the heroism and devotion of the Russian and Prussian Generals, and the final success of the common cause, together with the usual and natural eulogies on the University, forming the leading features. Much panegyric was bestowed on the Prince Regent for his wise councils, and generous conduct, mixed with regrets for the lamented indisposition of his Majesty. The humanity of the Allies to France, when at their feet, was the subject of high praise. The following is a sample from Mr. Bosanquet:—

Speak, Europe, rescued from the whelming flood,
Had polar winters chill'd yon Emperor's blood?
Had Frederic's converse with the tented field
His breast 'gainst Mercy's gentle influence
steel'd?

No—by fair Gallia's still unravaged plains,
Her towns unsack'd, her unpolluted fanes,
By all her merchant wealth, and artist pride,
From Seine's tall towers to Garonne's viny side,
By her fall'n tyrant's show of princely state,
His limbs unchain'd, his life inviolate;
By these, far lands and distant times shall know,
"How Christian valour spares the prostrate foe."

There was more pious ascription of our successes to Heaven in this gentleman's verses than in the rest. They end thus:—

Still not to you, Great Chiefs, tho' high your praise
Transcend the Historian's pen, or Poet's lays;
Yet not to you alone shall mortals bow
In awful love, and pay the grateful vow;
But ye yourselves must bow, your praise be given,
To him the LORD of Lords, your King in heaven.

Mr. Hughes had the following appropriate compliment to the Emperor of Russia:—

Turn from fierce Macedonia's Lord
Who fired the royal Persian's captive fane,
That phrenzied youth, whom suppliant Art implored

To spare her honours, but implored in vain.

But, Art, declare whose conquering arm
Preserved each trophy of thy favour'd clime,

Gay back secure from scath and harm,

The classic spoils of time?

'Twas he, the Hero of the North:

In him a nobler Alexander view,

Who chased the tyrant in his anger forth,

Yet o'er the prostrate foe his sheltering buckler
threw.

And again:—

Enough through Anarchy's wild night
Hath gleam'd the meteor of portentous birth,
Whose red and desolating light
Shone but to blast the face of bounteous Earth.
Quench'd are its beams, its reign is past;
Reviving Europe breathes at last,

And hails in him, th' immortal Czar,
The pure and stedfast ray of Freedom's morning
star.

Mr. Coleridge's Ode concludes with an eloquent compliment to the Prince Regent :—

Fill high the cup of praise
To Him, who, in that desperate night,
Still waved on high the beacon light;
The Brunswick, resolute to save,
Who stemm'd that all-devouring wave;
Who, when no earthly hope was given,
Found strength and confidence in heaven;
And upward gazing on bright honour's sun,
Finish'd the holy war his glorious Sire began.

After these recitations, Greek verses by Mr. C. W. Mildmay, of Brazenose, and a Greek and Latin Ode by two Christ Church Gentlemen, concluded the public exhibitions.

To particularise every thing that was interesting in this grand ceremonial, would far exceed the possible limits of this communication. To give a faint description of its splendor would be no mean task for the ablest pen. Figure to the mind two immense semi-circles, the upper one crowded with the scholars of the University in their gowns, the lower one completely filled with an assemblage of British beauty, many of high rank, beaming with all the loveliness of their sex, unincumbered with the fantastic habiliments of Court etiquette, but attired in every possible variety of elegance, of device, or of colour; superb plumes waving over the heads of some, and ornaments, not more costly than tasteful, gracefully displayed by all. Lower down, an Emperor, a King, and a British Regent, seated in all the magnificence which becomes the royal dignity, in the midst of Princes, of Nobles, of Statesmen, of Warriors of various nations of the civilized world,—of Clergy, eminent for rank and virtue, —of Doctors and Professors of the highest of every kind of human learning,—of the whole body, in fine, of the most celebrated and superb University in the world! The description would require what our great bard invoked—

“A muse of fire, that might ascend
“The brightest heav'n of invention,”

to draw the picture in which Princes and Monarchs acted and beheld “the swelling scene.” The Imperial Alexander especially appeared impressed with the whole most forcibly. He frequently looked around him, and the delight he felt was depicted in his countenance in the most vivid traits. He particularly expressed the pleasure he felt to the Prince Regent. The foreign Generals, who have so often faced death in the field, seemed sometimes almost lost in astonishment, at the imposing grandeur that surrounded them.

The applause of the students, and indeed of the whole assemblage, exceeded all precedent, both at the entry of the great personages, and at the introduction of those admitted to degrees. One

might almost venture to say, that they made half Oxford resound with their cheers, in honour of the Prince Regent, of Alexander, of Blucher, and of the Duke of Wellington.

After the business of the theatre was closed, the Chancellor and other University officers conducted the Royal personages to their respective Colleges, which terminated the public acts and ceremonies of this memorable visit.

Blucher, warmly received as he is (and deserves to be), by all ranks, from the Regent to the meanest subject, seems in a most extraordinary degree here, as well as in London, the peculiar idol of the public at large. The gallant General is like the favourite candidate at a popular election. He cannot stir abroad without bringing a crowd about him, blessing him, offering him their rough but honest hands, pressing upon him to inconvenience, and vociferating his praises so as almost to stun the ears of one who had not been sufficiently accustomed to the tremendous roar of artillery. His valour and his age have impressed the public mind. He appears a true German soldier, of no new school. He lodged in the rooms of Dr. Barnes, at Christ Church. This morning he was perfectly visible, sitting on the end of his bed, the window being quite up, smoking his long pipe, in a white vest with a ribband over it, with a sedate military *sang froid*. He advanced frequently to the window and bowed, whenever a tolerable number assembled without. At nine he came out, dressed in black, wearing his stars, and paid his visit to the Bishop of Oxford and Sir Charles Stewart. On his return he put on his full General's uniform, with the Orange Ribband of the Eagle, and all his insignia, and went to the theatre, with two Prussian Officers, in the Bishop of Oxford's chariot.

The moment the ceremonies at the theatre were over, the ladies drove to the Town-hall, which was extremely crowded. The Emperor and the King of Prussia went thither direct from the theatre. The Mayor and Corporation were in readiness to attend upon their Majesties, who, together with Blucher, received, with much affability, the freedom of the City of Oxford in gold boxes.

The Emperor of Russia, the Duchess of Oldenburg, the King of Prussia, the Prussian Princes, and several other foreign and British persons of distinction, went, after the Town hall ceremony, to Blenheim, where the illustrious party were received by the Marquis of Blandford, and Lord and Lady F. A. Spencer. They stopped there two hours and a half, and partook of a splendid collation in the library. They seemed desirous, if possible, to pass a longer time in viewing this magnificent monument of public gratitude, which forms one of the most striking proofs of the unbounded honours which the English nation is ever disposed to pay to those whose distinguished services claim high reward.

DEPARTURE OF THE MONARCHS FROM LONDON.—Although the visit of the Sovereigns

to this country has been much shorter than was expected, yet from their early rising, taking very little rest, the great variety and rapidity of their movements, they have done wonders in their search after knowledge, public and personal gratification in the numberless places of amusement, and edification, which they have attended early and late. Their conduct, manners, and mode of living is well worthy of imitation by numbers of the inhabitants of this country. Neither of them are possessed of the ostentatious manners that are generally supposed to be attached to the characters of Kings; they are quite the reverse, being extremely easy of access, living very plain, and with very little pomp; yet highly to the credit of the Prince Regent and all those belonging to the Lord Chamberlain's office, who were engaged in the preparations for their reception, every thing was prepared in the most sumptuous style worthy of their exalted and illustrious characters. The Pulteney Hotel has scarcely ever been free from a most ungovernable crowd, who began to assemble at seven o'clock in the morning, and they continued frequently nearly all night opposite the house, and for a considerable distance on each side, so as to render Piccadilly impassable, especially when there were a number of carriages waiting with the occupiers, eager to procure a glimpse of the Emperor, and when he appeared at the balcony, or passed in or out of the hotel, the shoutings and ecstasy of the multitude exceeded all description. The interior of the house has been constantly crowded with a numerous assemblage of female nobility, the juvenile branches of their families, females genteelly dressed, &c. who filled the great hall, the passages, staircase, &c. with a constant succession from seven o'clock in the morning till the Emperor went to bed. In addition to the gratification of seeing the Emperor, novel scenes always took place; on his passing in or out of the hotel, he very condescendingly shook hands with some of the females, and would put his hand between the rails of the staircase to shake hands with others: this had caused such an emulation with the fair sex to attain, that on hearing of others who had enjoyed the honour, some have actually come a considerable distance from the country in order to experience the same gratification.

The Emperor and the Grand Duchess did not retire to rest till three o'clock on Wednesday June 22, and rose again at eight. They sent for Mr. Escudier, the proprietor of the hotel, and addressed him in the French language, calling him their dear friend, acknowledging the great attention he had shewn them, and the comforts and excellent entertainment which they had experienced in his house, and very kindly bid him adieu. The Rev. Mr. Smyrna, a Russian clergyman, of Welbeck-street Chapel, waited upon Mrs. Escudier, and by the commands of the Emperor, presented her with a very valuable brooch,

or for a waistband, of Amethyst, desiring her to keep it in remembrance of the Emperor. Mrs. E. observed, she felt herself highly honoured and flattered, and expressed herself very warmly towards the Emperor.

Count Orloff, Count Woronzo, Baron Nicolai, Colonel Fenshaw, and a number of Russian gentlemen who remain in England, attended to take their farewell of the Emperor, and they embraced according to the custom of their country. No person was admitted into the hotel on Wednesday morning as a spectator.—The Emperor, the Grand Duchess, the Duke of Oldenburgh, and the Prince of Wirtemberg, entered an open carriage of the Prince Regent's, exactly as the clock struck nine. As they were entering the carriage a woman presented a book to the Emperor, which he handed to a Page on the steps; another woman presented him with a very fine rose, which the Emperor gave to the Grand Duchess, and she placed it in her bosom. The carriage then drove off amidst the loud huzzas of the populace. The carriage drove to the Tower of London; and afterwards, we understand, to other places, and passed over London Bridge at half-past twelve o'clock, on their way to the seat of the Earl of Liverpool, at Combe Wood, to breakfast. A man was stationed on horseback on the top of the hill at Kingston, to conduct them to the house of the Noble Earl, from whence they were to proceed to Portsmouth. The King of Prussia, followed by the Princes, left Clarence-house at half-past nine o'clock, in a Royal carriage, for the Earl of Liverpool's seat. His Royal Highness the Prince Regent set off from Carlton-house a few minutes after nine o'clock, accompanied by his royal brother the Duke of Cambridge and General Bailey, in his travelling carriage, for Portsmouth.

ARRIVAL AT DOVER.—The Emperor and his Sister reached Dover on the 27th of June, at eleven o'clock at night. The guns on the heights announced the approach of the Royal visitors when they were within about two miles of the town, and continued to fire till after his Majesty had reached the house of J. M. Fector, Esq. Although the hour was late, yet there did not appear to be the least diminution of the vast concourse of people who had been assembled since three o'clock; and upon the Royal Party entering and passing through the town, the inhabitants, as if actuated by one feeling, spontaneously exhibited lights at the windows and on the parapets of their houses. The cavalcade consisted of seven carriages: in the first of which, an open one, rode the Emperor and his Sister, condescendingly bowing to the reiterated huzzas of the crowd, which rent the air. The sight was most imposingly grand; the flashes of the cannon every minute illuminating the street, and the glittering of the swords of the immense number of dragoons, who formed the escort, impressed one's mind with some idea of a battle by night. On the following morning, at half past nine, the King of Prussia,

accompanied by his Son and Lord William Bentinck, left the York Hotel in an open carriage, and paid a morning visit to his Imperial Majesty at Mr. Fector's, where, after remaining for half an hour, they returned to the York Hotel, took a farewell of the numerous visitors, and of the town, and at eleven o'clock his Majesty, accompanied by the Princes and attendants, embarked on board the launch of his Majesty's frigate the *Nymphen*, under a discharge from the batteries, and amidst the shouts of "Long live his Majesty" from all classes of the spectators. About half past eleven, the Duke of Clarence, in the *Jason* frigate, came into the roads under a royal salute; his Highness proceeded in the launch to the *Nymphen* to take farewell of the King. His Imperial Majesty embarked on board the Royal Charlotte yacht about six o'clock, amidst the roaring of guns from every part, and set sail immediately. The Emperor was on deck most of the night, and took no refreshment, as he was very sick. On his leaving the ship, he called out in English for all the sailors to come on deck, when he said, "Farewell, my boys," which was returned with the most enthusiastic cheering. Prior to his leaving the vessel he made the Captain's lady (Capt. Scott) a present of a ring, said to be worth one thousand pounds, and the Captain one of less value.

BIRTHS.

At Barn Hall, near Colchester, the lady of Brigade-Major Treeve, of a son.

The lady of Richard Westmacott, Esq. R. A. of a son.

Mrs. Robert Winter, of Great Russell-street, of a son.

MARRIED.

At Wigan, the Rev. Samuel Hall, A. M. Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, to Laura Matilda, youngest daughter of the late A. G. Karr, Esq. of Highbury Grove, Middlesex.

Mr. W. R. Sidney, of Hart-street Bloomsbury-square, to Sarah Ann, daughter of Mr. J. Blight, of Windsor.

DIED.

At his house at Twickenham, the Right Hon. William, Viscount Howe, General of his Majesty's Forces. His Lordship was third son of Scrope, second Viscount Howe, and Baron Clonawly, of the kingdom of Ireland; he succeeded his brother, Richard Earl of Howe, in his Irish honours, Aug. 5. 1799. He was the fifth Vis-

count, and dying without issue his titles are extinct.

At the house of his Grace the Duke of Rutland, George John Frederick Manners, the infant Marquis of Granby, heir to the noble house of Rutland, aged ten months. He died of water upon the brain.

At Aiton, in Yorkshire, Eliza, daughter of Mr. T. Staniforth.

Of the hydrophobia, Henry Rex, aged thirteen, son of G. Rex, a waterman of Southsea. He was bitten in the cheek and over the eye by a mad dog, on the 25th of March last. He continued very well until the morning of the 13th of June, when he appeared indisposed; he then grew rapidly worse, and complained exceedingly of violent pains in the chest and throat, and on his seeing water, his agony increased. He foamed at the mouth sufficiently to wet many cloaths, and would frequently exclaim, "O, father, is that from the dog?" He was bled profusely, but without any good effect. He retained his senses until near his death, when the effects of the disorder were extremely violent; but the paroxysms abated about an hour before he expired.—Another person was bitten in the wrist by the same dog; but as the part was immediately cut off, it is thought it will not be attended by any bad consequence.

In the sixth year of her age, Sidney Lukin, the second daughter of S. A. Leeks, Esq. of Fludyer-street, Westminster.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dunning, wife of Mr. Alex. Dunning, Solicitor, Maidstone.

At his house, Kensington Gore, beloved by his relations, and sincerely regretted by them and a large circle of acquaintances, Mr. W. Hall, of Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

In the fifty-ninth year of his age, Wm. Hudson, Esq. of Turnham Green, at his house, in Basinghall-street, after a long and severe illness.

George Vander, son of Mr. Andrew Nash, of Cornhill.

In the prime of life, Katharine, wife of Mr. Mills, of Holywell-street, Strand.

At his house in Spitalfields, after a lingering illness, Mr. John George Speck, aged seventy-two years, crucible and melting-pot manufacturer, whose death will be long and deeply regretted by all who had the happiness of knowing him.

Suddenly, at his house in the New Road, Tottenham Court, William Francis, Esq. of Highbury Grove, Middlesex.

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ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

MARY MARGARET LAMBRUN.

THIS Lady was born at Stirling, in Scotland, and is well worthy of a place amongst the illustrious females of the fourteenth century. She married, at an early age, a French gentleman, named Lambrun, who was also in the spring of youth, and they both entered into the service of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, whom they absolutely idolized. After the tragical death of this unfortunate Princess, which had caused that of the faithful Lambrun, his wife, urged on by despair, resolved to avenge their deaths by a terrible crime. She dressed herself in man's attire, and took the name of Anthony Spark; she then immediately repaired to London, armed with two loaded pistols, one to kill the Queen (Elizabeth), the other to destroy herself, in order to avoid an ignominious death on a scaffold. As she energetically made her way through the crowd, in order to approach the Queen, who was walking in her gardens, she dropped one of her pistols: the guards were immediately about to carry her to prison, but Elizabeth was desirous of interrogating her herself. She asked her her name, her country, and condition in life? Madame Lambrun answered her with firmness, in the following terms:—"Madam, my native country is Scotland; and, though I wear this habit, I am a woman: my name is Mary Margaret Lambrun. For several years I was employed about the person of the royal Mary, whom you have unjustly put to death; and by her death you have caused that of my husband, who could not survive the loss of his innocent mistress, to

whom he was faithfully devoted. For me, loving both of them with ardour, I resolved, at the risk of my life, to avenge their death by yours. Every effort that I have made to abandon this project has only served to convince me, that there is no vengeance too great to be undertaken by a woman, whose love has a double motive to excite her to revenge."

Notwithstanding the emotion of Elizabeth at this discourse, she listened attentively, and mildly replied, "You imagine, then, you have only done your duty, and shewn your love to your mistress and your husband; but what do you think is my duty towards you?" Madame Lambrun nobly replied, "I will tell your Majesty frankly my opinion, provided you will first say whether you ask me this question in quality of a Queen or a judge." Elizabeth assured her, it was in that of a Queen. "Your Majesty then ought to pardon me," said Madame Lambrun. "But what assurance will you give me," said the Queen, "that you will not abuse my clemency, nor undertake a second time a similar attempt?" To which Madame Lambrun made answer, "Madam, a pardon granted with so much precaution, is, in my opinion, no pardon at all; therefore your Majesty may act towards me as my judge." The Queen then turned to some of the members of her privy council, and said, "Thirty-three years have I been on the throne, but I never remember yet to have received such a lesson. Go," added she, "I grant you my entire pardon, without any condition."—Madame Lambrun fell at her Majesty's

feet, begging the Queen to add to her clemency by allowing her to pass in safety to the French coast. Elizabeth willingly granted her request, in which she found a singular combination of prudence and wisdom.

CHARLOTTE CHRISTIANA SOPHIA, PRINCESS OF WOLFENBUTEL.

SHE was the wife of the Czarowitz, Alexis, the son of the Czar Peter I. born in 1694. Beautiful, lovely, and virtuous, this Princess was hated by her husband, who was a man of most ferocious manners: three times he attempted to poison her, but she was saved by antidotes.

The Countess of Koningsmark, the mother of Marshal Saxe, seeing the life of the Princess in danger, in order to save her, wrote to her husband, who was then dwelling at one of his castles, that the Princess and her children were dead; and the Prince desired they might be buried without delay. The Princess then, under the habit of one of the lower order of the people, accompanied by an old German servant, who passed for her father, set off for Paris, in order to embark at one of the ports for Louisiana.

Some time after the Gazette announced the death of the Czarowitz, in 1719; but his widow preferred the quiet of an obscure station to all that ambition could offer. She only required of D'Aubant, a French gentleman, on whose heart her beauty and virtues had made an indelible impression, the most inviolable secrecy: he was young and amiable; and the old servant dying soon after, the Princess gave him her hand, as a male protector was absolutely requisite in her forlorn situation.

They lived for ten years in that happy mediocrity which is sufficient to content two hearts tenderly united, when the husband was attacked with a complaint which rendered it indispensable for him to seek medical aid in France, and his wife accompanied him, took care of him during his sickness; and D'Aubant, on his recovery, solicited for employment, and obtained the majority of the Isle of Bourbon.

While the husband was thus soliciting, the wife frequently took her daughter airing in the Thuilleries. One day, as they

were there seated on a bench, and were conversing together in the German language, that the standers-by might not understand them, Marshal Saxe passed by, and hearing two females speaking in his native language, he stopped to consider them: but what was his surprise at seeing the Princess. "How, Madam!" said he, "can it be possible?" She did not give him time to say any more, but rising up, and taking him on one side, related to him her history, enjoining him to secrecy; which he profoundly kept, till one day, as he called to pay her a visit, he found she had departed with her husband for the Isle of Bourbon.

The Marshal immediately informed the King of all he knew about the Princess; and his Majesty ordered the Governor of Bourbon to treat D'Aubant with the greatest consideration. Louis XV. then informed the Empress of Russia of this event, who, thanking him, addressed a letter to Madame d'Aubant to come and reside with her, provided she would separate herself from her husband and her daughter. The conditions attached to this offer caused it to be refused.

At the death of her husband and daughter, she went to reside at Paris, where she died at about the age of seventy-eight years.

ANNE CLARGES, DUCHESS OF ALBEMARLE.

THIS Lady, who was raised by the gratitude of her lover, General Monk, to the rank of his Duchess, at the restoration of Charles II. was the daughter of a blacksmith, and of a woman who gained her livelihood by shaving for a penny in the narrow part of Drury-lane, in the precincts of St. Giles's, and on whom was composed a ballad, with the following chorus:—

- "Did you ever hear the like,
- "Did you ever hear the same,
- "About a female barber
- "That liv'd in Drury-lane?"

Though the manners are generally said to be formed in early life, yet Anne was benevolent, kind, and her understanding of that superior cast which caused her husband, from his very first connexion with her, to consult her on affairs of the highest importance. When a milliner, a trade to

which she was assisting as a journeywoman, Monk had frequently seen her; and when he was confined in the Tower, the love she had entertained for him prompted her to follow him thither. Here she washed for him, went on his errands, first in the character of a boy, but afterwards she confessed to him her sex, and the motives which had induced her to follow him: and this confession was made when the hard gripe of poverty and distress pinched him severely, and she had nothing to hope but from the self-applause of her affectionate heart.

She applied herself in all her leisure hours to her business, and with her hard-gained earnings assisted the General. Gratitude on his part soon ripened into love; but, possessed of equal greatness of mind, he made her no offers, while threatened

death and certain poverty hung over him. When his prospects brightened, and a certainty of future honour promised to be his lot, the chaplain of the Tower united them in marriage, though the mistress of his choice was neither handsome nor graceful, and was particularly slovenly in her dress.

To this woman the great General Monk observed, after his marriage, the most implicit obedience, and was installed, without redemption, amongst the list of those husbands who are honoured with the title of *hen-pecked*. Hasty in temper, her anger, when he offended her, knew no bounds; and as she was mistress of all the low eloquence which she had learned from her associates in her youth, she would discharge a volley of curses on her domestics, or on any one who chanced to neglect or affront her.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

MADAME D'EPINAY.

LOUISE FLORENCE PETRONILLE, the widow of M. L'Alive d'Epinay, was the daughter of a man of distinguished birth, who, having lost his life in the field of honour, left his daughter but a very slender fortune: as a reward, however, for her father's services, she was given in marriage to one of the richest men belonging to the finance; and she passed the first years of her entry into the great world, in the midst of opulence, and surrounded by all those illusive pleasures with which Paris abounds.

It was during the most brilliant days of her youth and fortune, that she became acquainted with Rousseau: who, according to his usual propensity with all the lovely females of his acquaintance, thought proper to fall in love with Madame d'Epinay, yet, though loaded by her with benefits, he has not failed, ungratefully, to calumniate her in his confessions.

Young, rich, beautiful, and interesting, the grandeur of her soul was united to her most ardent efforts to repair the errors of a frivolous education; and soon the rare virtues she possessed, gained her that esteem she enjoyed to the most advanced age of life. The most known qualifications in her character, were an unshaken constancy, and

a decided resolution to conquer every prevailing weakness, though endowed with the most lively sensibility: and this fortitude strengthened her to endure a long series of grief and sufferings.

For ten years she was afflicted with the most excruciating pangs, and only able to support them by the continual use of opium: she might, as one may say, live and die again by intervals; and in those wherein she breathed from her agonies, she fulfilled the most active duties of the mother and the friend. In the midst of an existence, as fragile as it was painful, she was known to conduct all the affairs of herself and her children; to render service to every one, who was happy enough to approach her; to interest herself energetically, about all that was passing in the world, in arts and literature, to educate her grand-daughter, as if she had been her sole care; write the best works that were ever penned for the use of young people; work tapestry, write songs, receive her friends, correspond with them, and not fail for one single day to perform, with care, the duties of her toilette. It seemed as if, conscious that she died daily, she sought to snatch from death a part of his prey.

Her feelings were exquisite, yet deep and

lasting; by learning to check them, they did not shew themselves visibly. In trouble, in sickness, her temper was never affected. Above prejudice, no woman knew so well as herself what the sex owes to public opinion. Although always indisposed, and always at home, she was attentive in adopting the newest fashions.

Madame d'Epinay had no prudery about her; but sensible of the danger of first impressions, she thought that the early habits of a young person could not be too austere.

Her character may be well judged of by the following portrait, drawn by herself in 1759, when she was thirty years old:—

“I am not pretty, neither am I ugly; I am little, slender, and very well made. I have a youthful air, though not blooming; noble, mild, lively, sensible, and interesting. My imagination is tranquil, my wit slow; my understanding just, reflective, though inconsequent. My mind is vivacious, courageous, strong, elevated, yet excessively timid. I am sincere without being frank. I have cunning enough to arrive at the end I have in view, but not sufficient to penetrate into the designs of others. I was born tender and sensible; constant, and not given to coquetry; but the facility with which I have been known to form connections, and to dissolve them, has given me the reputation of inconstancy and caprice. My vanity, without allowing me to nourish the hope of becoming perfectly wise, makes me yet aspire to the title of a woman of extraordinary merit.”

MADAME DE VILLEDIEU.

THIS lady, who was eminent for her great literary talents and sterling wit, was born at Alençon, in the year 1640; her maiden name was Des Jardins, and during her earliest youth she gave signal proofs of her abilities, but shewed at the same time a propensity to gallantry and intrigue; and she formed a very tender intimacy with a cousin of the same age and disposition as herself; till the dread of the consequences attendant on this connection, compelled her to quit her father's house, and repair to Paris: she there implored the protection of the Duchess de Rohan, who, taking compassion on her extreme youth, took care to protect her from the anger of her parents, and provided her

with every requisite for her situation. The child, however, which she brought into the world lived but six weeks, and Mademoiselle des Jardins chusing rather to remain where she was than to return back to Alençon, cultivated with care, her natural talent for poetry, for which she had already acquired some reputation. The tragic comedy of *Manlius* falling into her hands, composed by the Abbe d'Aubignac, she put it into verse, and it was acted at the Hotel de Bourgogne, with astonishing success. She next took to writing romances, and penned several of the most celebrated in France. An officer of infantry, of the name of Villedieu, was a great admirer of this lady, and was preferred by her before many of his more wealthy rivals: his person was elegant, and his manners captivating; but Mademoiselle having already suffered by an illicit engagement, firmly resolved never to form any other with the opposite sex, but such as was authorised by honourable marriage; and no sooner did she make known her determination to Monsieur Villedieu, than he informed her he was already married to the daughter of a notary at Paris: she endeavoured then to persuade him to set aside this marriage, as he had been only obliged to contract it in obedience to the authority of his parents, very much against his inclination. Villedieu, who had long been weary of his wife, tried every means he could think of to shake off his matrimonial fetters; and being too impatient to wait the decision of the law, he ordered his banns of marriage to be published with Mademoiselle des Jardins. This soon reached the ears of his wife, who immediately presented a petition to the Queen: and Mademoiselle des Jardins followed Villedieu when he went to join his regiment. How the marriage was concluded was unknown, but she returned to Paris as Madame Villedieu: soon after, her husband neglected her for some new object, and she complained most bitterly of him, both in her works of poetry and prose. Finding her lamentations not productive of any effect, she was resolved to be revenged, by making reprisals; and Villedieu being obliged to join the army, was killed in a skirmish, and the pretended widow had now an opportunity of indulging her taste for gallantry and literature. She composed

any pieces for the theatre, which gained her great applause; but the death of a favourite friend so oppressed her mind, that she resolved on retiring to a convent. Monsieur de Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, charmed with her conversation, placed her in a convent, where, for a short time, her life was exemplary; but a brother of one of the nuns, who was formerly acquainted with Madame Villedieu, indiscreetly related to his sister the particulars of her life. The community, therefore, informed the Archbishop that they did not think her a proper person to be admitted into their holy mansion. After her dismissal from the convent, she found an asylum in the house of her sister-in-law, Madame de St. Romain, and in a very short time all her native disposition to gallantry returned: amongst other persons of distinction who visited her sister, was the Marquis de la Chatte, about sixty years of age; a character well known for dissipation and futility: he was soon caught by the charms and coquetry of Madame de Villedieu, and obtained her consent to a matrimonial union, though already married to another woman. Looking on herself as destined to espouse only married men, she sought now how to avoid the difficulties she had before experienced in a similar situation, and therefore went a dozen leagues from Paris; and when, some time after, she returned, the Marchioness was delivered of a son, to whom Monsieur, the Dauphin, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier stood sponsors: the child lived about a year, and the Marquis soon followed. The widow's grief at first was excessive, but soon subsided; and what is extraordinary, she quitted the name of La Chatte, and resumed that of Villedieu.

This imprudent woman, rendered interesting by the elegance and celebrity of her works, terminated her days at the age of forty-three, by drinking large potions of brandy, even at her meals.

Madame Villedieu used to relate a little adventure, in which she was a party, with much wit and humour. "Amongst those who accompanied us, (said she) in the *coche d'eau*, (canal-boat) was a gentleman, who appeared quite the nobleman, attended by his servant. Speaking of some of the towns of Languedoc, he very imprudently said that the ladies of Montpellier were far

from being cruel. This he said in hearing of a man who lived in that town, and who had a very handsome wife, of whom he was remarkably jealous: he immediately took fire, and hastily asked whether the gentleman had ever experienced any peculiar favours from the ladies of Montpellier? The other coolly answered, he spoke from proof and experience, having spent a happy winter amongst them, and was blessed by the possession of some of the most considerable ladies there, and was well acquainted with the amours of many others. The jealous husband, with much agitation, requested to know the name of one or two of those ladies. The mischievous nobleman then named to him his own wife. "You are mistaken, Sir," said the husband angrily; "she is not the sort of woman you mention!" Yet he could not sit easy, and again asked the gentleman to describe the person of the lady who bore this name; while no one could forbear laughing to see the mortified husband, listening to hear his wife's picture described. The nobleman then added, that she was extremely fond of dancing, that she frequented every ball; "five or six," added he, "were peculiarly brilliant, and given in honour of her by a man who adores her." He then named the lover. "Ah!" said the husband, "this part of the picture bears no resemblance, I am sure that man was never in my house; and I am certain that you have taken another woman for my wife."—"She has a pretty snug house in the country," continued the stranger, with an air of indifference, "where she spends most of the summer; it was there I first saw her: she has there, amongst other curious things, a cabinet filled with the most rare antiquities."—"Ah! that bears too near a resemblance," cried the tortured husband; "without doubt she is the coquette you now speak of." Upon this all the passengers set up a loud laugh, and the poor man was so disconcerted, that he went and sat down, the picture of despair, at the other end of the boat. But the gentleman who had thus tormented him, went up to him and most solemnly protested, that all he had said had no foundation in truth, but was merely by way of water conversation, where there is a sort of liberty allowed, that would not be pardonable on shore."

SELECT ANECDOTES.

SIR WILLIAM BROWNE AND BISHOP WAR-
BURTON.

WHEN the worthy old Knight, Sir William Browne, M. D. was at Bath, he paid a visit to Bishop Warburton, at Prior Park; to whom he sent word he should be glad to have the honour of kissing his hand. Dr. Warburton, who judged it could be no other than the famous physician, whom he had never seen, went down into the drawing-room; where he was accosted by a little round well-fed looking gentleman, with a large muff in one hand, a small Horace, open, in the other, and a spying-glass dangling from a black ribbon at his button. After the first salutation, Sir William informed the prelate that his visit was indeed to him, but principally to Prior Park, which had so inviting a prospect from below, and he did not doubt but on examination it would sufficiently repay the trouble he had given himself of going up to it on foot. The gentlemen then sat down; and the first thing Sir William said, was to propose a doubt to the Bishop concerning some particular passage in Horace, which all this time he had still open in his hand. Before the Bishop could answer, he gave him the solution of this long misunderstood passage; and in support of his explanation he repeated his own paraphrase of it in English verse, which, he said, had just then come hot from his brain. They then took chocolate, and Sir William having seen all that he wanted of the prelate, requested to see more of his country seat; and particularly what he called the Monument, which was the Prior's Tower. A servant was ordered to attend him thither; and when he had satisfied his curiosity he went out by the garden into the road; his design being answered, which was to be admired.

Vanity was the prevailing foible of Sir William Browne, and the good-natured Bishop gave him a sufficient dose of admiration; but for nothing did he afford it so sincerely as the finding him able, at past eighty years of age, to perform this expedition on foot, with all the agility of a boy; lively both in body and mind, he seemed in full possession of his faculties; and

though the weather was unfavourable, went through this long walk with the greatest ease.

CHANCELLOR COWPER.

COWPER, when Chancellor of England, was desirous of obliging the Quakers to take an oath on occasion, like other citizens. One who was at the head of this persuasion said to him, one day, very gravely, "Friend Chancellor, thou oughtest to know that Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour, has forbid our asseveration to be more than *Yea, yea, or No, no.* He has also expressly said, *Thou shalt not swear by heaven, because it is God's throne; nor by the earth, because it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, because it is the city of the Great King; nor by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.* This, friend, is a positive command; and we are not going to disobey our God to please thee or thy parliament."

"You have well spoken," replied the Chancellor; "but let me tell you a fable. One day Jupiter ordered that every beast of burthen should be shod with iron; horses, mules, and even camels obeyed the edict; the asses alone protested against it; and set forth so many reasons that Jupiter was good enough to say to them, *Well, gentlemen asses, I grant your requests; you shall not be iron-shod, but the first false step you make you shall have a hundred strokes with a good cudgel.*"

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

SEVERAL years ago this celebrated character died in London. He was the son of that celebrated Ambassador to whom we are indebted for the benefit of inoculation. The details which are given of the life of this heir to so illustrious a name, are interesting and curious. Like another Alcibiades, he conformed, with peculiar facility to the customs of the nations he lived in, and passed the greatest part of his life in travelling. In Europe he had his mistresses in every quarter, and in Asia his seraglios: he lived in the closest intimacy with Ali Bey.

He was married in his native country to a washerwoman, who died childless; but being resolved to have an heir, he departed for the furthest parts of Egypt, in order to marry again; and that he might be sure of his mark, he gave in charge to one of his friends to find him a pregnant woman, who was her own mistress, and advertised under a feigned name to this effect in the public papers. A subject was easily found, and nothing was wanting to this adoption but the arrival of the father. At Padua, however, death arrested him in as strange a manner as that in which he had hitherto lived. The bone of a beccafico stuck in his throat and strangled him.

He was skilled in all the oriental languages, Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldean, Persian, Turkish, and Greek, which were as familiar to him as his mother tongue. He was, besides, as may well be conceived, a man of universal knowledge. He composed several learned works. He had adopted the manners, customs, dress, and even the most minute habits of the Turks. He preferred their mode of sitting to ours, having his legs crossed under him.

ANECDOTE OF MILTON.

THIS famous Poet, when in the bloom of early youth, was extremely beautiful. One fine summer's day, when he was a student at the University of Cambridge, having wandered into the fields, and being overcome with weariness and the warmth of the weather, he fell asleep at the foot of a tree. While he was sleeping, two foreign

ladies passed near the place in their carriage. The beauty of the young student struck them; they descended from their carriage, and having looked at him for some time without waking him, the youngest, who was extremely pretty, took a pencil from her pocket, and wrote a few lines on a paper which she slipped into his hand, with much agitation. The two ladies then got again into their coach and drove off. Some of Milton's fellow students, who had been looking for him, were spectators of this dumb shew, without recognising the features of the young man who was sleeping, but drawing near they perceived it was their friend: they immediately waked him, and told him what they had seen. He opened the folded paper, and read the following verses from Guarini:—

"Occhi, stelle mortali,

"Minisiri, de' miei mali,

"Le chiusi m'accidete,

"Apperçi che farete?"

Meaning,—“Eyes of fire, earthly stars, authors of my secret pangs! if thus you wound when closed in night, how bright your rays confessed in light!”

This curious adventure imparted much sensibility to the hitherto stoic mind of Milton. Experiencing from that moment the most ardent desire of becoming acquainted with the lovely unknown, he sought her, some years after, all over Italy, but could never find her. Her idea warmed, unceasingly, the Poet's imagination; and it is to this incident, in his description of Eve, that England is indebted, in that poem, of which she so justly makes her boast.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

(Continued from Page 16.)

CHARLES FREDERIC ABEL,

“WAS by birth a German. For nearly ten years he was a member of the electoral King of Poland's famous band at Dresden; but at length, his subsistence becoming extremely precarious, he quitted the service in 1758, and departed from the capital of Saxony with only three dollars in his pocket.

“He travelled on foot to the next Ger-

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man province, where he found his talents both honoured and rewarded. This success, however, only raised his ambition, and excited a stronger desire to try his fortune elsewhere; in 1759, he arrived in England, where his abilities and his worth were soon discovered.

“It was to this gentleman, in conjunction with his friend Bach, that the inhabitants of London were so long indebted

for that admirable concert, first established at Almack's, and afterwards removed to the Festino rooms, Hanover-square. Here it was that those masterly performers, Fischer and Cramer, were first brought forward. After having, for many years, conducted these concerts with credit and reputation, the public at length grew tired of them, and the proprietors were compelled to withdraw themselves with the loss of a great sum of money. The munificence, however, of the Queen, placed Abel above want; she established a private band of music, and placed him at the head of it, with the title of chamber-musician to her Majesty, and a salary of two hundred pounds a year.

"His compositions were in general easy and elegantly simple; in his *adagios*, particularly, are found the most pleasing, yet learned modulation, the richest harmony, and the most elegant and polished melody.

"This accomplished musician died in London, on the 20th June, 1787."

JOSEPH HAYDN,

"Master of the Chapel of his Serene Highness Prince Esterhazy, was born at Rhorau, in Lower Austria, in the year 1733. His father, who was a wheelwright by trade, played upon the harp without the least knowledge of music. This excited the attention of his son, and first gave birth to his passion for music. In his early childhood he used to sing to his father's harp the simple tunes that he was able to play. He was afterwards sent to a small school in the neighbourhood, where he began to learn music regularly; and at length was placed under the tuition of Reuter, chapel-master of the cathedral at Vienna.

"The progress he made was so rapid, that before he was well acquainted even with the rudiments of harmony, he composed a great number of *symphonies*, *trios*, *sonatas*, and other pieces, in which the early dawnings of a great genius were evident.

"At the age of eighteen, on the breaking of his voice, he was dismissed from the cathedral.

"In 1759, he was received into the service of Count Mazarin; from whence, in 1761, he passed to the palace of Prince Esterhazy.

"His transcendent genius soon enabled him to soar high above all his competitors; and as envy seldom fails to pursue merit, the German masters became so jealous of his rising fame, that they entered into a kind of combination, in order to decry his compositions.

"It has often been asserted that the compositions of Haydn are very unequal; that some are replete with scientific knowledge, whilst others are extravagant to excess. In illustration of this circumstance, it has been remarked that many of these pieces were written at the command of Prince Esterhazy, whose ideas of music were highly eccentric.

"The national music of the Germans is, by nature, rough, bold, and grand; and although they do not possess the softness of the Italians, yet it must be confessed, that in instrumental music, and particularly in that for wind instruments, they have excelled all other nations. The refinement of their music was left for Haydn to accomplish; and this he has done in a very ample manner, by originality, novelty, and beautiful air, in which he has greatly excelled all his predecessors.

"Besides numerous pieces for instruments Haydn has composed many operas for the Esterhazy Theatre. He has likewise written much church music.

"In Haydn's *allegros* there is a general cheerfulness and character of good humour, which exhilarate every hearer.

"The private character of Haydn was very amiable. As a man, he was friendly, artless, and undesigning; and as a husband, affectionate, tender, and exemplary. For several years previously to his death, he felt gradually coming upon him the infirmities of old age; and it was not without the most melancholy sensations he perceived the gradual decay of his genius and faculties.

"He closed his earthly career at Gumpendorf, on the 31st of May, 1809, aged 76 years."

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART,

"Was the son of the chapel-master at Saltzburgh, and was born in that city, in 1756. When only three years of age, he was at all times delighted to be present while his sister received her lessons on the

harpsichord; and the child would sometimes amuse himself for hours by discovering and playing thirds on that instrument. From this early indication of genius, his father was induced to teach him some short airs; and the scholar soon outstripped his hopes. Such, indeed, was his progress, that at the age of six years, he could compose little airs while he was playing, and which his father was always obliged to write down for him on paper. From that time his whole delight was in harmony; and none of his infant sports gave him any pleasure, unless it was contrived that music should make a part of them.

"His father, one day, entering the music room in company with a friend, found the boy, with a pen in his hand, busily employed. 'What are you about there?' said his father. 'I am writing a *concerto* for the harpsichord,' was the reply. 'Indeed! it must doubtless be something very fine; let me see it.'—'But, Sir, it is not finished.' The father took up the paper, and, at first, could discover nothing but a confusion of notes and spots of ink. The boy, not knowing how to handle a pen, had continually filled it too full, and dropped it on the paper, which he had wiped with his hand, and then written upon the blots. Old Mozart, on examining the work more closely, was enraptured with the performance. 'See,' said he to his friend, 'how regular and accurate this is! but it is too difficult to be played.'—'It is a *concerto*,' exclaimed the boy, 'and must be practised till it can be executed: you shall hear.' He then began to play, but it was beyond his powers.

"In the year 1762, his father took him and his sister to Munich, where he played a *concerto* before the Elector, to the astonishment and admiration of the whole court. He gave no less pleasure at Vienna, and the Emperor used frequently to call him the little sorcerer.

"His father had only taught him the harpsichord: he taught himself to play on the violin. It ne day afforded his father an agreeable surprise, to hear the boy play the second violin in concert, and acquit himself to perfection. Genius can see no impediments: proud of his success, he soon afterwards undertook to play the principal

part, and he executed it with great correctness.

"Mozart's first great musical journey was made in the year 1763. Although at this time he was only seven years of age, he had become so celebrated, that his character spread through every part of Europe. He was heard in the chapel of the King of France at Versailles, the court being present. It was in Paris that the first compositions of this infant Orpheus were engraved and published.

"From Paris he travelled to London; and in 1768 he returned to Vienna, and, at the request of Joseph the Second, composed *La Finta Semplice*, a comic opera, which was approved by Metastasio, but not performed.

"He arrived at Rome in the Passion week, and was present in the Papal chapel at the performance of the *Miserere*. This is known to be the *ne plus ultra* of vocal music: and it is strictly forbidden to give any one a copy of it. Mozart's ambition was powerfully excited; and having listened with the greatest attention to the performance, he went home, wrote the music from memory, and produced a copy which surprised all Rome.

"He composed the opera of *Mithridates*, for Milan; at length, after an absence of fifteen months, he returned once more to Saltzburg.

"At the request of the Elector of Bavaria, he composed the opera of *Idumenes*, for the Carnival of 1781. He soon afterwards went again to Vienna, and, from his twenty-fifth year, continued to reside in that capital. The Emperor Joseph, who was desirous of improving the German opera, engaged Mozart to compose *Dia. Ent. führung aus die Serail*. This excited the jealousy of the Italian company at Vienna.

"While Mozart was engaged in the composition of this opera, he married Miss Webber, a person of distinguished merit; and to this incident it was, that the work was indebted for the character of tenderness, and the expression of passionate softness, in which its chief beauties consist. It was received both at Vienna and Prague with the most rapturous applause.

"All his celebrity had hitherto, how-

ever, procured to Mozart no solid advantages; he enjoyed no place, and had no fixed income, but subsisted on the profits arising from his lessons, and from subscription concerts. The *Marriage of Figaro*, was then famous; it was transformed into an Italian opera, and the Emperor requested that Mozart would set it to music. He did so, and it was every where received with unbounded applause.

"This elegant and interesting musician died in the year 1791, just after he had received the brevet of chapel-master of the church of St. Stephen, at the early age of twenty-five years. Indefatigable to his latest moments, he composed his three finest works only a very short time before his death; these were the *Zauber Floete*, or *Enchanted Flute*; *La Clemenza di Tito*; and a *Requiem*; the latter of which he just lived to finish.

"The circumstances attending the composition of the *Requiem*, are extremely interesting. A short time before Mozart's death, a stranger came to him and requested that he would compose, as speedily as possible, a *Requiem* for a Catholic Prince, who, perceiving himself on the verge of the grave, wished for such a piece to be performed before him, in order to soothe his mind, and familiarize it to the idea of approaching dissolution. Mozart undertook the work, and the stranger deposited with him four hundred ducats, though only two hundred were demanded.

"During the progress of this composition, Mozart felt an unusual agitation of mind, which at length rose to such a height, that he one day declared to his wife, that he could not possibly persuade

himself but that the *Requiem* upon which he was employed, was for his own death. His wife, unable by persuasion, to efface the impression, earnestly requested him to give her the score. When he appeared somewhat more tranquillized, she returned it to him to finish, but he soon relapsed into his former despondency. On the day of his death he asked for the *Requiem*, which was brought to his bed. 'Was I not right?' said he, 'when I declared that it was for myself I was composing this funeral piece!' And the tears bedewed his cheeks: it was his farewell to music. After his death we are informed that the stranger came for, and received the *Requiem*, and has not been heard of since. The widow, however, kept the score.

"Mozart died loaded with debts; but his wife and children met with ample and honourable protection and support. The debts of Mozart, perhaps, had not been necessary; but he had too generous a disposition to be an economist.

"The figure of this extraordinary man had in it nothing particularly striking. He was of a short stature; and, except his eyes, had no indications of peculiar genius. His look, when not seated at an instrument, was that of an absent man; but whenever he was performing, his whole physiognomy was changed; and his sentiments and feelings were expressed in every movement of his muscles.

"The disposition of Mozart was naturally kind, gentle, and frank; and with his friends he had an air at once amiable, gay, and even free from the least tincture of pedantry."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE DIVORCE.—A TALE.

RELATED BY A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

(Continued from Page 24.)

THE house facing ours was occupied by a numerous, rich, and titled family, the eldest son of which had neglected nothing to attract my notice. The civilities that his mother had shown to mine spoke her anxiety of forming a connexion, which, however, Madame Depreval constantly avoided. I must candidly confess that I was sorry for

it: although I refused taking the letters which the youth found means to have conveyed, notwithstanding I would leave my window whenever he appeared at his, he had so contrived as to leave me no doubts of his love for me, and his perseverance had added to the favourable opinion I had formed of him when first I had seen him.

Certain it is that the idea of getting a husband and of this young man had got into my head, and there still remained linked together. When I thought of the fortune I was to be possessed of, I might have entertained some hopes, if my birth, the secret of my mother, had not at the same moment humbled all my pretensions. My pride revolted, and far from thinking it possible for me to enter into a family that would have considered it as bestowing on me a great favour to have adopted me, I determined accordingly to devote myself entirely to Madame Depreval, and to seek a refuge in a convent if I had the misfortune to lose her. After having fixed upon this resolution, I avoided even being perceived by him whom my imagination had selected. Far from regretting it, I only thought of him with sorrow; nay, in spite of myself, I was angry with him on account of the mortification I would have incurred if I had not had fortitude enough to overcome my affection for him.

Similar dispositions were not favourable to the husband my mother offered me: however, I experienced not the least uneasiness on that score. I was not apprehensive she would force me to accept of him, although she had not assured me it was against her intention; and with the utmost indifference I beheld that day approach on which I was to be introduced to Monsieur Dormeuil.

We had spent about an hour with his mother, when that gentleman made his appearance. He paid me too great attention to allow me an opportunity of scrutinizing him: his address, however, was very much in his favour; and most certainly, at the age of five-and-twenty, your father was the handsomest man that could be seen. The recollection of his being acquainted with my birth—the thought that he was to become my husband for the sake of my fortune only, or through mere commiseration, rendered me averse to the match; and when, on the following day, my mother asked me what I thought of him, I could not help answering that I should have liked him much better, if I had not known that he was my intended husband.

We continued conversing together with the utmost and unrestrained candour. Ma-

dame Depreval told me, that perhaps my delicacy was carried too far; that my education, personal attractions, and fortune, secured me, in the presence of a husband, against all manner of painful obligations. We finally agreed that I should receive Mr. Dormeuil's visits without being prejudiced either way, since, at any rate, I should be at liberty to decline him: it was impossible for me to refuse such terms, and from that day Madame Dormeuil and her son became our constant visitors.

No long time had elapsed before I discovered that I had inspired Mr. Dormeuil with sincere love. His attention to me displayed not the views of an interested man; he suffered so much from those ideas which suggested my reserve, that I was forced to upbraid myself for wronging him; and from the moment I was allowed to give credit to the sincerity of his sentiments, he gained an absolute sway over mine. But my coldness had made him timid; and as he did not conceal from me that he apprehended he was more indebted for the grant of my hand to the will of my mother than to my inclination towards him, I was at a loss to confess the impression he had really made on my heart. If at the beginning of our intercourse he had shown assurance, he certainly would never have been my husband; but now I nearly reproached him with not having enough; and I avoided returning a positive answer to my mother, not to let her know what Dormeuil was still ignorant of: I wished him to receive the intelligence from me alone.

At this very period Madame Depreval was taken ill. The physicians who attended her made no secret of her dangerous condition; she herself had been sensible for seventeen years past that she was wasting by degrees. She had me called to her bed, and begged of me, as a particular favour, to procure her the satisfaction, prior to her leaving this world, to see me surrounded with protectors. I was overwhelmed with grief. Although I had not loved Mr. Dormeuil, I would have accepted of him as a husband at that moment, in obedience to Madame Depreval's command. When he came in with his mother, I took him by the hand, led him into the drawing-

room, and there giving free course to my tears, I sat down by him, and addressed him as follows:—

“Sir, you are not ignorant of the misfortunes that have preceded my birth. I am threatened with the loss of a mother whom I adore: the affection she bears me requires that I should take a husband to protect me against the solitude that is ready to surround me; and you are the protector that she has selected. Come, and receive me from the hands of my mother; come, and take your oath never to forsake me. To you alone, Dormeuil, I swear to be for ever grateful. Love me as I do love you, and may I die before I regret the sacrifice I make to you of all my wishes and inclinations!”

He clasped me within his arms, and we both shed tears of sympathy. I remember to this day all that he said to me, all that he promised to perform: (he knows, alas! whether I have been deficient in fulfilling my engagements.) A full hour elapsed before we were sufficiently composed to return to my mother's bed. “Mother,” said I, embracing her, “be you happy; the spouse whom you have chosen for me is also the elect of my heart.” Both our parents blessed us. It was determined that our marriage should take place as soon as possible; and I obtained leave to continue with Madame Depreval so long as the care of her health should require my presence.

When we went to church, my husband was still in mourning for his father, I therefore appeared in mourning myself: alas! I was not doomed to leave it off for a long time to come. The ceremony being over, I returned to my mother. Dormeuil used to come to attend to her, in company with me, every morning; at night he retired. Three weeks after I was taken to his home, Madame Depreval's sufferings were at an end. She had taken necessary precautions to secure to me her dwelling-house and fortune; and the apartment in which I am now breathing my last is the same in which my mother died—less happy than I have been, less wretched than I now am.

Shall my imagination be capable of bringing back to my mind the period, now so far remote, when love dried up, almost without any effort, the tears which I shed

over my departed mother? What then must be the power of that sentiment, since I ceased to think of every other object but my husband! I lived for him alone; the past no longer existed, and the present was embellished by the anticipation of future enjoyments. Six years had elapsed with the promptitude of a blissful day, and I should have had nothing to wish for if heaven had granted our earnest petition, and blessed us with a family of children. Could I foresee, alas! that the accomplishment of that wish was to cost me so dear? But, no; undoubtedly the sunshine of my happiness was obscured for ever. The inconstancy natural to the heart of man waited but for a pretence to be developed in the person of Dormeuil; for never will it be in my power to believe that a husband can cease loving her whom he has chosen for his companion at the moment when she is so fortunate as to add one link more to those ties which already bind them. Notwithstanding the calamities that have besieged me, be you well convinced, my dear child, that I have not lamented your birth for one single moment. Had it not been for you, what should I have had left in this world after your father had forsaken me?

The first intelligence of my pregnancy occasioned great joy to my husband; he was enraptured nearly to distraction: for although a weak-minded man, which to every one besides myself might serve as an excuse for his behaviour, all his passions are violent in the extreme. He shewed me every attention, he endeavoured to read my thoughts in my looks; he had become my chief and most assiduous attendant, and apprehended, as it were, lest any one should come near me; he worshipped me as a deity—but withdrew from me by degrees, when, in consequence of my situation, his presence to me would have been most acceptable.

Far from complaining, I did not even think of accusing him: although I laboured under almost continual pain (for nature not unfrequently makes us pay dear for the happiness of becoming mothers), I was the first to invite him to seek amusement. I did not wish him to partake of those sufferings which it was out of his power to alleviate; and I would have considered myself as unjust if I had required from Dormeuil

similar attention to that which, however, I had had an opportunity of shewing him. During an illness that had made me tremble for his life, both by day and by night, I had constantly kept near him; and when he invited me to relax in my exertions, he was not aware that for those powers of mine I was indebted merely to my earnest desire of watching over his recovery. He even ordered me to leave him, but I refused so doing: yet, when I requested of him to seek amusement, he embraced me, and obeyed the summons!

Who could define the contradictions which love gives rise to in the human breast? The docility of Dormeuil afflicted me; and yet I should have felt more chagrin if I had seen him too uneasy about my health. During his absence I was at leisure to indulge my sufferings; but no sooner did he appear before me, than I not only disguised the tortures which he had not witnessed, but even affected in his presence perfect serenity. I found pleasure in deceiving him; yet my heart suggested, but too persuasively, that, had I been in his place, I could not have been so easily deluded.

When you were born, my dear child, I still hesitated whether I should suckle you. Notwithstanding this state of uncertainty, I had neglected nothing to prevent your being a loser by taking the breast of a stranger: your nurse was stationed close to my bed; but when I pressed you within my arms, all irresolution ceased, and the stranger was immediately discharged.

I must now inform you of what my observations had already suggested to me respecting the disposition of your father. I was too deeply interested to procure a thorough knowledge of him in whom all my expectations were united, and I loved him too much not to guess at what passed within him.

When I had married Mr. Dormeuil he was twenty-five years of age, and the opulent circumstances which distinguished his paternal home allowed him to indulge in every kind of extravagance. Our morals are become so relaxed in the present time, that he was free from censure; and he might have been considered as a sage in comparison to the generality of young men: but, unfortunately for us both,

he first became acquainted with such women who make a trade of talent and beauty—with that sort of women, in short, whom men pretend they can love to adoration, without considering whether they are deserving of esteem, without even thinking that they are contemptible beings. Dormeuil, in his intercourse with them, contracted a habit of seeking only for what might prove agreeable and captivating in persons of our sex; and if he loved me for six years, it was only because during that period I appeared in his eyes the most beautiful and amiable of all women. I was so extremely happy then, that my sprightliness and vivacity delighted him; and I was too young to mark out the difference between a wife and a mistress. Alas! I had never been but the mistress of my husband.

It was at the period when my advanced pregnancy impaired my faculties, that I acquired this fatal conviction. Sufferings are not favourable to beauty, and generally occasion an alteration for the worse in our disposition: I was less handsome, neither was I so lively as usual, and Dormeuil consequently shewed himself less my lover. Was I free from pain for a couple of days, he appeared more attentive to me; but if on the day following my features underwent a change, Dormeuil could scarcely conceal his returning coldness. He will not reproach me with accusing him; he himself has confessed to me subsequently, that, since he had been taught by adversity, he could not conceive wherefore love alone did not for ever prevail; but, with regard to himself, he never was sensible of love but as a passion or a whim. Men renounce happiness by too early launching in the pursuit of pleasure!

I was only twenty-two when I felt the illusion of my felicity to vanish, and was reduced to have no other hope of retaining my husband but so long as I should possess my personal attractions: my serious cogitations had already divested me of one of my greatest charms in his opinion, namely, of that candour and sprightliness which no longer suited an uneasy spouse on the eve of her becoming a mother.

This was the very time at which I questioned within myself whether I should suckle you. The austerity of a similar per-

formance could only be conducive to Mr. Dormeuil's absenting himself more and more from me: but, on the other side, what consolation should I have left after he had parted from me, if I had consented to part with you? I loved him so tenderly, I only knew of your existence, so far, from the pain I endured; I therefore, in some measure, might be allowed to hesitate. Your first cry supplied me with due courage, and I determined to fulfil my duty. However, my dear child, exaggerate not to yourself the magnitude of the sacrifice I consented to in your behalf; if I could have relied on a sincere and true return from your father, I would have given him the preference.

No sooner had I fixed upon such a determination, than I armed myself with as much courage as the consequences I had foreseen should require. Your father, who had repaired his fortune by using the portion I had brought him, launched again into dissipation, without, however, entirely neglecting his business. At first, he was rather cautious to conceal his bad practices: some interested men wished to inform me of his doings, but I would not listen to them; at the same time, some complaisant ladies were anxious to let me into the secret of his intrigues, but I silenced them at the very hint. I would never allow any one to speak in my presence of Mr. Dormeuil's connexions; my own jealousy threw more than sufficient light upon the subject, but I devoured my chagrin in silence. Calm in his presence, confident with dignity, I knew how to prevent by my austerity such caresses as would have stung me to the quick, and compelled me to betray my secret sorrows: whilst I lost the rights of a spouse, I strove to render the title still more sacred; and if perchance I occasionally dreamt of happiness, it was whilst gazing on the cradle of my infant.

Mr. Dormeuil, by degrees, gave up acting with reserve; and I had the mortification to see him equally forgetful of what he owed to me and to the public, when he took in his pay one of those creatures who make their appearance on the stage, but who, for want of proper talent and abilities, distinguish themselves only by luxury and the most scandalous conduct. At that moment his behaviour afflicted me more for his sake than on my own account; and I can assure

you, my dear, that it is a cruel torture for a wife to have to blush, before respectable women, at the follies of the father of her children. I should have been grieved in the extreme if I had been suspected of harbouring any jealousy: nothing could ever extinguish the love which Mr. Dormeuil had inspired me with; but my contempt for the rival he had given me, suspended that regret in me which betrayed tenderness calls forth. Faithfully adhering to the plan I had adopted, I uttered not the least complaint; I did not even wish to appear being acquainted with that which every one knew; and it was less as a warning to my husband, than from personal regard, that I gave up the box I had in the house where his mistress made her appearance. Was I, by my presence, to add to the malignity or severity of public report?

At this period of the French revolution, with a view of seizing his property, the leaders committed him to prison. I shall not recal here what I did to procure his release—it was a duty incumbent upon me. In vain was it objected to me that I should ruin myself, without any avail, for his safety; that I ought to preserve myself for the sake of my child: I could never have any conception of that prudence which sacrifices a present and sacred interest to uncertain danger. My solicitations were not listened to, I confess; but whilst engaged in petitioning, I discovered the secret of the tyrants and of the judges, and taking advantage of my discoveries, by dint of bribing some of them, I succeeded in having Mr. Dormeuil's judgment postponed. Heaven heard the prayers of the innocent sufferers—the wicked turned their rage against each other, and my husband was saved.

Dear, yet cruel, husband! weak Dormeuil! Hast thou forgotten those days of purity which followed our re-union? In the excess of my happiness, thou knowest whether I was so destitute of reason as to upbraid thee for thy former wrongs: I would not even permit thee to mention them. Thou lovedst me, thou lovedst me alone—the past no longer existed. Dormeuil, what a year of felicity ensued! If thou wert not at present besieged by adverse fortune, with what ecstacy would I recal that year to thy recollection! The

various circumstances come crowded, and cheer my imagination—my heart is full.—Oh! my child, pity your poor mother.

What must have been the corruption of our morals, that so much blood could not wash it off! The French had scarcely ceased trembling for their lives, than pleasures and luxury resumed a stronger empire over them than ever; the thirst of gold became a rage that prevailed through all ranks, and confounded them more powerfully than the eager system of equality had ever done.

Mr. Dormeuil, who regretted a small diminution in his fortune, commenced speculator; and speculations, it is well known, such as they were conducted at the time, lead to dissipation. I foresaw what was to be the consequence, but could not ward the blow, content to keep my own apartment, not to disturb him and his new partners, whose behaviour and manners were as offensive to me, as mine might prove irksome to them.

I know not in the palace of which of our modern Cræsus he met, for the first time, a woman—whose history I shall abstain relating to you. How could nature have succeeded in uniting so many contradictory qualifications in the same individual?—the most captivating beauty to the most perverse mind, the most ingenuous open countenance to the keenest duplicity and malice; the appearance of mildness to the art of tyrannising? This woman, however, was loved by my husband. But what do I say? Loved!—He worshipped her—she was

his idol: he felt for her that passion which renders at once a man fearful and enterprising: with that passion that deprives a man of every will of his own, he loved her—as he had never loved me.

Blame me, my child, if you think I am deserving of blame. Had I not a right to complain of your father, after all I had done for him, when I saw him carry elsewhere all the hopes of my earthly happiness? After having so long kept secret the pangs which his conduct gave rise to; after having spared him my reproaches to soften his remorse, could I lose him anew, and not strive to bring him back to me—not by my exclamations or violence, but by dint of my tears, which it was no longer in my power to withhold? To these tears he was insensible: he carried his barbarity so far as to tell me I made his home insupportable to him. He even made a pretence of those very embarrassments, of which he was the real author, to keep absent from me more repeatedly. You, my daughter, ceased being the same dear object to him. Never will he who discharges not the duties of a husband know the whole extent of the duties of a father: you will soon have a proof of that sad, cruel truth.

So far all the wrong was on the side of Mr. Dormeuil: I now, perhaps, acted wrong in my turn; but that he might have prevented, whilst I could not possibly suffer for ever without my patience at last failing me.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE MANIAC OF ST. JOSEPH.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE GRAVE.—FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF BARON GRIMM.

It was about the hour of two in the morning, and the lamp which was suspended in the middle of the court was almost extinguished:—as I was retiring to my apartment, I thought I heard a noise at the bottom of the great staircase; I cried out twice, “Who is there? what are you about there?” A sweet and touching voice answered, “It is me—you find I am waiting for him.”

As I was not the person waited for, I

went out; when the same voice addressed me, saying, “Hearken—come—and do not make a noise.” I drew near, and near the last step, behind a pillar, I perceived a woman dressed in black, with a white girdle, and an abundance of flowing hair.

“Hearken to me,” said she, taking me by the hand; “I will do you no harm—do not hurt me. I have deranged nothing on the staircase—I am in a little corner—no one can see me: that hurts nobody. Let

him never know it: he will soon come down; I shall just see him, and then I will go away."

Every word she uttered increased my surprise. I sought in vain how to find out who this unfortunate person could be. Her voice was unknown to me, and it was not possible for me to perceive her exterior. She continued speaking to me; but her ideas seemed confused, and I only discovered the disorder of her head and the sorrows of her heart.

I interrupted her, and tried to point out to her our situation. "If any one was to see you talking with me on the staircase!"—"Ah!" said she, "I see you do not understand this: there is only he who is somebody—all the rest are nothing; and when he is going he will not do as you do: he does not hearken to what is said—he only hears her that is above. Once it was me—to-day it is her: but that will not last." So saying, she took a medallion from her pocket, which she pressed fervently to her bosom.

Just at that moment we heard a door open, and a lacquey, holding a light in his hand over the balustrade, caused me to distinguish a young man, who stole softly down stairs.

Leaning against me, his unfortunate victim trembled violently; scarce had he passed her, than her strength entirely failed her, and she fell on the steps nearest the pillar against which we stood. I was anxious to procure assistance, but the fear of bringing her into trouble prevented me. I took her in my arms; her senses were entirely gone, and I had a small bottle of English salts, which I put to her nostrils. She appeared to recover; I held her two hands in one of mine, while with the other I supported her head. As she came to herself, her nerves were seized with convulsive tremblings: twice I heard her sigh; her chest laboured under severe oppression, and her efforts to speak were extinguished by grief. At length, after some moments of silence, which I durst not interrupt, "Hearken," said she; "I feel it now, and I ought to have given you notice. The accident which has just happened to me must have made you uneasy; for you are good, and you have been terrified: I do not wonder at it. I was like you, I used to be

frightened too, when that first happened—I thought I was going to die. Presently, when it is over, I comfort myself by going to him: if he dies, I shall die also; but without that happens, it is impossible; we only die where we live, and it is not in myself, it is in him that I exist. Some time ago I was mad, very mad; and that must not surprise you, for it was then he began to go up this staircase. I have done every thing I could in my despair, every thing—but I wanted means; and yet it was but a simple affair; I could not die, however. Now my reason is returned, every thing come sand goes,—she herself. She is in this medallion, see, it is a portrait; but it is not that of my friend—what would be the use of that? He is so handsome, he cannot be more so; there is nothing wants improving, nothing to be altered. If you knew whose picture this is;—it is her's that is above. Cruel creature! what mischief she has done me since she came near my heart!—it was contented, happy; she broke, deranged, and destroyed it. Tormented by the excess of my grief, I have ran about every where by day and by night. Once I found myself alone in the chamber of my friend: alas! he was not there; I saw this picture on the table, I caught it up, and ran away." So saying, she fell a laughing, and then spoke to me of promenades, carriages, and horses, and I again found her senses wandering. She was then silent for a few minutes. I approached her, and said, "Why do you keep so carefully the picture of that wicked woman above?"—"What," replied she, "do you not know why?—it is my only hope: every day I take it, and place it beside my looking-glass, and I try to form my features after her's. I already begin to resemble her, and very soon, with taking pains, I shall look exactly like her; then I shall go and see my friend—he will be pleased with me, and will no longer desire to see her who is above: for I am sure, if it was not for her face, I should please his taste much better. See now in what some people place their happiness, just in a set of features: why did not he tell me that—I should have arranged mine, as I do now, and he need not have sought out a stranger: it was the easiest thing in the world, and would have saved us both a great deal of trouble—but, certainly, he never thought

of it. Every night I place myself on this staircase; he never comes down till the clock strikes two: then, as I do not see him, I count the pulsations of my heart; but since I began to resemble this picture I find them decrease. But it is getting late; I must be gone. Adieu!"

I conducted her to the end of the street, which when we had arrived at, she turned to the left, and I went a few steps with her. She fixed her eyes on the rows of lamps which were before us; "You see all these lamps," said she: "well, so pass away the generations of mankind; they are equally agitated by the passing wind, they are animated by a lively fire, are separated equally by distances, and exist only by consuming, while the child who lights them knows no more what he does than the chance which extinguishes them. Why, then, should we be astonished that happiness

is so soon destroyed in this world?" I continued to accompany her. "Stop," said she, "go home; I have deprived you of a part of your sleep, and I have done wrong—sleep is so sweet to the happy."—I would not afflict her by my presence, and I left her. However, fearful of any harm befalling her, I followed her with my eyes, as I slowly walked away. I saw her soon after stop before a little door, which she opened, entered, and closed after her. I then returned home, with equal agitation of heart and mind. This unfortunate female was continually before my eyes: I thought on the cause of her misfortunes, and I shed mingled tears of sorrow and regret. I suffered too much mental agony to hope for sleep, and as I awaited the rising of the day, I wrote down what had happened, as the recital will, no doubt, interest all susceptible minds.

THE RETURN OF MAURICE.

(Concluded from Page 8.)

MAURICE quitted them the next day with an aching heart at having bid Thérèse an eternal adieu. She wept likewise; but let us not pity her too tenderly, she is young, pretty, and French: Maurice was not her first sweetheart; he will not be the last.

During the first day our traveller was quite disconsolate; the pretty little Lyonese occupied all his thoughts, and the bitterest tears flowed from his eyes: he was conscious that he had not behaved well to Ernestine, and he felt also that he was too partial to Thérèse. "Thérèse will console herself," thought he; "but my Ernestine, will she pardon me? Oh yes, she is so good; I will tell her all, and she will praise my fidelity and frankness when she knows how pretty Thérèse was." Full of this soothing hope he continued his journey more cheerfully, and the nearer he approached his dear country the more Lyons, Thérèse, and the shop of Master Thomas, faded from his thoughts: all that he saw around him revived in his mind the sweetest remembrances. It was the beginning of May, the first Sunday of which each lover sets a young fir or birch tree, surrounded with flowers, before the

dwelling of his sweetheart; Maurice recollects how many he had set before the window of his dear Ernestine, and how delighted he was to hear the next day that the prettiest girl in the village had had the finest May. These thoughts inspired Maurice with fresh vigour, he hardly gave himself any time to repose, so eager was he to pursue his journey; but his fatigue was useless, the first Sunday of May was arrived, and he was yet two full days journey distant from Sonnemberg. He found himself in the evening in a large village called Nesselrode, where he determined to rest for the night. Every thing was prepared to celebrate the feast: the May indicated the dwellings of the young maidens, all had flowers, but he remarked a fir which had only white ones, tied together by a black crape. In order to get to the inn he was obliged to pass by the church and church-yard; both were open, the church was full of women, and some men were digging a grave in the church-yard. At this sight Maurice conceived that some interesting being was no more, and that this sad event had suspended the public joy. At the

sight of the fir hung with crape, he felt a sentiment of pleasure that he was not at Sonnemberg.—“ Ah, heavens!” thought he, “ if on my arrival at home I had found a grave ready dug, what would have been my terror! and if that mournful May had been before Ernestine’s door!” This dreadful thought quite overcame his spirits, and not wishing to return into the inn with this doleful impression on his mind, he seated himself on a bench in a square planted with trees adjacent to the church: he endeavoured to console himself by reflecting that he was not at Sonnemberg; that he knew nobody at Nesselrode, where he was for the first time in his life, and that we have all our troubles: his heart, however, was still oppressed, but he attributed it to the striking contrast of the preparations for the funeral and those for the feast of May. Every thing around him presented this sorrowful contrast. The place where he had seated himself had been nearly put in order for the dance; grass plats, tables, a place for the orchestra, and garlands of flowers on the trees, every thing announced this to be the place destined for the rustic ball; but instead of the drum and flageolet, he only heard the plaintive sound of the organ accompanying a solemn hymn; instead of gay young dancers, lightly tripping over the turf, he saw groupes of young maidens dressed in black, and each having a crown of rosemary with a lily in the middle, walking silently out of the church to wait for the funeral coming up. The soft light of the moon, then at the full, reflected on their countenances through the trees, and gave to them a solemn and touching paleness. They spoke of the deceased; and Maurice understood by their discourse that she was young and handsome.—“ Poor Zelig, so young and pretty as she was!” said one of them who was seated on the same bench with Maurice; “ my God! what can we rely upon?” “ Yes, but so languishing and melancholy,” said a second; “ it is said she wished for nothing but death.” “ Would she not have done better,” said a third, “ to have married Henrie, Marie’s brother, who loved her so tenderly; she would at present be amongst us happy and content, instead of being in her grave?”

These observations were followed by a

long silence, interrupted only by the sighs and tears of the groupe; no one wept more than Maurice, who was reflecting that his conduct had perhaps nearly caused the death of his Ernestine.

“ Poor Zelig,” cried one of the young maidens in a compassionate tone, “ I have always pitied her, though I am a stranger to her sad story. You were in her confidence, Marie,” continued she, turning to one of her companions, “ relate to us the history of her sufferings.”—Marie consented; and the rest pressed round her, Maurice likewise redoubled his attention.

“ Her history is very short,” said Marie; “ from her infancy she had——” At this moment the bell tolled. “ I will give you the history of poor Zelig another day,” said Marie, getting up; “ come, let us accompany her to her last abode, and deposit our crowns of flowers upon her tomb.”

They began the procession two by two: Maurice followed them; he also wished to assist in paying the last duties to the victim of love. The body advanced preceded by flambeaux, which were obscured by the light of the moon; it was borne by six young men. Henry, the brother of Marie, was of the number; and to the great surprise of Maurice he was the only one who wept, and had the appearance of being deeply afflicted. The men more advanced in years, who followed, even the one who conducted it, and who without doubt was the father or the nearest relation of the deceased, had only a decent and serious air without any mark of affliction. The body was lowered into the earth. The pastor pronounced a discourse upon the fragility of life, and the certainty of death: the young maidens then advanced, and each threw her crown of rosemary upon the bier, and Marie her whole garland. The ceremony being concluded, the grave was filled up, and as the earth was thrown upon the coffin the sound struck to the heart of Maurice. The young flower thus crushed by misfortune and perfidy, which seemed to be regretted only by one friend and the lover whom she had refused, filled his heart with sadness. The crowd dispersed; Henry and Marie alone remained at the grave. The heart of Maurice was full, he could not restrain his tears, and he approached

to shed them on the grave. Marie looked at him with a mournful smile. "Did you know her?" asked she; "I have observed you follow the funeral procession, and I see you weep. Are you a relation, a friend, a countryman?"

Maurice heard this with surprise.—"I do not understand you," said he; "I am a traveller whom chance alone has conducted hither at this sad moment; and the unfortunate who sleeps in this grave was your friend?"

"Ah! yes, without doubt," replied Marie, "my dearest friend; but I have known her only these two last months that she has lived at my father's, who is a physician. Her relations, finding that she was dying of grief, brought her here to try if she could be cured. She was so good, so patient, so grateful for our attentions, that we loved her tenderly; but, alas! they were unavailing; her disorder was in the heart, and that it is impossible to cure. Ah, poor *Zelie*! how much she suffered, and how deeply do I regret her! I thank you for the tears you give to her sufferings, you who do not know her."

"We are the only ones who weep over her," said Maurice; "her parents appeared very calm."

"Her parents!" replied Marie, "she has none here; I told you she was a stranger: her father, who is himself dying of grief, could not come to follow her to the grave; it was mine who acted for him; he regrets *Zelie*, but she was not his daughter, although I loved her as a sister."

"You called her *Zelie*, you say; and her family name, I wish to know it likewise. Often, very often shall I think of the poor victim of love."

"We all called her *Zelie*," said Marie, "from a song of that name which my brother used to sing to her, and which was descriptive of her own situation. She liked *Zelie* better than her own name, which she never wished to hear. '*Marie*,' said she to me when she first came to us, 'I beg of you not to call me by the same name as he

who killed me, do not call me dear *Ernestine*.'"

"*Ernestine*!" said Maurice, in a voice full of terror, and pale as death.

"Yes, *Ernestine Selert*, of *Sonnemberg*."

Hardly had she concluded these words when Maurice fell lifeless to the ground! The terrified Marie called her brother, who was at a little distance, to her assistance; they raised the unfortunate young man, who opened for a moment his wandering eyes, and again pronounced the name of *Ernestine*.

"Good God! it is Maurice," exclaimed Marie.

He pronounced with effort—"Yes, Maurice the assassin of *Ernestine*," and he again fainted. Henry bore him to his father. Every assistance was procured for him, but in vain. He, however, recovered his senses for a few moments, and learned from Marie, that a young traveller, named *Frederick*, had arrived at *Sonnemberg* with intelligence that Maurice was married at *Lyons*, to his master's daughter; this young man had had it from the mouth of the bride's father; he had also seen them together, and nothing could exceed their happiness. It was impossible to doubt the truth of this news; the indignant parents of Maurice renounced him, and the intelligence was the death-blow to the tender *Ernestine*. Her parents fearing that she would lose her senses, brought her to the physician of *Nesselrode*, who was in great repute for curing the diseases of the mind; but that of the poor *Ernestine* lay too deep ever to be eradicated, and neither the science of the father, the kindness of the daughter, nor the love of the son could save her.

Maurice entrusted Marie with his justification to his parents and those of *Ernestine*. He expired without pain towards morning. The same moon which had shone on the obsequies of *Ernestine* lighted his, and they repose by the side of each other.

FIDELITY OF AFRICANS;

OR, THE SINGULAR ADVENTURES OF MR. H——.

VIOLENT opposers of African emancipation found their objections upon the impenetrable stupidity and obduracy of the sable race. Shall they be required to improve without instruction? Can the privation of every tie that softens or enlarges the heart be expected to awaken generous affections? Let humanizing kindness dilate his contracted sensibilities, and we shall discern in the untutored African a fervent and dignified attachment to his benefactors.

Mr. H——, in the course of his duties as surgeon to a slave ship, assiduously endeavoured to alleviate calamities he had no power to prevent. His patients averred the *docco* carried healing balm in his countenance and voice. In the language of traders, the second voyage was wonderfully prosperous. The receptacle of misery was speedily filled with able-bodied men, and comparatively few women or children. A gale, propitious for crossing the Atlantic ocean, filled the sails; but the fourth sun went down in a sultry portentous calm. The moon, encircled by fiery vapours, frequently shrouded her pallid light in dismal clouds, or gleamed forth indications of an approaching hurricane. Sweeping gusts from the south-west carried the foremast overboard; and, after fifty-six hours of incessant labour at the pump, the mariners exhausted and desperate, lost all concern in large potions of inebriating liquor, then sunk to rest,—to awake in agonies that precede the sleep of death. During the confusion, Alalleo, a negro of majestic stature, lofty demeanour, and penetrating aspect, excited his companions in wretchedness to force a partition that had been started by the labouring of the ship. They obtained files, hatchets, and cutlasses; and gliding softly to the deck, two of the most agile insurgents seized Mr. H——, who, wrapped in a cloak, kept watch where the Captain guided the helm. With one stroke Alalleo dashed the Captain's head into the waves, and giving the rudder to a man of his own nation, proceeded to complete the work of death. A few minutes sufficed to

extirpate their foes; and the Africans assembled round Mr. H—— with every demonstration of respect and submission. Alalleo spoke intelligible French and the *Lingua Franca*; he addressed Mr. H—— in a strain of pathetic eloquence, lamenting the dire necessity for shedding blood; but he appealed to Mr. H——, whether the guilt did not belong to the slaughtered enemy, who reduced them to circumstances where no alternative remained but slavery for themselves, or death to the oppressor. They had spared their honoured benefactor, and gave up to him the command of the ship. They had spared the cabin-boy, though the son of their most cruel tyrant: but the child was not destitute of compassion, and had been more than once severely beaten for interceding in their behalf. Mr. H——, though at first petrified with horror, soon regained his self-possession. On consulting the compass and charts, he ascertained, that the ship, which, quite ungovernable in the whirling tempest, approximated the shore, and soon grounded on a sand-bank, now lay towards the north-eastern land of Africa. Alalleo again asked permission to speak: he said, he and twelve followers had been entrapped from his royal father's dominions, seemingly to a friendly hunting match, but he and they were treacherously delivered up, for a great price, to the white traders, who wanted mariners for a coasting trade; and they, accustomed to navigate large canoes on the Niger, were qualified to assist European sailors in collecting valuable merchandize along the western borders of Africa. There they were all taken by Algerine corsairs, and enslaved; but he saw white captives in more galling servitude than his own people, for the blacks were drivers over the Christian slaves. He represented to Mr. H——, that his only expedient to avoid this dreadful misfortune, would be to disguise himself as a Moorish physician. Every one busied himself in mixing the colouring ingredients, and preparing the vestments Mr. H—— was to assume: and no thought of their own peril

seemed to arise until he was equipped. They had taken the precaution to detain the Captain's son in his birth, when he awoke. Before Mr. H—— quitted the ship, the Africans solemnly promised if they should meet again, not to accost him, unless he spoke first; and they agreed to separate in small companies, as the only chance for escaping captivity.

A high tide floated the wreck towards the beach, and Mr. H——, with his guide Alalleo, had been occupied in modelling the Moorish dress, others had been ordered by Alalleo to set fishing lines. This surprised Mr. H——, but he made no enquiry of the intention. Alalleo carried a quantity of whittings into the wood. He directed Mr. H—— to follow him in ascending a tree, and, concealed by the thick foliage, he laboured in forming two helmets of twigs, on which he fixed numerous pieces of fish. When night came, "Let us go," said he, "and until we get at some distance from the haunts of men, we must travel only in darkness. Our helmets shall be our defence. You see the fish shining; and when we are afraid of our own species, or of wild beasts, we must make furious gestures, and bellow in the loudest voice. Men will take us for evil spirits. Animals will fly before the blaze; and our noise will scare them as the cry of hunters. With no defence but this did I traverse these wilds half a moon, when I got off from slavery. I advanced beyond the desert another moon, but the men-hunters caught me, and I became an inmate of the same ship with you. In a few days we may proceed by the light of the sun. Our muskets and my spear will secure us from ravenous beasts." In this manner Mr. H—— and his friend reached the verge of a sandy expanse. There Alalleo collected a large truss of long grass, which, in addition to a provision of fruits, his fire-arms, ammunition, and spear, he balanced over his shoulders. Mr. H—— also carried a load of fruit, besides his arms and medicines. When they came to repose their weary limbs on the scorching sand, he acknowledged the wisdom of Alalleo in providing a bed of grass, which he could hardly be persuaded to participate with the European, assuring him he could bear the heat without inconvenience. On all occasions he

shewed a delicate consideration for Mr. H——'s former habits, preferring his comfort to individual accommodation. In the desert, isolated from the world, their thoughts were elevated to a state of more happy existence. Alalleo requested an abstract of the Christian doctrines. He listened with profound attention to an explanation given in the most simple language. After a thoughtful silence, he observed that, "Assuredly the white traders had never been instructed in those truths. Men who believe in the Great Spirit," continued he, "who have learnt his good pleasure, and know he will call them before him to judge and reward their obedience, or to punish transgression, would not dare to offend against the law which commands them,—'to do to others as they would have others do to them;' and who would wish to be torn from all they love; to be like me, for ever bewailing his far distant country, his father, his wife, and children?" Alalleo's cheeks were bedewed as he spoke. Melancholy retrospections overpowered him; Mr. H—— soothed his mind by the benign influence of devotion. The European and the native of the torrid zone united in fervent supplications to the omnipresent Lord of the universe, and their cares were lightened. Before they reached the centre of the desert, Mr. H——, overcome by fatigue and slender nutriment, often required the aid of his affectionate companion. Alalleo supported him when able to proceed, or patiently waited when he must have rest. They at length came to a tent, where a rich Algerine merchant suffered extreme distress in a bilious fever; but he had a numerous retinue; some fresh water, and abundance of aliments, Mr. H——, as a Moorish physician, prescribed. His remedies succeeded; and ease, with due sustenance, restored his strength. The caravan emerged from the desert. The merchant urged his physician to attend him to Algiers; and, hoping to gain access to the British consul, he consented, after securing for Alalleo every facility in pursuing the way to his hereditary kingdom. In extreme old age, Mr. H—— could never without emotion allude to his final separation from this high spirited, benevolent, grateful African. The uncertainty of Alalleo's fate never ceased to embitter his

recollection. In his progress to Algiers Mr. H—— saw many of his ship-mates, who had been taken and made slaves. He perceived they recognised him, but neither by look or gesture did they betray the recognition. Such presence of mind, such inviolable fidelity, in numbers of untaught beings, goes far to refute the calumnies industriously propagated against the injured Africans. Mr. H—— accounted plausibly for his ignorance of the Moorish idiom, by informing his patient that he had, since early youth, been a prisoner, and serving a French physician, he had acquired the secrets of his profession; but, assisted by Alalleo, he had seized the first opportunity to rejoin his countrymen. As a zealous Mussulman he feigned the utmost abhorrence of the Christians, who in large gangs performed the most severe and degrading drudgery in every district. But his indignation could hardly be repressed when the negro drivers applied the scourge to those unhappy captives, notwithstanding their utmost exertions to perform their heavy tasks! “Infatuated Europe!” said he to himself; “thy fleets and armies contend together for remote colonies; but the inexhaustible treasures two thousand leagues more contiguous to thy realms than the nearest borders of the east or western quarters of the globe, are disregarded. Infatuated Europe! thou mightest confer on Africa the blessings of civil liberty, true religion, and beneficial knowledge. Thou mightest rescue thirty-seven thousand of thy own natives from the most galling servitude; but thou dost prefer the most inhuman and unrighteous traffic to a commerce that would give happiness to millions, upon a coast extending ten thousand miles, and indented by harbours, deep, sheltered, capacious, and easily secured by engineering science.”

Engaged in this reverie, Mr. H—— entered Algiers. The friends of the merchant accompanied him as he passed through several streets to his spacious habitation and gardens near the quay. At the portico of his dwelling Mr. H—— encountered the son of his late Captain, waiting with the merchant's slippers. The boy, who believed him dead, uttered exclamations that must have led to a discovery of facts; but rushing through the crowd Mr. H——

gained the quay, leaped into a boat putting off to a vessel under weigh, and was speedily concealed by the sailors, to whom, in a few words, he told the emergency of his case. This Genoese ship was taken afterwards by a Sardinian galley, and again retaken by two armed sloops belonging to the republic: but Mr. H—— was thrown into prison when they reached Genoa, as he peremptorily refused to accept an appointment in the Genoese medical service, and the English had lately bombarded some towns on that shore. Mr. H——, for once, rejoiced in the preference shewn to a Frenchman, who, escaping from slavery, was the bearer of a petition from his brethren in bondage, to the Sovereigns of Europe, praying they might take measures for delivering their respective subjects; but alas! at that time neither European nor African slavery excited commiseration. At the present juncture the prospect is more encouraging. The philanthropy of private individuals hath roused a general solicitude for redressing the wrongs of Africa; and we may hope that barbarians shall no longer have toleration to annoy the commerce of a civilized marine, and to enslave the most useful class of foreign adventurers. Shall enlightened monarchs tamely submit to insults so fatal to the vital interests of their people? Shall they, thankless to the great God of battles, who hath marvellously prospered the allied warfare, in defiance to his holy laws, deprive the unoffending African of his most precious rights? Shall they not, in gratitude to the Most High, for the gifts that constitute their own superiority, erect their standard in justice and mercy? The Lord gave. The Lord is omnipotent to take away. His arm can overthrow the most solid and stupendous fabrics of human greatness: and if deformed by oppression or cruelty, the Judge of all the earth will shake their foundations. Though long suffering in patience, he will not always spare the guilty. Britain hath raised her voice in the cause of the miserable, and her humanity will be repaid a thousand-fold in national aggrandisement.

T. H.

THE NEW SYSTEM OF BOTANY;

WITH PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLORA, &c. &c. &c.

IN our preceding lecture we promised to notice in this part of our series the very extraordinary connection between the vegetable and animal worlds, which is most particularly observable in the first stages of vegetation; and we may again notice, that Sprengel, a most intelligent writer on the

CRYPTOGAMOUS PLANTS,

is of opinion that it is by means of the mode of propagation by the process of lateral elongation, so universal in the species that even the *Cryptogamous aquatics* partake of it, that this family shews a connection with the *Zoophytes*, the very lowest class in the scale of animal life.

The naturalist already quoted adds, that both De Saussure and Vaucher of Geneva, have made the interesting observation that a species of *Conferva*, found on stones, walls, and old wood, as also in fresh water where it generally forms a thick felt-like texture, may be seen constantly to move in all directions when exposed to the influence of light and warmth.

By Vaucher this has been classed as a genus, under the expressive name of *Oscillatoria*, of which twelve species are enumerated in a work published by him, some time ago, on fresh-water *Confervæ*: but it must be remarked, that these organic bodies which may almost be considered as true *Zoophytes*, consist of infinitely minute simple filaments, most closely annulated, and pointed at one end.

They are propagated neither by means of eggs, nor seeds, nor buds, but simply by the separation of the rings. Their movement is by no means a regular one, like the tremulous motion of *Hedysarum gyrans*, already noticed in a preceding lecture, but irregular and changeable, as we usually observe it in the animal kingdom.

It is well observed that the transition of one organical kingdom of nature into the other, and the impossibility of separating the two by any exact line of demarcation, becomes still more obvious to those who, with Needham, Priestley, and Ingenhouse,

have noticed the metamorphoses of the *animalcula infusoria* into real *Confervæ*.

To make this experiment, which our fair readers will find a very curious one during their summer rustications, no particular infusions are required; all that is necessary for the purpose being a vessel filled with pump water and exposed to the sun without being agitated. First of all a delicate green covering is seen to be formed on the surface of the water, consisting of molecules, numberless and infinitely minute, that manifest animal motion; these, after some time, disappear, and are transformed into vegetable filaments, which, like all green surfaces of plants, yield oxygen gas when exposed to the influence of the sun.

In addition to the obvious closeness of the approach of these *Cryptogamous* vegetables to the animal kingdom, the affinity which several others bear to what has by some been called unorganized nature, is peculiarly striking. If we observe the herpetic lichens, and what has been named the *Opegrapha*, or lettered lichen of our rocks and trees, particularly under the influence of the microscope, we shall scarcely find any thing to lead us to the suspicion of the presence of vegetable nature. There is, in fact, no cellular texture; no observable organs of fructification; no fruit: nor do these substances even produce oxygen gas when exposed to the sun. In short, they are merely distinguishable from saline efflorescence by a little difference in the form; and indeed they appear to occupy but the lowest degree on the scale of organical bodies, and are thus, as it were, the first rudiments of vegetation.

A very learned author, in a work which he calls *Biologia*, proposes indeed to extend the appellation of *Zoophytes* to the whole class of *Cryptogamous* plants; and thus united, he recommends the erection of them into a third kingdom, between the animal and vegetable. But this idea of Dr. Treviranus would be subject to a difficulty attendant upon all distinct classification, that it would be impossible to tell precisely where this new kingdom of nature really

began and ended; for there is no more distinct or precise line that can be drawn under such a classification than can be done under the present; or in other words, there is no precise point to separate the *Zoophyte* from the perfect animal, any more than the *Cryptogamite* from the perfect vegetable.

In proportion as the plants of the present genus under consideration recede from *Zoophytic* appearances, and assumet he vegetable properties, so do their constituent qualities appear to improve.

The *Mosses* are very poor in their constituent parts, or those generally predominant and component; as in chemical analysis they only yield some gummy extractive matter; though the gallic acid is found in some, together with a considerable portion of calcareous earth in others. Of that species which we shall describe under the name of *Hepaticæ*, the only remarkable circumstance is, that one variety when cut into pieces diffuses a strong smell of turpentine, a proof that it contains essential oil.

The Lichens, indeed, are much more remarkable with regard to their component parts. Amongst these is the Icelandic Moss, which shall be analyzed in a future lecture; and most of them contain saccharine mucilage, together with a colouring principle.

Of the *Cryptogamous aquatics* we have already detailed the qualities under the head of *Fuci*: and it will appear in the course of the ensuing lectures that the *Ferns* and *Fungi* come nearest to the character of esculent vegetables; but here we may remark, that the peculiar, and often very intense, smell diffused by ferns, proves the presence of essential oil; for particularly, in cutting across a fresh stalk of *Polypodium Auratum*, we instantly perceive a smell like that of the leaves of peaches, which equally announces the presence of a combination of water and carbon, such as exists in all the aromatic plants containing essential oils. Nay, in Sweden, and in some parts of England also, ferns not only yield potash when burnt, but even a species of resinous extractive matter; so that the ashes of the burnt roots may be made into balls, and actually used as a substitute for soap.

If nature is thus bountiful in her gifts, so as to present to man a graduated scale of all things either for enjoyment or use in the

organized world, so also may we find that by another process of gradation she has not only diversified her gifts from the torrid climes of the equator to the polar regions of eternal frost, but has also, by means of Alpine situations in various climes, produced an equal variety, and by an elevation of two miles at the utmost, actually formed the same botanical arrangement as she does by a change of ninety degrees in latitude. A consideration of this graduated scale of vegetation, will tend much to illustrate our future researches; and we shall commence with the high and spiry pinnacles of antediluvian rocks, which boldly start up from the aboriginal snows and chilling ice that seem to usurp the summits of the loftiest Alpine regions, bidding defiance to the daring foot of man. Yet even here nature is not idle; for on those pinnacles may be found several species of crustaceous Lichens, with Saxifrage, both star and snowy, the sparing gifts of the Alpine Flora.

No sooner does the snow cease to shew itself in the summer months, than a zone of rocky pasturage commences, affording food to the bounding chamois of the Alps, and to the izard of the Pyrennees, whose range is sometimes invaded by even the mountain sheep and solitary herdsman. This pasturage, however, merely consists of a short and almost barren turf, though in some spots a more luxuriant vegetation may display itself, where the rills descending from the melted snows give fertility.

Here then does the botanist begin to explore a vast variety of specimens; yet these are so minute, so shrunk and condensed from the effects of the winter's frigidity, that it requires a careful eye to discover their extraordinary beauties. As we descend the mountain we find a more luxuriant herbage, enamelled with flowers that almost blush unseen, whilst a few of the hardier shrubs begin to make their appearance. It is here indeed that the Alpine vallies first shew that profusion of vegetation that adorns the brink of the precipice which hangs over the mountain torrent, giving animation to apparent torpor; in short, like beauty seated in the lap of horror. Here do we first meet with the juniper, the savine, the stone pine, and the alder, which the picturesque hand of nature

scatters in irregular clumps, so as to diversify the scene, amidst cascades overhung by luxuriant bowers of the Rhododendron and Alpine rose, whilst the dark hue of the evergreens is charmingly diversified by tufts of Saxifrage and Auricula, that find a footing in the clefts of the shattered rocks, sweetly contrasted with the trailing Azalea and other creepers that spring from the spongy hillocks in the more extended spaces.

Trees of larger growth now begin to shew themselves, and the weary traveller finds shelter amidst forests of fir, pine, larch, and mountain ash; whilst the birch and the mournful yew arise in striking contrast between the silver bark of the one and the funereal verdure of the latter.

In some countries the most luxuriant meadows are found even at this elevation, where the woodlands do not entirely shut out the sun and balmy breezes; while among the shelter of the long grass are traced the Alpine anemone, together with various other mountain plants, such as the yellow gentian, actæa, white hellebore, &c.

The thick foliage of the woody belt now gives a sufficient check to the snowy blasts, and a warmer climate commences just at the verge where the winter firs cease to grow spontaneously, and there we find forests of deciduous foliage, interspersed with meadows and corn fields; the torrents too now become rivulets, bordered with the willow and the poplar; while the oak and elm, the spreading lime, the shady beech, &c. extend their broad arms across the smiling plains, affording shelter and protection to the rustic cot and the well-stocked farm.

Such are the general progressive features of European botany; but if we recur more particularly to our own happy island, if we trace the snowy summits of the Grampian hills, the bleak unsheltered rocks of the western isles, and the extensive forests of middle Scotland, the remains of the ancient *Sylea Caledonia*, we shall find a variety of curious species that form the first ranks in a British Flora, and exemplify most fully the principle of gradation which nature so wisely has adopted; for, in the latter spots in particular, will be met with all the varieties of the Alpine and stony *Veronica*, together with the *Ophrys*, the

Pyrola, and many other species, whilst the richest Alpine plants will be met with in districts of mountain granite, whose crevices and ledges will be seen glowing with the luxuriant festoons of the arbutus, whose scarlet and deep blue berries finely contrast with the numerous tufts of the golden cinquefoil. There too will be found nature useful as well as ornamental, as she scatters with an unsparing hand the lichens and the cloud-berries, which clothe even the most elevated summits, amidst the solitude of almost eternal snows,—a solitude only broken by the ptarmigan, which there finds food and shelter.

Descending through the fertile plains of the Lothians, and crossing the Alpine summits of Cheviot, we may investigate our own native plains, where, though we find not that exuberance of vegetable treasures which in more southern climes adorn the hills and vales, checked by our scanty portion of solar influence, and by our blasting north-easters, and chilling rains, yet still do we enjoy a never-failing verdure of hill and dale, where a rich carpet of verdant turf, tinted with the various hues of papilionaceous plants, presents a rich support to the milder quadrupeds; affording nourishment in some spots even to the aboriginal beasts of the chase, where they are permitted to roam at large, the lords of nature's wilds.

After this slight preparatory view of the progressive bounty of nature, we shall close the present lecture with the words of an admired poet, whose reflections on the beauties of British scenery are so happily introductory to the investigation of the minor charms of British landscape, as viewed by our fair readers in their present rural excursions:—

“Sublimely nature sits on yonder mount,
That lifts aspiring groves to purer skies!
What splendid fulness feeds th' extatic eye,
While summer spreads profuse its treasures
round

In lavish pomp, in more than British scenes!
Mountains and vales, with woody verdure dark;
The villa trim; the hamlet snug and warm;
The meadow's grassy green, or wav'd with corn;
The river's blue extent; the bright'ning bays;
The cavern'd islands, and rock-girted shores;
With frowning forts, and arsenals begemun'd,
And tow'r crowned towns, and steeples spiring
tall.”

Should their walks be directed along the breezy cliff, then may we add with the picturesque Bidlake :—

“The waters motion all, with stately fleets,
That proudly bear their bulk along, and shade

Old Neptune's green domain with swimming
woods,
Pregnant with wanton winds; and painted
barks,
On gales of pleasure borne, or bus'ness bent,
That glide incessant o'er the shifting scene.”

ON THE FORMER INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN FRANCE.

IN A LETTER FROM M. LACRETELLE TO M. MICHAUD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You once remarked, with much feeling and sentiment, the influence women had formerly, and still may be said to have, in the happy *denouement* of one of the longest and most sanguinary tragedies in all history. An event which puts an end, at once, to conscription and war, has placed us under the care of maternal tenderness. During the revolutionary government, women, in saving the proscribed, obtained for themselves often the first place on the list of proscription. Under the government of Bonaparte women were forgotten, or only remembered to be placed on a system of degradation. The first epocha was the reign of ferocity; the second of unfeeling minds: neither of these dominations could long hold in France—Pity and Love could not be banished from their native soil.

In times of rudeness and uncivilization, our women had obtained a blind kind of worship for ancient nations; the progress of politeness has embellished ours, and that of corruption could not overthrow it. Women established their empire when they defended the monarchy of Francis I. of Henry IV. and of Louis XIV. The laws they exercised among us over our manners, our customs, and even on public opinion, were as secret, as judicious, and as determined, as those they observed in their own families. As we are a more lively and energetic people than any other, so we feel more the influence of women. While we meditate for a moment, with an affectation of profundity, it is then that women shew their power over us. But in these few last years their empire seemed at an end. Statesmen began to calculate; and what an appearance sat on the countenance of our females, in those magnificent and gloomy *fêtes*, where gallantry was exchanged for rudeness and heavy etiquette! How terrified was every mother when she heard

this question, “*Are your sons, Madame, in the army?*” Certainly, every woman was at liberty to be as luxurious as she pleased; but luxury has been long exploded, when we see the wearisome servility which she brings in her train. What graces are there not in a court, where simplicity reigns, where a just and lively wit displays itself in genuine sallies, and kindness excites the mind to candour! How delightful it is to see our young women forming themselves in groups round the daughter of Louis XVI. and shewing, by their eagerness to imitate the chastened style of her dress, how happy they are to imitate also her virtues! O, let them not endeavour to hush their sorrowful recollections: such recollections recal to their minds the glory of their mothers and their sisters.

Women in every age have inspired the most exalted actions—but during the revolution they acted themselves. They had the glory of courage, while they preserved the charms of modesty; nor did an idea of future fame mingle itself with the sacred motives of their loyalty and devotion: and by their noble silence the memorial of past times has not been able to record the thousandth part of their courageous deeds. The greatest part of those whose elevated actions have excited so interesting an admiration have perished. Let us weep over their sacred tombs, or rather let us raise tombs to those who braved death to preserve their virtue and principles unsullied. Let those who lament the loss of a beloved sister, weep before the marble which represents the figure of Madame Elizabeth: let her be represented at that moment, when a troop of ruffians, taking her for the Queen, threatened her life, and she made use of every effort to keep them in that error. Let an inscription commemorate the virtues of Mademoiselle Gattey, who, on hearing sentence of death passed on her

brother for his loyalty, cried out "*Long live the King,*" and followed him to the scaffold. A wife in her early bloom set the example, Madame de Vergne, the wife of the old commander of Longwi. Both these women were led to death. We need not fear that monuments erected to such as these will destroy that bond of harmony of which our King has so nobly set the example. When tears and prayers are our employment, vengeance may be said to sleep: these monuments will only give birth to the most laudable feelings. He who can insult remorse, is almost as guilty as him who insults misfortune.

This is also the time to inform ourselves of the fate of those women who have yet survived, and given proofs of a loyalty the most heroic and renowned, and who form a sublime and consolatory part of our dreadful history. Tell me, my friend, what favoured land, what happy family, have sheltered Mademoiselle Elizabeth Cazotte, who, on the second of September, saved her father from the hands of the executioners, one of the most cheerful and respectable of old men? Nor can I forget Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, who, on the same day, saved, by an effort of unheard-of courage, a father who the following year fell a prey to other assassins. The name of Sombreuil ought to be ever dear to Frenchmen!—it recalls to our minds another martyr to royalty and honour: he who on the fatal rock of Quiberon gave up his life to save that of his comrades, and, alas! made a useless sacrifice! This is not all; a second brother of Mademoiselle Sombreuil, who two days before his father,

whom he had accompanied to prison, was cited to appear before that tribunal whose sentence was certain death: by the assistance of a friend he was offered to be freed from prison, and who bribing the jailors, they also urged his escape. "*No,*" said he, "*I shall add to the torments of my father!*" The most tender persuasions could not force him to escape: he died by the side of his father, who, firmly devoted to his King, inspired his whole family with the same sublime sentiments.

Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, some years after, married M. de Villelune, an officer who was worthy of becoming a member of this chivalrous family. She resided constantly in the city of Anspach, where, under the auspices of the Queen of Prussia, that model of beauty, virtue, and every grace, she established a most interesting colony of emigrants. By how many tender cares did this Queen, since so unfortunate, soften the lot of these her noble *protégés*, who were the friends of M. Villelune! They experienced a degree of felicity at Anspach, if such can be said to be the lot of those who survive the greatest part of their family. How much did this colony bless and honour the tender and idolized consort of a Sovereign, who yet laments her in this city.

Our most illustrious generals, who so often passed through the city of Anspach, evinced the greatest desire to pay their homage to the generous daughter of the Governor of Invalids, and to moderate the ravages of war in that place which she had made her asylum!

Yours, &c.

THE DAY BEFORE THE WEDDING.—A FRAGMENT.

"My dear sister, you are going to be married; you know how well I love you, therefore permit me to give you a word of advice."

"Do you doubt the pleasure it will give me to listen to you?"

"Your intended bridegroom is one of my brave comrades, by whose side I have fought for ten years. During his whole life he has seldom approached Paris, and has, in consequence, contracted some habits

and customs which are in direct opposition to your own; but it is yours which you must alter. For example: you have been accustomed to drink water only; you must now mix some wine with your water: by so doing you will shew a compliant temper, and all will be well."

"What next, my dear brother?"

"You have accustomed yourself to lie in bed till noon: my friend, who used to pass every night almost on guard, was always

up with the sun, and had already made two meals, when circumstances would permit, before the time your coffee was served up to you. You must now rise at eight: your own health, as well as that of your husband, will be the better for it, and all will go on well."

"What next, brother?"

"You are accustomed to dress yourself three times in the day: my friend always puts on the same coat in the morning which he means to wear till evening. You must regulate your dress by his; a clean muslin gown must be your uniform: on very particular days, such as galas or *fêtes*, you may wear satin or crape. You will expend less money, you will have more time, and——"

"What next, brother?"

"Thanks to my father, who is the best

of men, you have never known the want of money: milliners' bills, perfumers' bills, dress-makers' accounts, have all been defrayed without your once looking over them. My dear Gustavus does not go on in that manner; often obliged to economise, he could not, till he had well cast up the different bills of his tailor and his shoemaker, give them even more than a part of their different accounts; you must avoid, in future, the paying too much, as well as the not paying regularly; and only order what is requisite and least expensive.

"I could also say much to you on the employment of time; but I must tell you first how my friend is accustomed to employ his leisure hours: that would be difficult; he will tell you himself to-morrow, if he thinks proper."

SINGULAR CUSTOMS AT ARRACAN, IN INDIA BEYOND THE GANGES.

WHEN any of the natives fall sick they send for two or three priests, who, after blowing on them, say certain prayers and make them offer sacrifices of fowls, &c. according to the ability of the sick person. The priests and relations carouse on the sacrifice, and if the patient recovers it is ascribed to these fooleries; and if not, the priests pretend that their sacrifices are accepted, but God designs the patient a greater favour in the other world; and with regard to such as are incurable, they think it charity to drown them. Upon the death of persons of note they make a dreadful noise, like that of the Irish howl, at their burials, and burn their bodies; but those of the poor are cast into the river on account of the scarcity of wood in that country. As they believe the metempsychosis or transmigration, they adorn their coffins with figures of such creatures as they reckon the noblest. Each family has its domestic idol, by which they swear, and before which marriages are performed. They make, with a burning iron, the idol's

mark upon the arms, sides, or shoulders; and always offer him a part of their provisions before they eat. They have also a variety of common idols in their temples, which are built in the form of our church steeples: to these they also send provisions, and in the winter they clothe them.

They keep an annual festival in remembrance of their dead; at which time they carry, in a heavy chariot, one of their idols in procession, attended by ninety priests dressed in yellow satin; and many of the poor blind bigots throw themselves under the chariot wheels, or tear their flesh with iron hooks, fastened to the chariot for that purpose; they sprinkle the idol with their blood, and hang up the hooks in their temples as sacred reliques.

These people never cut their hair, but tie it up in locks behind, and adorn it with knots of very fine cloth. The women wear so many bracelets and ornaments of copper, ivory, and silver round their legs, that they are rather an incumbrance than an ornament.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

The following lines were written by a person eminent for poetic talent, but whose productions seldom met the public eye. We are not certain, however, whether these interesting stanzas have not been before published; at all events, we are assured they will ever be read with pleasure.

WELCOME, thou little dimpled stranger,
O welcome to my fond embrace;

Thou sweet reward of pain and danger,
Still let me press thy cherub face.

Dear source of many a mingled feeling,
How did I dread, yet wish thee here,
While hope and fear in turn prevailing,
Serv'd but to render thee more dear.

How glow'd my heart with exultation,
So late the anxious seat of care,
When first thy voice of supplication
Stole sweetly on thy mother's ear!

What words could speak the bright emotion
That sparkled in thy father's eye,
When to his fond paternal bosom
He proudly prest his darling boy!

Oh! that thou may'st, sweet babe, inherit
Each virtue to his heart most dear,
His manly grace, his matchless merit,
Is still thy doating mother's pray'r.

While on thy downy couch reposing,
To watch thee is my tender toil,
I mark thy sweet blue eyes unclosing,
I fondly hail thy cherub smile.

Smile on, sweet babe, unknown to sorrow,
Still brightly beam that heav'nly eye;
And may the dawn of ev'ry morrow,
Shed blessings on my darling boy!

M. A. M.

ISIDORA; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

The following Lines are taken from Madame Dufrenoy's Poem on the "Fête de Dieu," lately celebrated in France; the scene lies in the valley of Bièvre.

SPRING now appears, with flow'rs and verdure crown'd,

And o'er the fields again her favours sheds;
The humble cot of rural peace she gilds,
And smiling Bièvre, rich and fertile valley,
Sole place of all my fancied happiness,
Now offers to the ravish'd sight new charms:
Its ancient poplars in their spring attire,
Its grassy banks through which pure riv'lets flow,
The sweets of roses mingling with the air,
The song melodious of a thousand birds,

While with the opening spring, a sacred feeling
Pervades each heart, alive to hope and joy.
The virtuous sage, the pastor of the place,
Kind, like the Deity he represents,
Not an austere and zealous censorer,
Devotes his evenings to the act of prayer:
And, when the sacred temple we have left,
The pipe's sweet sound collects, in various
groups,

The village maidens and the village swains,
Who skim the flow'ry soil in mazy dance.
One lovely maid, the village ornament,
Scarce sixteen years had Isidora told—
Shunn'd the tumultuous pleasures of the dance;
Hiding her beauties and her winning grace,
Unthinking of their pow'r o'er every heart;
Her modest looks fix'd only on the heavens
Which she invoc'd, unceasing for a mother
Condemn'd to groan on mis'ry's hard couch.
This parent suffer'd long from palsy's touch;
Her deaden'd limbs no longer found their use.
Nor art, nor care, nor yet her daughter's soothing
Could heal the fatal ill which sapp'd her life.
Ah! who can paint sweet Isidora's grief?

"Virgin, be calm—thy God has seen thy tears;
"This is his day; his clemency he shews.
"Believe and pray, and trust Almighty pow'r."
These words, when sleeping, Isidora heard,
An angel spake them, and her tears were dried,
While fix'd on God her hopes, Faith guides her
pray'rs.

And see, Heav'n's feast now comforts all the land!
Scarce did the star of morning gild the cot,
When castle walls are deck'd with ancient banners,

The well-wrought tapestry and trophy bright,
While humble canvas decks the lonely hut,
And all the dusty road is strew'd with flow'rs;
The cymbals clash, and joyous clamour sound,
The bells to prayer assemble all the faithful:
The swelling organ peals the solemn hymn,
The standard of the Saviour is display'd!
With slow pac'd steps, the priests of great Jehovah,

Now ope the portals of the sacred fane;
The Virgin's image, and the holy reliques,
The cross victorious, fill their pious arms.
Be prostrate, Christians, 'tis the King of heav'n!
Where is this God, to whom we homage pay?
Behold him 'neath a canopy of foliage!
Wives, husbands, children, aw'd by such a sight,
A solemn silence hold, then lowly bend.
But tears of love, at length, their eyes suffuse;
And when sweet smelling herbs and op'ning
roses

Unite their odours to the clouds of incense,
With praise like this resounds the vault of
heav'n.

O my heart, with joyful thrill,
Sing the Lord's own holiday;
He, who the earth and heaven doth fill,
Now sheds on all his heav'nly ray.

God, who doth innocence protect,
Alone can happiness afford;
O Christians, when your woes affect
Your hearts with grief, then seek the Lord.

The dumb from him with speech is blest,
And blindness joyful bails the light;
Good angels guard the cottage guest,
Equal with him of regal height.

O my heart, with joyful thrill,
Sing the Lord's own holiday,
He, who the earth and heaven doth fill,
Now sheds on all his heav'nly ray.

O yes, my God, joy'd Isidora cried,
Thou canst do all—then succour her I love!
I consecrate, O God! myself to thee:
Oh! my fond transports! wonder-working faith!

Sudden the virgin seeks her humble roof,
And raising in her arms her wretched mother,
Kneels with her burthen at the pastor's feet,
Whose trembling hands the sacrament sustains:
Scarcely had the Eucharist her eyes beheld,
O miracle!—O rapture!—A new life,
Flows through the genial current of her veins,
And Isidora's mother strength receives!
In her dim eyes a brilliant spark of joy
Shines, as she raises them to Heav'n; then
On her child she gazes, with a lively joy;
And soon, recovering from her lengthen'd trance,
She follows, with firm step, the sacred pomp.
Th' astonish'd crowd, o'erwhelm'd with fervent
joy,
Feels faith redoubled, ardour pure, and hope.
The pious daughter, now to God devoted,
Joins the chaste sisterhood, and deep secluded
For ever from the world, in sacred orison
Forms prayers unceasing for her mother's life.

S. G.

SONNET.

BY JOHN MAYNE.

SWEET sound!—I love to hear the parish-bells,
At church-time, when the villagers repair
To learn glad tidings which the preacher tells,
And bless their Maker in the House of Pray'r!
Behold them list'ning to the truths divine!
'Tis Pick'ring* preaches, dignified and clear!
Pick'ring, whose precepts in his practice shine,
Confirms their hope, and dissipates their fear!
Returning happy home through flow'ry meads,
Or struggling on in care's perplexing road,
His doctrine guides them in the path which leads
Their footsteps to the Paradise of God!

* The Rev. Joseph Pickering, perpetual
Curate of Paddington, Middlesex.

Pure Paradise! unruffled with a sigh!
Man's surest hope on earth! the day-spring from
on high!

ON INDEPENDENCE.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGIA.

I do not ask some costly vest to wear,
But one which just may shelter from the air;
And while I taste the pleasures of the muse,
The pomp of rich men's tables I refuse.
To wealth that feeds the flatterer and the knave
I scorn to stoop, and own myself its slave;
For tho' my board with less profusion shine,
Its homely dish proves liberty is mine.

CHARLEMAGNE.

The following is given as a specimen of that celebrated poem "Charlemagne," written by Lucien Bonaparte, but which has never yet appeared in print: and from which some judgment may be formed of a work which has raised such high expectations in the public mind. The extract we give is taken from the first and only part of the work that was printed.

CHANT PREMIER.

ARGUMENT.—Exposition. Invocation. Reunion des Lombards et des Grecs Iconoclastes sous les murs de Spolette. Revolte des Grecs. Sacrilege de Spolette. Fuite des Catholiques vers Rome.

LES soldats Byzantins campent aux pieds des
murs:

Leurs tentes de la ville environnent l'enceinte;
Une croix en éclats sur leurs drapeaux empreinte
Atteste leur croyance et leurs dogmes impurs.
A l'aspect imprévu de l'hérétique armée,

Dans Spolette alarmée

Le Latin est saisi d'une secrète horreur,
Mais sous le joug Lombard il gemit en silence:
Didier, traître à l'Eglise, infidèle à l'honneur,
Ose aujourd'hui des Grecs proclamer l'alliance.

Rodamir et Longin sont recus dans la ville.
Admis auprès du Roi, Longin parle en ces mots:
"Seigneur, un plein succès couronne mes tra-
vaux,

"Et j'apporte à tes pieds le fruit d'une zèle utile.
"Enfin Cesar Auguste a souscrit au traité

"Que ta bouche a dicté:

"Il renonce à Ravenne, à Rome, à l'Italie.
"A ton fils Adalgise, honneur du nom Lombard,
"Il accorde la main de sa sœur Eudoxie;
"Et les Grecs désormais suivront ton étendard.

"Auguste te promet des secours plus nombreux;
"Et, s'il le faut, lui-même, il quittera Byzance;
"Il viendra dans l'éclat de toute sa puissance
"Affermir dans tes mains le sceptre de ces lieux.
"Pour prix de ses efforts, il ne veut en partage

"Qu'un simple et pur hommage:

"Du Suprême Exarcat il te cède les droits.
"Prince, sois à jamais l'allié de l'Empire;
"Du faible Vatican foulant aux pieds les loix,
"Cesse de respecter ce que tu peux détruire."

THE ADDRESS OF A DAUGHTER TO
HER FATHER, CONJURING HIM
TO SPARE HER LIFE.

Had I the voice of Orpheus, that my song
The unbending strength of rocks might lead
along,

Melt the rude soul, and make the stubborn bow,
That voice might heaven inspire to aid me now.
But now, ungifted as I am, untaught
To pour the plaint of sorrow as I ought,
Tears, the last refuge of a suppliant's prayer,
Tears yet are mine, and those I need not spare.
Father, to thee I bow, and low on earth
Clasp the dear knees of him who gave me birth—
Have mercy on my youth! oh, think how sweet
To view the light, and glow with vital heat?
Let me not quit this cheerful scene, to brave
The dark uncertain horrors of the grave!

I was the first to whom you fondly smiled,
And straining to your bosom, called,—“ My
child!”

Canst thou forget how on thy neck I hung,
And lisp'd, “ My father!” with an infant
tongue?

How 'midst the interchange of holy bliss,
The child's caresses, and the parent's kiss,
“ And shall I see my daughter,” wouldst thou say,
“ Blooming in charms among the fair and gay?
Of some illustrious youth the worthy bride,
The beauty of his palace and the pride?”

“ Perhaps,” I answered with a playful air,
“ And dares my father hope admittance there,
Or think his prosperous child will e'er repay
His cares, and wipe the tears of age away.”
Then round the dearest neck I clung, which yet
I bathe in tears—I never can forget;
—But thou remember'st not how then I smiled—
'Tis vanish'd all—and thou wilt slay thy child.

Oh! slay me not! respect a mother's throes,
And spare her age unutterable woes!
Oh, slay me not!—or—if it be decreed—
(Great God avert it!) if thy child must bleed,
At least look on her, kiss her, let her have
Some record of her father in the grave!
Oh come, my brother! join with me in prayer!
Lift up thy little hands, and bid him spare!
Thou wouldst not lose thy sister! e'en in thee,
Poor child, exists some sense of misery—
—Look, father, look! his silence pleads for me.
We both intreat thee—I, with virgin fears,
He, with the eloquence of infant tears.

Oh, what a dreadful thought it is, to die!
To leave the freshness of this uppersky,
For the cold horrors of the funeral rite,
The land of ghosts, and everlasting night!
Oh, slay me not! the weariest life that pain,
The fever of disgrace, the lengthen'd chain
Of slavery, can impose on mortal breath,
Is real bliss “ to what we fear of death.”

F A S H I O N S

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—SEA-SIDE MORNING DRESS AND
BATHING PRESERVER.

HIGH dress of jacconet muslin, the body
closely gaged, and each gaging finished
by a very fine small bobbin. Long sleeve,
full at the top and plain to the wrist, which
is finished by a fine narrow lace. Over
this dress is worn a frock of pale amber
washing silk, the form of which is ex-
tremely novel, tasteful, and elegant; it is
sloped quite down to the bottom of the

waist in front, and buttons behind. The
trimming, which consists of blue satin rib-
band finished with fringe, is very prettily
fancied, and the general effect of the dress
is strikingly tasteful. A principal novelty,
however, is the Wellington corset, which
will be found particularly desirable for
pregnant ladies, for ladies who have had
families, or for those *belles* who are too
much inclined to what the French term
en bon point. It is tottally free from the

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smallest appearance of stiffness, and displays the natural beauties of the figure to the greatest advantage, while, at the same time, it represses that fulness which some ladies find rather troublesome in the present style of dress; and affords to pregnant ladies the greatest comfort and support. Undress lace cap, and French Pamela bonnet of white chip, ornamented with flowers, edged with net and tied with a ribband to correspond with the trimming of the dress. Blue kid gloves; and fancy leather slippers, or half-boots. The Bathing Preserver is a most ingenious and useful novelty for ladies who frequent the sea-side; as it is intended to provide them with a dress for bathing far more adapted to such purposes than any thing of the kind at present in use: and it will be found most necessary and desirable to those ladies who go to the sea-side unprovided with bathing dresses, and will relieve them from the nauseous idea of wearing the bathing coverings furnished by the guides. Mrs. Bell's Bathing Preserver is made quite in a novel manner, to which is attached a cap to be removed at pleasure, made of a delicate silk to keep the head dry. The Preserver is made of such light materials that a lady may carry it in a tasteful oiled silk bag of the same size as an ordinary lady's ridicule.

No. 2.—PAMELA EVENING DRESS.

Frock of the finest India muslin, body and sleeves of lace; the former made full, and the latter the triple epaulet, which is composed of three folds of lace. Over this dress a superb white lace French pelisse, lined with sarsnet—colour, maiden's blush, and made an trimmed in the most elegant manner. We forbear to enter into the minutia of its form as its general effect is well preserved in the Print; and ladies who may wish to inspect the original will, we are convinced, find it the most becoming and elegant pelisse that has yet appeared in the circles of fashion. This dress is intended to represent a lady in the Circassian corset, which continues in the highest estimation; it might indeed be termed, with the greatest propriety, the corset of the Graces, since nothing can display a fine form to so much advantage. It is but justice to Mrs. Bell's

taste to say, that she deserves the greatest credit as the inventress of two corsets so well suited to every stage of life, and so admirably adapted to display to advantage the slight or the full proportioned female figure; nor can our fair readers forget the improvement in their beauty which must result from wearing a corset so conducive to their health. Adieu to steel busks, long stays, and all the torturing compressions under which British beauty has so long laboured; the Circassian and Wellington corsets have, and we cordially hope for ever, banished them.

The above dresses were invented by Mrs. BELL, the Inventress of the Ladies' *Chapeaux Bras*, at her *Magazin des Modes*, No. 26, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

IN the walking costume there is but little variety since the publication of our last Number. We have observed only two actual novelties, a cloak without a name, and a pelisse distinguished by the appellation of the Russian wrap. This dress, notwithstanding its name, is a very cool, light, and elegant pelisse, and extremely appropriate to the season; it is made in white or black lace, India muslin either plain or worked, washing silk or spider net lined with slight sarsnet, the latter, we must observe, is not very general; it is made high in the neck, and, like all the other dresses of the month, is full in the body, and either gaged if sarsnet, or strips of lace let in to a fulness if muslin, &c. The collar is very novel and pretty; it is shaped in such a manner as to form at once a collar and a small round cape, which, if composed of lace, has a very elegant effect. A full sleeve, which has a piece of muslin, &c. put into the middle very full, and the fulness is drawn at regular distances, and finished with white or black silk ornaments. The pelisse wraps on the left side to nearly the middle of the back, and is sloped like a half handkerchief to a point at where it fastens

at the waist, and on that side it is sloped round to the bottom; on the other it is quite straight. The trimming is either silk fancy trimming, if the dress is sarsnet, or lace, if made in muslin, &c.

The cloak which we have mentioned was made of fine worked muslin, and formed a part of the gown of the lady who wore it. In the dress itself there was nothing of novelty, but we were much pleased with the cloak, which consisted of two pieces of muslin put on as braces in full folds across the back of the dress, they were about half a quarter in breadth; to these braces, at the point of the shoulder, is fastened on each side a piece of muslin which forms a point; it is quite straight, about three quarters of a yard in length, and half a yard in breadth; it is sewed in plaits to the brace, and is trimmed round with lace. The perfect novelty of this little cloak is perhaps its principal merit, but its appearance altogether was by no means inelegant.

For the promenade costume French bonnets, and English bonnets of a form nearly similar, continue to be in high estimation, indeed no fashionable *belle* will be seen in any thing else. It may not be superfluous to observe, that ladies who wish to be suited with elegant walking bonnets *à-la-Pamela*, will do well to look in at Mrs. Bell's *Magazin des Modes*. Connoisseurs in dress are very well aware that the same sort of thing may be made in a style either becoming or unbecoming: Mrs. Bell has contrived to render what was literally a disguise, an elegant and becoming bonnet; and she has been in consequence honoured with the most distinguished patronage.

In morning dresses the one which we have given in our Print is the only novelty deserving attention this month. Laced bodies still continue to be worn; dresses are made as much as ever off the shoulders, and waists are even shorter than they were last month. Coloured skirts and white bodies still continue to be worn with braces; but the same objections may be made to them. On the whole, the high dresses described in our last Number, must be considered as next in estimation to the one we have given in our Print.

If we turn to the dinner costume, we shall find full frock bodies (if bodies they

can be called which measure only a few inches) and short skirt, which afford rather too liberal a view of a well-turned ankle. Joking apart, we are sorry to see our fair countrywomen adopt a fashion which is neither delicate nor elegant, and which in the eyes of those whom they most wish to please, is most assuredly not thought becoming. Dinner dresses are mostly made in clear muslin; we have seen some in sarsnet, but except in white, sarsnets are on the decline. White sarsnet is in very high estimation; coloured ones, if worn at all, continue to be ornamented with silk fancy trimming, but white is generally trimmed with lace. The frock which we are about to describe is the only novelty of any consequence that has been introduced. Body of white lace, composed of alternate strips of letting-in and plain lace, the latter double the breadth of the former, and sewed very full to the other, which is plain; these strips are put lengthways, and the waist is finished, as is also the bosom of the dress, with a broad scalloped lace. The lace round the waist has a novel and very tasteful effect. Short full sleeve to correspond with the body, and finished with three rows of narrow scalloped lace placed one above another. The bottom of the skirt is finished with white satin folds laid on in waves, and edged at top and bottom with narrow scalloped lace; a deep flounce of scalloped lace goes round the gown. It is needless to observe that this dress is very expensive, but it is certainly truly elegant.

In full dress, frocks and draperies of white lace continue in the highest estimation; French gauze frocks, with bodies and short sleeves of ribband net, are next to them. Crape declines in favour, but is still worn by a few *élegantes*. Lace draperies do not differ in their form from those of the last month; but while we are upon the subject of lace, we must observe, that the astonishing perfection to which our bobbin net has been brought, has raised it to the highest estimation on the Continent as well as at home; a friend just returned from Paris having assured us, that a veil, or a dress, of this lace, is the most acceptable present which can be made to a Parisian *belle*. The French gauze frocks of which we have spoken, are made in all the

fashionable colours of the month; their form is a simple frock, fastened up behind with small fancy silk ornaments; and the body, which is made to fit the shape without any fulness, is composed of ribband net to correspond in colour with the dress; or if the frock is white, the body and sleeves are of any of the fashionable colours for the month.

The sleeve, which is short and full, is not novel, but it is extremely tasteful, its form is an epaulet, and is finished, as is the bottom of the dress, with scalloped floss silk fancy trimming of peculiar beauty, which is laid on round the bottom of the skirt in waves. This tasteful little dress has all that *jaunte* air so peculiar to the French fashions, without any of that glare which so often distinguishes them; on the contrary, it is simply elegant.

Some alteration has taken place in the manner of dressing the hair since our last Number; it is worn much fuller on the temples, and in large loose curls. Some *elegantes* also adopt the perfect Grecian style of braiding it on the forehead, and twisting it up behind. We have to observe that either style of dressing the hair can

be becoming only to those ladies who are critically beautiful.

In half-dress, small lace caps, ornamented with a fancy flower, or lace handkerchiefs twisted among the ringlets of the hair, are very much worn; as is also little cottage caps, made of intermingled ribband and lace.

In full-dress, tiaras of diamond or pearl, are, we think, higher in estimation than any other ornament. Turbans made of gauze or crape handkerchiefs, embroidered in silk or silver, are also much in request for matronly *belles*. Pearl sprigs and artificial flowers are in very high estimation for our juvenile fair ones.

In jewellery we have nothing new to announce.

Dress and walking shoes and boots continue the same as last month; but we have to remark that the form of dress slippers is certainly very far from appropriate, they are too much over the instep. Fashionable colours for the month continue the same as the last, with the exception of the pigeon's wing, a beautiful colour in shot silk; it is blue and pink, and forms one of the most striking colours we have seen.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE THEATRES.

HAYMARKET.—A new piece, or Harlequinade, called *Doctor Hocus Pocus*, was produced at this Theatre on Friday night, Aug. 12, which drew together a large audience, under the expectation that it proceeded from the pen of Mr. Colman. We believe the expectation to have been well founded.

Mr. Colman is an author of very brilliant powers, and he is unquestionably at the head of the comic writers of the day; but, of late, he has exhibited a melancholy propensity to relinquish that more polished and legitimate humour which shines forth in many of his comedies, for a kind of low *slang* and buffoonery, which discredits both the stage and himself. He has been desirous to substitute waggonery for wit, and to extract a laugh out of such coarse materials as we should have thought would disgust a classical taste like his.—Nothing, we should conceive, is more easy than to contrive humour, if a writer impose no restraint upon himself; if he chooses to exercise himself in an unbounded range, and trespass

upon ground hitherto set apart for other purposes. Farce, undoubtedly, allows extravagance. Its very character is oddity; its existence is drawn out of caricature. But life itself is so distorted by folly, and depraved by affectation, that it is easy to obtain all that Farce requires, within the compass of real existence.—But to the piece before us.—It was preceded by a Prologue of some humour, (which is subjoined,) written by Mr. Colman, and delivered by Mr. Terry.—This actor, by the way, is not much known to the public: he is a man of great talents and advancing reputation, but he seems to aim to form himself too much after the model of King, and thereby becomes hard and morose.—King had a mind of *canine* humour peculiar to himself.—Terry, in his attempt to imitate it, becomes rigid and dry.—The severity of King, mixed up with the mellowness of Munden, would make a good comedian; something between the Diogenes and Momus.

The first scene of this piece presented the study of *Doctor Hocus Pocus*, embellished with all the apparatus of necromancy, and appearing

to be a fit laboratory for the conjuror of a Pantomime. In this workshop of magic, *Harlequin* appears asleep on a couch, the *Doctor* having administered to him a narcotic, consisting of a chapter and half of a modern novel, and ten lines of a modern epic poem. *Harlequin* is now roused from his slumber, and ordered by the *Doctor* to proceed to the house of *Sir Peter Pantaloon*, for the purpose of relieving *Angeletta*, "a warbler in love," from durance, and delivering her to her lover *Leander*. The *Doctor*, it seemed, was not instigated by gallantry, but by the desire of triumphing over his great rival *Doctor Conjurocus*, whose power, as a magician, by some miraculous relation of cause and effect, depended upon *Angeletta's* continuing a maid. *Harlequin* is in love with *Columbine*, who is in the house of *Sir Peter Pantaloon*; and as the lady had some scruples in allowing his addresses because he was black, the *Doctor* determines to have him washed white. For this purpose the globe is transformed into a washing tub, the telescope into pieces of soap, and the sphynxes into two robust laundresses.—*Harlequin* thus passes through every process of ablution and mangling, and at length, in the person of Mr. Matthews, appears completely whitened. Several devices are contrived for the escape of the fair captives from *Sir Peter Pantaloon*, an exceedingly ludicrous personage. The beginning went off with complete success. Mr. Gomery and Mr. Tokely, in *Pierot* the servant, and *Sir Peter*, and *Scaramouch* the companion of *Harlequin*, and servant of *Hocus Pocus*, were extremely amusing. Mr. Matthews, in *Harlequin*, had not a sufficient scope for his peculiar powers. He found it necessary to use a stick, which must have somewhat lessened the effect. In one scene, where he disguised himself as "Jackey long legs," it was impossible to conceive any thing more perfect than the modification of his voice, in imitating a child six years old. One scene represented the bridge and pagoda in St. James's Park, together with the ascent of a balloon and parachute, the latter bearing off *Sir Peter*, very much to his distress, and the entertainment of the audience. The first scenes were extremely lively and ludicrous, and the dialogue contained many sharp hits at the reigning follies of the day; but, as the piece advanced, the audience became partially discontented. The conclusion of it was received with marks of disapprobation. By compressing the scenes, and omitting a few very flat tricks, it might be made an amusing piece.

PROLOGUE TO DOCTOR HOCUS POCUS,

BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

Unmindful of Dramatic laws to night,
We break them all,—great ARISTOTLE slight;
Nay, put e'en POSSIBILITY to flight;
Patch up with HARLEQUIN a wild alliance,
And set our big-wig Judges at defiance.
And Thee, who many a Scribbler's suit has
heard,
Dear NONSENSE! Goddess of the sweet Absurd!

Thee we invoke;—not thee, her silly twin,
At whose mere held-up finger idiots grin;
But thee, by whose anomaly of rule
The wisest seasonably play the fool;
While Thought unbends, of relaxation glad,
And Reason's self runs rationally mad,
Ye Critics, when ye pat a Playwright's skull,
And cry, "be thou correct, however dull,"
Should every dramatist your precepts keep,
Then none would go to hiss, but all would go to sleep.

Our Poet, loth dull Safety's path to plod,
Would rather hear you growl, than see you nod;
And dashes now, at scenes with scarce a plan,
To move your iron muscles, if he can.
If he should prove, which would not be surprising,
Too ludicrous for sleep, or criticising,
Why your alternatives are clear as day—
Viz.—either laugh like mad, or go away.
Yet, oh! the first of these two methods chuse,
For rarely Englishmen of sense refuse
Indulgence e'en to follies that amuse;
But heavy folly ne'er can please, depend on't—
Should ours be dull, damn us, and there's an end on't.

LYCEUM.—On Tuesday, Aug. 16, was produced at this Theatre a Piece entitled *Harlequin Hoax*; or, *a Pantomime Proposed*. It is said to be the composition of Mr. T. Dibdin, a gentleman long accustomed to the stage, and whose writings abound in that kind of grotesque humour, which is the delight of the present day. *Harlequin Hoax* is written upon the plan of Sheridan's *Critic*. The design is to shew the humours of a Pantomime rehearsed, and to open to the audience a little of the secret history which passes behind the scenes: and, above all, to set forth in a ludicrous light some of the vexations and difficulties of a Manager's office in a theatre. This piece is put together with a great deal of humour, and as the actors appear in their natural characters, there is a degree of novelty produced which is extremely entertaining.

The Pantomime itself, which is rehearsed on the Stage, gives an opportunity for some excellent dialogue between Raymond, Liston, and Knight; the latter of whom performs the part of *Patch*, the author of the Pantomime.—The dialogue is not the ordinary stuff which is expected in such pieces—It soars much above it, and now and then ascends into the regions of true wit and humour. There is an excellent medley song given to Miss Kelly, and a whimsical imitation of Braham by Liston.—We must not omit to speak of the scenery of this Pantomime, which furnishes a kind of panorama picture of the late festivities in London: namely, the Procession to St. Paul's, the Naumachia in Hyde Park, and the Fire-works in St. James's Park.—A balloon is likewise let off.—The concluding scene, in which the fire-works are exhibited on the stage, is excellent.—We had no conception that there was a capacity for it in this theatre.

Upon the whole, this piece is likely to be a constant source of attraction to the theatre during the remainder of the season.—It is truly (in the language of the play-bills) performed nightly to overflowing audiences, and received with the loudest applause. We must not here omit a passing word to Mr. Raymond, the manager, and principal performer in the piece.—That part, which Raymond performs so well behind the curtain, he exhibits with great spirit and nature upon the stage in this piece.—He submits with great good humour, and good sense, to a number of personal jokes upon himself. His merits, however, in every province, are so well appreciated by the town, that this condescension tends more to advance than to diminish them.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. James Kidd, has nearly ready for the press a work on the *Trinity*; the plan entirely new.

The Rev. Wm. Anderson has in the press, a *Sketch of the History of the House of Romanoff*, the reigning family of Russia, with a brief account of the present state of that empire.

Mr. Nichols's *History of Leicestershire* will, in a few months, receive an appropriate completion, by elaborate Indexes compiled under his inspection.

Picturesque Views of Public Edifices in Paris, with appropriate letter-press, will soon appear, in medium quarto; containing about twenty views drawn by Messrs. Testard and Segard, and engraved by Mr. Rosenberg.

Mr. J. Faithorn, formerly surgeon in the East India Company's service, will soon publish, *Facts and Observations on Liver Complaints and Bilious Affections in general*; deduced from long practice in various climates, and illustrated by cases.

Sermons selected from the manuscripts of the late Rev. Samuel Palmer, of Hackney, are printing in an octavo volume.

The *Codex Alexandrinus* is about to be printed in fac-simile, by order of the House of Commons, at the public expence.

Mr. J. D'Alton, of Dublin, will soon publish, in a quarto volume, *Dermid, or Erin in the days of Boru*, a romance in twelve cantos.

Mr. Myers, of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, has in the press, a *Practical Treatise on finding the Latitude and Longitude at Sea*; translated from the French of M. de Rossel, with additional tables and other improvements.

Mr. Jamison has a work in the press on the *Nature of the Terrestrial Globe and Maps*, the Principles of Projection, and the Construction of Maps; systematically arranged, and scientifically illustrated by eighteen plates of diagrams.

Mrs. Hanway, author of *Ellinor*, &c. has in the press *Christiabella, the Maid of Rouen*, a story founded on fact.

A lady has in the press, a work on the *Theology and Mythology of the Heathens*, in a duodecimo volume with several plates.

The Exile, a Russian poem, written in England, and translated from the original MS. of the author, who fell in the battle before Dresden, will soon appear.

Baron Daldorf has nearly ready for publication, in four volumes, *Castle de Courcy, or the Vicissitudes of Revolutionary Commotion*.

The Rev. William Bingley, already distinguished by his literary labours, has undertaken the *History of Hampshire*, and is pursuing it with assiduity.

MANNERS OF THE FRENCH.

(Continued from our last.)

M. Duterrier, my next door neighbour, is one of the most original characters that can be conceived; he is abstraction personified, if I may so express myself; he profoundly nourishes that principle, (happily without imparting therefrom any thing of consequence,) that evil spreads through the world, as the elements which are necessary in the composition of that world; that good is merely accidental, and an anomaly in the order of things. With an excellent heart, which every moment defeats his systems, his mania is to prove that every thing is reduced to numerical science; and that the chance of virtue, vice, or passion, may be calculated like a game of tennis or chess, in the latter of which he excels. It is right to observe that his character has nothing to do with these ideas; and that this man, so mistaken in his moral system, so plegmatic, so obstinate in his discussions, is a good citizen in the oldest and best acceptation of the word; and is so firm a friend, that he does not allow himself, in his conduct towards others, the smallest error which is inimical to that sacred character.

I often delight in opposing him to M. de Cle-nord, whom nature seems to have formed expressly to be his contrast. This gentleman, with the most mild and conciliating manners, and the most affectionate behaviour, with an amiable deportment, and a sterling and natural wit, is, though sixty years of age, a most perfect model of what was once styled, a man of the first fashion. After having passed his youth at court, and having been the owner of an immense fortune, which he enjoyed with elegance, and which he as elegantly lost, he lives now on the moderate income of two thousand livres a year, without seeming to regret the past, otherwise than by that strain of irony and ridicule which he disseminates willingly enough on the present order of things.

Our fourth acquaintance, with whom we are very intimate, is named Fremenville, a relation of my wife's, a little giddy man of about forty-five; occupying, without filling it, a place of

about a thousand crowns a year at a banker's, his relation, who is probably rich enough to have a clerk who does nothing.

Fremenville pretends to be the man of fashion : he never fails to go every morning to his counting-house on horseback, booted, in spurs, and a whip in his hand: the language of the young men who frequent the Coffee-houses, is what he speaks the most readily, though he has both sense and education sufficient to adopt much better. He treats the most serious subjects as he would a common jest; and never speaks seriously, except it is on Italian music, of which he is passionately fond; though he can never distinguish it from any other, except by the names of the composers ending in *i* or *o*.

In order to be acquainted with the chief personages which compose our little society, I must add to those I have already named, M. Moussinot, the landlord of the house which I inhabit, and who comes every fortnight to invite me to sup with him in order not to derogate from his accustomed habit of going to bed every night precisely at ten. This M. Moussinot, whose regard for his tenants is always according to their exactitude in the payment of their rent, has conceived a very high opinion of me, and for which my wife ought to take the sole credit. Nature has given to this good man a great desire to talk much; but has taken from him the most requisite faculty, as he has a singular impediment in his speech, which causes him to be a long time in expressing himself, so that he is continually interrupted.

Last Sunday our little table was completely filled; my wife, who could not go to chapel that morning, to hear the mass performed in honour of the King, was rather out of humour; Fremenville thought he perceived, that as she was dressing the sallad, she did not know what she was about; he remarked it. "That is my business, cousin," replied she: "if every one did what they ought, or acted according to what they know, things would go on better."

Duterrier.—Madame de Montliver has pointed out the exact cause of all our disorders; very few people act up to what they know, and there are yet fewer who do what they ought.

Dubuisson.—If places are not well filled, it is the fault of those who have the giving them away, for they might chuse better; competitors are not wanting.

Duterrier.—No, by my faith; if competitors for places were only such as were qualified to fill them. You see I exclude nine-tenths of those who are on the list, when I say talent and probity are the sole requisites, from the candidates for the ministry to the youngest clerks of a compting-house.

M. Guillaume.—I did not think talent and probity were so scarce.

Duterrier.—Because we never gave to those terms more than half their value. We are apt to say a man has probity, because we dare leave a trunk unlocked in his presence; and that he

has talent when he defends an ill subject well. Independently of this common kind of probity, there is another, a relative talent for every position in which a man may chance to be placed. The probity of a man of law implies the most rigorous justice, an inflexible character, an irreproachable conscience; his talent must shew itself to proceed from a sound judgment, an enlightened mind, the love of truth, and an aptitude in discovering it. Suppose we speak of an employment given to a man of letters: let the pretenders to literature never have cause to blush at their success; let them never be given to plagiarisms; let them never sell their principles, so as to offer incense to the idol that they have disparaged but the day before: let them not make use of the art of combining flowery sentences with harmonious cadences, producing only insipid periods, in order to supply the place of imagination and ideas.

Moussinot.—I know very well what talent the owner of a house ought to have, it is to make his lodgers pay regularly; and thank God, I acquit myself pretty well; but as to his probity—

Fremenville.—It is to keep his house in good repair, to prevent his apartments from smoking before he lets them; and not to wait to raise the rent of a lodger till that lodger is at some unavoidable expence. What do you say, M. Moussinot, are you possessed of that probity?

Moussinot.—Every one ought to make the best of what he has.

Clenord.—Even of what belongs to the public; this is what some people understand wonderfully well.

Duterrier.—And even without losing the character of an honest man in the world's opinion: remark that. I know a certain man at the head of a public office who enjoys an excellent reputation, and who only has to circumvent adroitly, to be thought devoted to public good. There is more than one upright judge who would throw a man out of the window who would dare to offer him a bribe; but nevertheless, justice would be nothing in the balance with him, against the tears or the smiles of a pretty woman; nay, even the credit of a man in power would turn the scale. This want of probity is seen amongst every class; your cookmaid, whom you allow to spend what money she pleases for the kitchen, does not scruple to make a perquisite on every article she purchases in the market.

Madame de Montliver.—And boast too with her sister cooks that she has done it, while she spends with them, what she calls, *the market penny*.

M. Guillaume.—As to such people they merit only contempt; but Duclos was right, when he said, "*A man who sells his honour, sells it always for more than it is worth.*"

Duterrier.—That is one of those moral truths, which is only applicable to dangerous paradoxes. A man sells me his conscience for one hundred thousand crowns; but this merchandize causes

me to gain six hundred thousand francs; therefore the honour of that man is worth more than he sold it for. For the interest of society, I think our moralist should have set a higher price upon honour, instead of lowering it. If every one speculated in this kind of traffic,—if every one estimated his honour more than it was worth, fewer people would be desirous of setting a price on it.

Fremenville.—It is competition which spoils the trade.

Clenord.—Reform is wanted both in morals and in the state; I would only mention one, which made may lead to another. I would write the words, *honour, probity, talent*, on the door of every institution or establishment, and on that of every public office.

Fremenville.—That is an Utopian device.

Clenord.—No, for no one should be able to procure a place, that could not apply this device to himself.

Fremenville.—Mercy on us! how many people are you going to turn into the street?

M. Guillaume.—Fortunately for them they are generally believed on their bare word.

Duterrier.—I would only desire of them to give as a chief guarantee for the confidence of government, the consideration they hold in their own families.

Madame de Montliver.—Gentlemen, the desert is on the table: so no more argument nor reasoning, I forewarn you; cousin Fremenville, it is your turn to speak.

The remainder of the evening passed in that kind of conversation from which, I believe, Plutarch could not find any thing worth selecting.

GUILLAUME THE FREE SPEAKER.

GRAND NATIONAL JUBILEE ON THE FIRST OF AUGUST, 1814.

It would appear, that the conductors of the Fete entertained some alarms respecting the possible conduct of the populace in the Parks, which occasioned them to issue the following public notification on Monday morning, (1st August) which was posted round the scenes of mirth and merriment:—

“August 1st is the day fixed for a Grand National Jubilee, being the Centenary of the accession of the Illustrious Family of Brunswick to the Throne of this Kingdom, and the Anniversary of the Battle of the Nile.

“Hyde Park, in which there will be a Grand Fair, is entirely open to the people.

“The Green Park will also be entirely open to the people.

“The Mall of St. James’s Park, and Constitution-hill, will also be open to the people, to enter by Spring-gardens and New-street gates.

“The Lawn in St. James’s Park, and the Bird-sage walk, will be devoted to those who have purchased tickets.”

Then follows a description of the accommodation prepared for the public. The conclusion ran thus:—

“Let not the people, therefore, listen to those who would poison their minds—to those who are the constant enemies of all public joy. Let them be assured, that the object of the peaceful festival is to give to all ranks and orders, a grateful occasion to indulge in that full participation of happiness to which their perseverance, in a most sanguinary and trying contest, crowned with unprecedented success, has so richly entitled them.”

DESCRIPTION OF THE FETE.

Never, perhaps, in the annals of this vast metropolis, has the curiosity of hundreds of thousands of the public been more eagerly and anxiously excited than by the announcement of the festival of Monday the 1st of August. Great perplexity seemed to have been caused by the extensive preparations for this occasion not having been sufficiently forwarded during the stay of the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the long train of royal, princely, and illustrious personages, who paid this country the honours of their visit.

It was at first understood, that it was to be combined with some grand plan of entertainment to be given by the Prince Regent on that occasion. After their departure for the Continent, different days were mentioned, but still it was to be in celebration of the peace so happily accomplished under the auspices of his Royal Highness.

Day after day had been named, and anxiety had been still kept on its full stretch. Delay did not appear to diminish expectation, or cool desire; which seem, on the contrary, to have even increased under deferred hope. Whatever political or moral criticisms may have been employed on this subject, it is an indisputable fact, that so immense a number of the people at large were never brought together in any previous instance, by any description of public rejoicings on any of the great events which have so often gilded the page of British story.

Monday being positively fixed, no farther fears were entertained, save from the caprice of the elements. A showery day was an accident against which no human precaution could provide; and notice was given, early on Monday morning, that in the event of unfavourable weather, farther postponement would be necessary. Monday morning came, and, at an early hour, its appearance covered many a fair countenance with the gloom of disappointment. The sky was darkened and the rain descended, and the expected pleasures of the day were given up for the moment as lost. Sunday had been uncommonly fine; the eve of the festal day had in a manner commenced the entertainment, and thousands promenading the Parks had almost outwatched the moon. The apprehension of disappointment was, however, suddenly relieved; for between

ten and eleven the sun re-appeared, beaming in all his glory, and shedding his brightest refulgence on the scene.—The inhabitants of the metropolis, and the countless numbers who had come to it from “all the country round,” had nothing now to interfere with their hopes, or to prevent them from getting ready as soon as they pleased, and throwing themselves into the vortex of festivity and rejoicing. The appearance of all the streets leading towards the Parks was without any parallel that we know of. The shops in some streets were shut up; all were walking, or running, or riding in the same direction. It was difficult to proceed in an opposite one. Myriads of persons of both sexes, of all ages, and of all ranks, in all their respective variety of dress, were seen flocking to the selected spots. A stranger dropped into the street, knowing nothing of the matter, might easily have supposed from the universal eagerness and interest, that some event was to take place far greater than even the splendid exhibitions which all were hastening to witness.

Every disposition was made to give *éclat* to a Fete which may be termed national in every sense. The study of the able characters who have managed the whole, was to provide accommodations for all parties, and the happiness of all orders. Hyde Park was entirely open to the public, with a grand fair, possessing amusements and accommodation equal to the arrangements in the other Parks. The Green Park was also open to the people, with the Mall, to which the public had access up New-street and Spring-gardens, as far as Constitution Hill. The lower part of the Park, and the Bird-cage-walk, were reserved for such persons as chose to purchase tickets in order to avoid the crowd. Every precaution was taken for their happiness, comfort, and security—There were amusements in abundance, to gratify all; and to prevent the pressure that would have been felt at one general exhibition, all the amusements began nearly at one time, in consequence of which the body of spectators was separated by being drawn to distant parts of the Park, where the entertainments were going on.

By an excellent and judicious arrangement, no carriages or horsemen were permitted to enter the Parks, or remain stationary near the avenues. The gates remained shut all the forenoon, and the public were informed by notice, that they would not be admitted before two o'clock. They were also requested, for their own convenience, not to assemble round the doors before the appointed time of admission. All the notices, which, we must say, were worded with delicacy and great respect for the people, were most punctually and willingly obeyed. Constables were stationed at the New-street entrance, Spring-gardens, and other entrances, but we did not hear of any improper conduct on the part of those admitted. At two o'clock there was certainly a great rush into the Park, and the torrent con-

tinued pouring in, until the Green Park was one compact mass of persons. It presented a most extraordinary sight. Heads were seen rising one above the other up Constitution-Hill, as regularly as though they had been packed together. While every spot of grass was concealed by the multitude, the trees appeared bending under the weight of persons who took their stations on the branches. Several large limbs broke down with ten or twenty men. We understand they were severely bruised, but no lives lost. There could not be a manifestation of more desire to share in the general joy provided for all classes of his Majesty's subjects.

Having given a slight sketch of the general effect of the superb arrangements, and feeling on the part of the public, we shall proceed to describe, as concisely as we can, the various amusements.

INCLOSURE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

The company with tickets entered by Fluyder-street, Storey's Gate, Buckingham Gate, and Queen's-square. Many of the nobility entered through Lord Melbourne's and other houses in the Park within the fence, which extended from the Horse Guards to the railway near the canal. There was also another fence enclosing Buckingham House and the lawn. The company found within the inclosure all that could charm the eye and delight the mind. On the south bank of the canal, tents were erected, to afford coolness and refreshment to the company. Between the tents appeared flags of all nations, with superb crescents, and stars of variegated lamps.

The trees were entwined by lamps and pleasing ornaments of various descriptions. At some distance from the above range, there was another, consisting of large rooms for dancing, taverns, coffee-houses, and places affording comfortable refreshment.

Nearly all the wherries on the canal were occupied by company, rowing up and down with bands of music, and all the appendages to a regatta. Several wagers were disputed by the watermen, who pulled the length of the canal and back again to win the prize. The race was not given to the swift on this occasion, because judgment was wanted rather than strength. The piece of water being narrow, the competitors found some difficulty in turning, and in that operation the last was frequently first. The company received great amusement by these trials of skill.

The spectators who paid half-a-guinea for admittance, and those who paid nothing were each surprisingly deceived. The half-guineas supposed of course they would be placed in a situation to see every thing the most curious, instead of which they were boxed up within the green inclosure of St. James's Park, where they saw the Canal, the boats, the Chinese bridge, the Pagoda, and the Balloon to be sure admirably; but of the other and most beautiful parts of the

entertainment they saw nothing. They did not attempt Hyde Park, supposing that to be a mere diversion to draw off the mob; and of the great Temple in the Green Park they saw nothing but the top and the rockets. The whole company crowded to the gravel inside of Buckingham Gate, where they could have a glimpse of the Temple through the trees, and where they could at the same time see the Chinese bridge over the Canal, from both of which rockets alternately and rapidly sprang; but the Temple being in a hollow, screened by large thick trees, nothing more than the very top point of it could be discovered. The half-guinea spectators saw nothing of its grandeur or beauty. Those, on the contrary, who paid nothing for admittance, saw every thing well; but supposing the best things would be selected for the view of the persons who paid, thousands of them left Hyde Park early, or declined going thither, thereby missing the grandest sight exhibited, namely, the burning of the ships on the Serpentine.

We were rather surprised to find so little in the musical way provided for the public. We heard nothing but a band now and then at the Queen's house, and something, we believe, occasionally near the Royal booth; but it was much missed in the Park.

THE BALLOON.

The lawn in front of Buckingham House was enclosed for the purpose of filling, and sending up a balloon. At five o'clock a most magnificent aerial globe was sufficiently inflated, and nearly all the spectators crowded round the spot. The Queen, some time after, came with a party of the nobility who had taken an early dinner with her Majesty, to inspect the apparatus by which it was filling. Her Majesty was attended by the Duke of Wellington, Lord Liverpool, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Rivers, Lord Burghersh, Lord Buckinghamshire, the Marquis Wellesley, the Princesses, and several Peeresses. The noblemen all wore the full-dress Windsor uniform. Having returned to the house, her Majesty took her station with the Princesses at the centre window. On the lawn, within the railing, seats were placed for the nobility, many of whom were there. About six o'clock the car was brought to the balloon, to be fastened to the cords of the netting. It was remarkably neat, being formed of crimson silk, with yellow fancy ornaments, a rose-colour canopy and flags, bearing appropriate labels. Just before the balloon ascended, guns in Hyde-park announced the attack of the supposed enemy's fleet in the Serpentine, and a vast number left Constitution Hill and the Green Park in consequence.

Notwithstanding the favourable weather in which Mr. Sadler, jun. ascended from St. James's Park on Monday the 1st of August, he encountered more danger than any recent aerial traveller whom we recollect. Though the balloon was ready to ascend about six o'clock, its flight was

delayed a few minutes, that her Majesty and the Princesses might witness the ascent. At twenty minutes past six, when the cords which held the balloon were ready to be cut, it was found that the fastening which secures the network to the valve at the top of the balloon, had by some means been disengaged, and was held only by a single twine. Under these circumstances, the new aspirant to celestial excursions, Mrs. Henry Johnson, was informed, that she could not possibly accompany Mr. Sadler in his voyage, without imminent danger to both. Mrs. Johnson, still anxious to ascend, expressed her hope, that means might yet be devised to admit of her doing so with safety. The Duke of Wellington, who conversed with Mrs. J. on the subject, undertook to ascertain the fact; and his Grace was so fully convinced of the danger, that he strongly recommended Mr. Sadler to decline his voyage altogether. This enterprising young aeronaut, however, feeling for the disappointment of the public, and for his own honour, was determined to go up, and he ascended about twenty-four minutes past six. Whilst the balloon was still hovering over the Park, he threw from it a number of small paper parachutes, with jubilee favors attached to them, bearing various inscriptions. When above the London Docks the balloon appeared for a short time nearly stationary, and it was not until a quantity of ballast was thrown out, that a quicker motion could be given to it. On passing over Deptford, at a considerable height, Mr. Sadler went through a cloud which left behind it, on the railing of the car, and on various parts of the balloon, a thick moisture, which soon became frozen; and Mr. Sadler, for a short time, felt the cold as intense as in winter. Immediately over Woolwich, the string which fastened the net, as was apprehended, suddenly broke, and the main body of the balloon was forced quickly through the aperture, nearly eighteen feet. Mr. Sadler, to prevent the danger which threatened him, caught the pipe at the bottom of the balloon, and by hanging on it and the valve line, he prevented the balloon from farther escaping. The valve, which had for some time resisted every attempt to open it, in consequence of being frozen, at this time gave way, and suffered the gas to escape. A sudden shift of wind, whilst the balloon was apparently falling into the middle of the Thames at Sea Reach, carried it about 100 yards over the marshes on the Essex side, when the aeronaut seized the opportunity of making a gash in the balloon with his knife, which the wind considerably widened, and occasioned the escape of the gas in great quantities. Mr. Sadler's descent on this account was rather more precipitate and violent than he could have wished. He landed, however, in Mucking Marshes, sixteen miles below Gravesend, on the Essex coast, without sustaining any other injury than a slight sprain, in about forty minutes after his departure from the Park. A fisherman of the name of Mansbridge, fearing

that the balloon might fall into the Thames, followed its course as nearly as he could with his boat, to afford any assistance in his power.

Mr. Sadler, jun. arrived on Tuesday morning August 2d, a little before three o'clock, at the Queen's Palace, in a post chaise and four. He brought with him his balloon in the chaise, and had his car fastened on the roof. The arrangements connected with all the balloons exhibited on the 1st of August, were under the superintendence of Mr. Gyles, the master-cooper of the Royal Laboratory, and did that gentleman great credit.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales was kindly invited to partake of the Jubilee Fete, which she, however, declined, giving the preference to the association of her Royal aunts at Windsor, whose indisposition prevented them also from being present on the joyous occasion.

ILLUMINATIONS.

At eight o'clock they began to illuminate the Pagoda and Chinese bridge. It is scarcely possible to give a just description of the effulgence produced by this magnificent structure. All that we have read or seen, with respect to brilliancy, falls very short indeed of these luminous objects. The two grand pillars, forming the ascent to the bridge, were crowned by suns, displaying in the centre G. P. R.

The rail-way formed in the Chinese mode was admirably expressed. Each division was marked by lamps with great accuracy. Stone work on the side of the bridge was admirably made out by rows of lamps. On each side of the arch a grand star was raised on a pedestal, with a lozenge, which produced a most dazzling brilliancy. The top was adorned with stars that added to the beauty of the whole. The lights on the right and left of the canal produced a grand display of brilliancy.

THE NAVAL ARCHWAY.

This embellishment, which formed a bridge from the lawn of the Queen's House to the Green Park, was a tribute to our gallant officers in the navy. The names of "Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent, Collingwood, Broke, Sanmarez, Exmouth," &c. were displayed in large letters, with chaplets of laurel. It was, on the whole, a most brilliant design.

The mall of the Park was illuminated with Chinese lanterns, ornamented with picturesque and grotesque devices, and every tree had variegated lights intermingled with its foliage. Bands of music were stationed at various distances, and spaces were provided on different parts of the lawn; but, as we before observed, they were but few in number.

FIRE-WORKS.

Whilst the illuminations were in progress, and the spectators in anxious expectation of the approaching hour when the grand fire-

works were intended to commence, the public anxiety was relieved by the sound of the cannon in Hyde Park. The effect was most pleasing, not only from the rapidity of each echoing roar, succeeding to another, so as to produce upon the ear the liveliest sensations of the hour of battle, but from the associations which the occasion excited in every breast. The naval heroes of England instantly became the topic of conversation in every circle, and their share in the splendid and happy occasion then celebrating was acknowledged with gratitude and with glory. About ten o'clock, the Chinese bridge was completely lighted up. Imagination cannot conceive an object more splendid and magnificent. The bridge, pillars, pagoda, &c. were so completely lighted as to appear a structure of flaming gold. The water beneath, reflecting the light of the bridge as well as of the stars and crescents on each side, and agitated by a thousand dashing oars, presented an appearance which it is impossible to describe for variety and grandeur. The temple was illuminated so as to appear a fortress, and to that quarter all eyes were instantaneously directed by the discharge of cannon, which was understood to announce the commencement of the fire-works. The public expectation was wrought to the highest pitch, and even exceeded by the result. It is impossible to give even a remote idea of the effect produced by the firing of guns in rapid succession against the temple, then presenting the appearance of a fortress, and the ascent of globes of fire, some bursting into the air in a thousand stars, and some rising in the most perfect brilliancy, all instantaneously proceeding from the Chinese bridge and the temple. The arrangement and variety of the fire-works were truly admirable. At one moment rockets rapidly pursued each other, and burst at such an extraordinary height in the air, that, in some instances, the explosion was scarcely heard. Again there appeared copious and magnificent clusters of rockets, stunning the ear with rapid and irregular explosions, varying in colour and in splendour, and intersecting each other in numberless irregular lines.

Each of the Congreve rockets contains in itself a world of smaller rockets: as soon as it is discharged from the gun, it bursts and flings aloft into the air innumerable parcels of flame, brilliant as the brightest stars: the whole atmosphere is illuminated by the delicate blue light, which threw an air of enchantment over the trees and lawns, and made even the motley groups of universal London become interesting as an assembly in romance. These several smaller rockets then burst again, and a shower of fiery light descends to the earth, and extends over many yards.

That sort of fire-work called the girandole was very frequently displayed, in different colours, and was decidedly the most beautiful of the whole. Nothing of the kind could be imagined finer.

The spectators were equally astonished and de-

lighted by the grandeur and diversity of the fire-works during two hours, the period of their continuance, without intermission. Some of the most splendid and beautiful were seen to ascend from near the Royal Booth. When the appearance of the fire works seemed to slacken, the cannon again began to roar in the neighbourhood of the temple. Many guns were then fired in quick and terrific succession. A cloud of smoke was soon formed, so as completely to envelope the temple, hiding it wholly from the eyes of the spectators. The volumes of smoke and flame gave a complete image of "the dire hot breath of war" rolling along with terrific but pleasing grandeur.

The chief fault of the amusement, however, was its insufferable length, in consequence of the wearisome repetition of the same fire-works. Whatsoever is not the object of reason, and sanctioned by its high ordinances, cannot bear to be seen often.

In the mean time, most unfortunately, the beautiful Chinese edifice on the bridge, from which many of the grandest fire-works were discharged, and which presented so fine an appearance, by some accident took fire. At first it was supposed that the building was not really affected, but the violence of the flames, and the descent of lighted fragments of wood into the water beneath, soon removed all doubt. The engines were brought to bear upon it so promptly, that the bridge was saved from destruction, even after part of it had taken fire. After the Pagoda had been burning for a considerable time it suddenly gave way, and the part from the third pyramid story to the top, fell blazing with a tremendous crash into the water. The engines having been ready on the spot, and brought to bear with great promptness and effect, soon succeeded in extinguishing the remainder. We regret to say, that two persons were understood to have been severely injured; both of whom are since dead.

THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD.

Short description of the allegorical Transparent Paintings, designed and executed by Messrs. Howard, Stothard, Smirke, Woodforde, Dawe, Hilton, &c. forming part of the decorations of the Temple erected in the Green Park.

By this time the guns had ceased firing, and the temple began to appear, not only from the smoke of the guns having disappeared to a considerable degree, but from the extraordinary change in its own appearance. It now presented an appearance of astonishing grandeur and brilliancy as the Temple of Peace. So magnificent was the spectacle presented to the eye, that it was received with an immediate and universal burst of applause. The whole fabric was so completely illuminated as to appear a building of fire, but having, at the same time, the pedestal, pillars, and all the other parts distinctly and accurately visible, with all the decorations.

The upper and lower pictures on each side are connected in subjects, those beneath being sequels to those above; they are illustrative of the origin and effects of war—the deliverance of Europe from tyranny—the restoration of the Bourbons by the aid of the allies—the return of peace, and its happy consequences—and the triumph of Britain under the government of the Prince Regent.

On the first side, Strife, as described by the ancient poets, is represented as expelled from heaven, and sent to excite dissensions among men. Jupiter is seen (accompanied by other divinities) dismissing her from above, and the inhabitants of the earth are flying, terrified at her approach.

The lower picture represents the effects of her descent. On one side, the Cyclops are forging implements of war—Mars, in his car, driven by Bellona, and hurried on by the Furies, is overturning all before him. In the back ground are seen towns on fire, and a desolated plain. In front are, Charity flying in dismay—Truth and Justice quitting the earth—and Hope lingering behind.

The second side represents Europe struggling with Tyranny. He is tearing off her diadem, and trampling on her balance:—at his feet, among emblems of Religion, Justice, &c. Liberty lies prostrate—Wisdom brandishing the fulmen, is descending to the rescue of Europe.

In the picture beneath, the genius of France is restoring the sceptre to the dynasty of the Bourbons, personified by a female seated on a throne, in a regal mantle, ornamented with *fleur de lis*. On one side of her Britannia, Spain, and Portugal, and on the other Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Sweden, are witnessing the event with delight:—a groupe of subjects behind are expressing their joy and homage, and Genii are descending with emblems of Peace, Plenty, Justice, Honour, Liberty, Religion, &c. At one end of the composition, Strength is driving out Anarchy, Fraud, and Rebellion—at the other end, Victory is inscribing on a shield the names of the great Commanders of the allied powers, and Fame is sounding her trumpet.

On the third side, Peace is seen in the clouds with her olive branch; Time looks at her with transport, and the Earth hails her return.

Beneath is represented her reign, or the return of the golden age. She is surrounded by Plenty, the rural Deities, Agriculture, Commerce, the Arts, Minerva, and the Muses.

The fourth side displays a colossal statue of the Prince Regent crowned by Victory—Disorder is chained by Force to the pedestal—Truth and Justice are returning on earth—and Britannia is looking up to heaven with gratitude for the blessings of his government.

Below is the triumph of Britain—Britannia is in a car of state, accompanied by Neptune with his trident, and Mars displaying the British

standard—Fame and Victory attend upon her—she is preceded by Prudence, Temperance, Justice, and Fortitude, and followed by the Arts, Commerce, Industry, and the Domestic Virtues.

The Royal Booth and the adjoining gallery were illuminated by the names of the officers of the army, in vivid letters, formed by lamps. The effect was grand in every part of this extensive arrangement, and creditable to the taste of those who conceived and executed it.

HYDE PARK.

Hyde Park, without the advantages of pagodas or fortresses, was not without its share of attraction; its extent of view, the openness of the scene, and consonant coolness of the air, would of themselves have made it a refuge from the deep and close sultriness of the other Parks. But if it had neither tower nor temple, it had booths in profusion, and (never to be forgotten) the wide and peopled magnificence of the Serpentine. The booths had, since Sunday, (July 29,) been growing in all their dimensions with surprising variety and rapidity. Nothing could be more luxuriant, various, and finely disdainful of regularity, than their whole growth. In Milton's phrase,—

“ Nature revels here, in all her virgin fancies,
“ Wild without art or rule—enormous bliss.”

Booths round, square, triangular, and polygonal, waving with flags of all nations; ensigns fabricated of those habiliments which once enjoyed other honours on the forms of female loveliness and manly vigour; dilapidated petticoats, pantaloons with a single leg, old sheets glittering with the insignia of the Regent, and fac-similes of the illustrious Wellington, covered the ground for many an acre.

But all senses had been consulted. To those whose eye or ear holds precedence of their appetite, ample indulgence was offered in the hereditary wit of Punch and his wife, and the higher and more solemn attractions of Messrs. Scowton's, Richardson's, and Gynge's Theatres, which were constructed by their respective owners with an expedition that might put many a prouder architect to shame. In short, they were ready for the reception and amusement of their guests by the time their guests were ready for them, which is more than can be said of some of the more magnificent edifices.

THE NAUMACHIA.

These amusements, varied and attractive as they appear, were now compelled to yield the palm of public attention to the more extensive and attractive show with which the world was destined to be delighted. At six o'clock the *Naumachia*, or great sea-fight, began. Of this engagement, which in future history will doubtless take the name of the *Battle of the Pacific*, or the *Pacific Battle*, we despair of giving

any thing approaching to an adequate description. The naval display commenced by an action between two British and two American frigates. The first broadside was hardly fired when ample testimony was borne to the propriety of choosing such a spectacle for the gratification of Englishmen. No sooner was the first shot heard, than the general anxiety for the honour of our trident was so great, that the shows and booths poured out their myriads, who rushed upon the shores of the Serpentine, to cheer our brave tars with their presence, and share the honour of the naval flag. Porter at once lost all the unbounded influence of its nature and its name. Romeo ranted and Juliet whined to spectators who possessed no faculty but motion, and who knew no anxiety but seeing the battle. Even the balloon, with all its silks and flags, its cars and gases, failed to rivet its admirers, and of poor Mr. Sadler it might fairly be said that it was *all up* with him, even before he ascended from the earth—for the fight had begun. The Yankee frigates lay at anchor, the English of course were no sooner under sail than they made all possible haste to be with them; the English had no sooner weighed anchor than they felt the effect of a fine top-gallant breeze from the west, and under close reefed topsails they came down upon the enemy most gallantly. The action was commenced by a broadside from the English vessel, the moment she got alongside the enemy, which was quickly returned; the former then luffed, passed under the stern of the Yankee, and raked her as she passed; then ranging on her starboard beam, she poured in a second broadside, and a desperate cannonade was commenced, and kept up for a considerable time, from both vessels. The second frigate followed the noble example set by the first; the fight continued till great damage was of course sustained by both sides, when the matter was decided, as such contests usually are, by boarding: the frigates ran alongside, a few of our sailors jumped on board the Americans, the decks were cleared in a moment, and the Union Jack was hoisted over the stripes and stars of *Jonathan*. Thus ended the first part of the engagement, and so much a matter of course was the result, that the spectators did not allow their exultation to exhibit itself in a single cheer.

The English are a reasonable people, but in naval matters this is not the case: to such an extent is this exception carried, that even our sailors are not contented with the wonders they perform, but are ever on the watch for new and unheard-of perils and unparalleled triumphs. The thousands who loaded the shores of the Serpentine appeared to be actuated by this feeling: not content with the glory of the day, they betrayed a most ardent avidity for new victories—the cause was obvious. A French fleet of six sail of the line (the Admiral's ship a three-decker) lay at anchor, a British fleet of equal force was in sight—it did not require the spirit of prophecy to foresee the consequences.

A singular circumstance occurred, owing to some unknown cause; the English fleet did not attack with its usual alacrity. Conjecture was busy, and some rash spirits even went the length of imagining jealousies among the superior officers. Confidence never deserted the people, who waited two hours with the most exemplary patience, being convinced, whatever might cause the delay, that when once the British fleet was alongside the enemy, jealousy, and even mutiny, would be forgotten, and that the devil himself would not prevent the crews from doing their duty. At eight o'clock P. M. three topsails were loosened as a signal for sailing, and anchors were weighed, the fleet was under way, and with a steady breeze they came into action in a most majestic manner, the van ship giving each of the enemy's vessels a broadside as she passed to the sternmost, and receiving the broadside of the whole line in return. The six English ships now ranged themselves close to the enemy in line, the two Admirals' ships engaged, and a quick heavy cannonade commenced, which lasted 45 minutes and 26 seconds. When it ceased, all the enemy's ships appeared dismasted, and one of the English fleet lost her main-mast, and a second was so much cut up in her hull and rigging that she was unequal to pursuit; two of the French ships, in consequence, got away, and ran on shore. The other four were taken possession of, but not until they were mere hulls. The point left to be achieved was to destroy the two ships ashore; for this purpose two fire ships were fitted up, and being set on fire, were towed down to the vessels aground, to which they soon communicated that fatal element which so instantaneously operates a transmutation in all inflammable matter: and here we must drop our *serious* style, and declare, in a far different spirit, that we never witnessed a spectacle more imposingly grand. Four vessels on fire on shore, with every circumstance which attends national conflagrations on a more extended scale. A large expanse of brilliant light on the water, a huge column of flame, crowned by pillars of smoke, the red and radiant reflection of the flames, diffused over ten thousand countenances, together with the explosion of magazines, the falling of masts, and exposure of ribs and timbers enveloped in flames, formed a combination little inferior in grandeur to the scene of which it was but mimicry; the beholder had only to imagine himself at a few miles distance, and the spectacle was real: for a painter the effect was sublime. In the space of an hour the fire had reached the water's edge.

Soon after this, the fire-works began; but the superior splendour of the expiring fleet eclipsed, for a long time, every thing that could be produced by pyrotechnic ingenuity. Even afterwards Hyde Park presented a phenomenon, no where else to be seen, namely, the Water Rockets. They commence with a report, which draws the attention of the spectators to them; they are then

seen whirling about with great rapidity on the surface of the water, imitating the rotatory motion of a mill wheel. In a few seconds there is an addition of a very beautiful fountain, which, after displaying its elegant spoutings for some time, bursts forth with a loud report, into a variety of what are called water snakes. These, after flying into the air, descend again into the water, into which they immerge for a second or two, and then rise at the distance of two feet, and keep thus continually bounding in all directions, and, after various immersions, they at last expire in a loud explosion. With these the exhibition in Hyde Park terminated.

THE FAIR.

The fair was continued until Tuesday, Aug. 9, previous to which an order had been sent for its discontinuance; it was discovered, however, that the order from the Secretary of State's Office had not been duly enforced throughout the Parks; this was productive of another order from Lord Sidmouth, and at an early hour Sir Nathaniel Conant, the Chief Magistrate of Bow-street Police Office, attended by a few officers, proceeded through the Parks, and requested that all keepers of taverns, booths, &c. would immediately cause a removal of their booths, tents, marquees, &c. This order, although made on former occasions, was received with much disapprobation, particularly by those who had laid in a great stock of provisions under an impression that they would be permitted to sell until Friday, the 12th. About two o'clock it was considered indispensable that the Magistrates should again remind them of the Royal order; accordingly Mr. Bicknell, the deputy Ranger of the Park, Sir Nathaniel Conant, and Mr. Sketchley, attended by a detachment of Police officers, proceeded to Hyde Park, and after much persuasion, all the people were prevailed upon to disperse in the greatest order and decorum.

BURNING THE PARK RAILING.

We are sorry to state, that at ten o'clock on Friday night, Aug. 12, a mob collected in the Green Park, composed, perhaps, of all the disorderly characters in London. Acting in the spirit of mischief, they pulled down the fence outside the Temple inclosure, and made a *bonfire*. In consequence of the immense number of persons collected, the sentries found it impossible to oppose their depredations. It was not deemed necessary to resort to a proper force in order to compel them to desist, as in all probability many with their lives would have paid for their misconduct, had they been treated as rioters. Finding a forbearance, they went on with impunity, and piled up the railings until a volume of flame arose, which alarmed the metropolis at its eastern extremity. Many supposed a number of houses were on fire, and the engines drove through the Park, under a belief that St. James's Palace was in flames. The multitude, with a disregard to

propriety, proceeded until they had burnt nearly all the fences; sentry boxes and branches of trees were thrown in the flames, and considerable apprehensions were entertained for the fate of the Temple, which was menaced, with the other range of the building bearing the name of the Military Offices. At two o'clock the Temple remained safe, surrounded by sentinels, and, we believe, the mischief done does not extend beyond the destruction of the timber which formed the railway. It was three o'clock in the morning before the populace were driven out of the Green Park by the constables and military. They were expelled three several times, and as often returned to the charge, particularly on the side of Piccadilly. Several are in custody. The military behaved with great moderation. Several persons were cut and hurt, but no lives were lost. The military were pelted with sticks and brick-bats. The remains of the burned timber that constituted the exterior paling, are piled up in a heap within the enclosure, immediately surrounding the Temple, neither of which have sustained any injury. The scene has attracted a large concourse of spectators.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FETE FOR THE PEACE OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

As it may be interesting to many readers to know what passed at the great exhibitions on the rejoicings for the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, we have subjoined some of the particulars of what was done on that occasion, particularly a description of the edifice then constructed in the Green Park for the display of the fire-works. It was placed 500 feet from his Majesty's library, and represented a magnificent Doric temple, from which extended two wings terminated by pavilions.

This machine was 114 feet high, to the top of his Majesty's arms, and 410 feet long. It was designed by Servandoni. The ornaments were all in relief, with frets, gildings, lustres, artificial flowers, inscriptions, statues, allegorical pictures, &c. The inscriptions were as follow:—On the pedestal of peace, in the centre *Pax Rediviva, an. MDCCXLVIII*—Peace restored in the year 1748. In the frieze over the centre arch, *Georgius II. Rex*; which appeared transparent during the whole performance of the fire-works. On the left side of the machine *Redintegrata Europa pace, securitate fœderum stabilita commercio feliciter restituto, sub auspiciis opt. princ. letatur. S. P. Q. B.*—To give peace to Europe, to secure the faith of treaties, to restore and enlarge commerce, is the auspicious work of a British King, the triumph of a British people. On the right side of the machine, *Hinc principem bello accinget, libertati devota, fortitudo. Illinc pacificum ostendit, saluti omnium consulens elementia.*—A Prince never disposed to engage in war but from a fortitude sacred to liberty. Ever studious of peace

from clemency,—intent on the public good. On the attic, in the middle of the back front, *Georgia II. Regi opt. auctori salutis, libertatis vindici, fundatori quietis, patri patrie.*—To the guardian of our safety, the assertor of our liberty, the establisher of our tranquillity, the most gracious Sovereign, and father of his people, George the Second. The statues which adorned it were 23, viz.—On the first half pace of the great stair-case on the right hand, was Time; on the left, Isis; each reclining on an urn. In the centre of the temple, seated on an altar, was the Goddess of Peace, holding an olive branch, and supported on the right by Neptune, and on the left by Mars. These five in Plaster of Paris. In front, four statues, viz.—Justice, Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence. On the right end, Religion, Constancy, Honour, Clemency. In the back front, Faithfulness, Vigilance. On the attic, above the cornice in the front, Jupiter, Ceres, Diana, Apollo. In the back front, at the angles, Mercury and Minerva.

The pictures in front were 18, each painted double; they appeared at first as basso relievos; and after the fire-works they were removed by machinery, and discovered pictures representing the same subject in colours. The great picture over the cornice in the centre, was twenty-six feet by ten. It represented his Majesty giving Peace to Britannia. The attendants on Peace were Plenty, Riches, Felicity, Trade, and Commerce. The attendants on Britannia were Liberty, Agriculture, and the Arts and Sciences. On the right of this, below the entablature, was a picture of fifteen feet by eight, representing the return of Neptune riding on the ocean, in a car drawn by sea horses; his right hand held a trident, and his left supported a globe; he was conducted by the Genius of Peace, and attended by tritons, sea-nymphs, &c. Companion to this on the left of the central arch, was the return of Mars; he was seated on a car, drawn by three lions, the arms of England, and was conducted by Fame, with an olive branch, who proclaimed the peace. The car was followed by the army. On each side of these two last pictures was a festoon of arms and military instruments. The medallion on the right hand was Britannia joining hands with France; the legend *Concordia redax. Exergue, Britt. Gall.*—Concord renewed—Britain, France. Below this was the figure of Liberty. On the left was a medallion representing Britannia joining hands with Spain; the legend *Salus mutua. Exergue, Britt. Hisp.*—Mutual benefit—Britannia, Spain. Below this was the figure of Plenty.

The following pictures were not rendered transparent, viz.—The Genii of Peace, burning heaps of arms on each end of the machine. At the right end were two medallions; one of Augustus; the other of Antoninus Pius. At the left end two medallions; one of Vespasian, the other of Trajan. Underneath two Genii, on each side

a globe, one sitting with a book in his hand, the other standing, holding parchments with seals, pendant, &c.

DISPOSITION OF THE FIRE-WORK.—After a grand overture of warlike instruments, composed by Handel, a signal was given for the commencement of the fire-work, which opened with a royal salute of 101 brass ordnance, viz.—71 6-pounders, 20 12-pounders, and 10 24-pounders. When the salute ended, the fire-works began.

BIRTHS.

Mrs. Lloyd, of Little Pulteney-street, Golden-square, of a son, after having been married nearly twenty years.

In Baker-street, the lady of George Sparks, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.

The Marquis of Worcester, to Miss Georgiana Frederica Fitzroy. The ceremony was attended by the Duchess of York, the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Grafton, the Marquis of Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington, and various other branches of the respective families.

On the 27th July, Lieut.-Col. Manners Sutton, second son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Laver Oliver, Esq.

Also, at the same time, the Rev. W. S. Gilly, to Eliza, the second daughter; and W. Mansel, Esq. eldest son of Sir W. Mansel, Bart, to Harriet, the third daughter of the said Laver Oliver, Esq.

Mr. Finch Hatton, eldest son of Mr. Finch Hatton, of Eastwell Park, Kent, to Lady Charlotte Graham, eldest daughter of the Duke of Montrose.

At Kensington, the Earl of Cavan, to Lydia, second daughter of the late Wm. Arnold, Esq. of Slatwoods in the Isle of Wight.

At St. George's Church, Southwark, William, only son of Mr. Joseph Sandbach, of Lower-street, Islington, to Eleanor, third daughter of R. Stanton, Esq. of Islington Green.

Henry Stanton, of Hackney, Gentleman, to Miss Louisa, second daughter of Richard Bradley, Esq. of Upper George-street, Montague-square.

DIED.

On Friday, Aug. 5, Lord Manners, Chancellor of Ireland, and Lady Manners, dined with a select party at the Earl of Westmoreland's, in Gros-

venor-square. After dinner Lord and Lady Manners retired in their carriage to their lodging, at Thomas's Hotel, Berkley-square. On entering into the drawing-room her Ladyship ordered a bottle of soda water, which she drank, and retired to her bed-room; as soon as she reached the side of her bed, her Ladyship dropped down and instantly expired. Her Ladyship was observed to make a hearty dinner, and seemed apparently in high health and spirits. His Lordship is inconsolable for his loss.

At Cheltenham, the Hon. Mrs. Lawrence Walpole, sister to the Earl of Powis.

At Brighton, in the 44th year of his age, Francis James Jackson, Esq. late his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of America.

Mr. Charles Dibdin, celebrated for his musical talents and songs, at his house in Camden Town. His songs, which were chiefly nautical, amount to upwards of 1,200, and many of them are of very considerable merit. Their popularity in the navy is well known.

At Sprotsbrough, Mr. John Axe, organist of Whiston, near Rotherham, in his thirty-eighth year. Although without light from his birth, his abilities were of a very superior kind, having had a correct and very superior knowledge, particularly of mechanics, music, &c. of which his works will remain a lasting memorial—such as the chimes in the borough church of Hedon, in Holderness, and his improvements on a great number of organs and other musical instruments.

Suddenly, Mr. Wm. Bloxam, formerly partner in the house of Fourdrinier and Co. Stationers.

Aged eighty-eight, C. Brookley, Esq. At the request of the deceased, it is recorded upon his tombstone, that he had been married only once; had never gamed or played at any game of chance; and had never, during his long life, been once intoxicated.

At Windsor, Mrs. Wynyard, the wife of Lieut. Gen. William Wynyard, after a long and painful illness.

At Addleston Lodge, near Weybridge, Mrs. Hall, late of Kensington Gravel Pits.

At Warminster, Mary Morgan, second daughter of Mr. John Morgan, in the sixteenth year of her age: her death was sudden and awful; she had been at Bishopstrow church in the afternoon, apparently in perfect health, and on returning home was seized in her head; she was taken and dead in two hours.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BEING

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1814.

A New and Improved Series.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. A correct PORTRAIT of JOANNA SOUTHCOTT, the Prophetess. Engraved from an Original Painting.
2. A VIEW of the NAUMACHIA in Hyde Park, in Honour of the Peace of 1814.
3. A beautiful WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT FIGURE in an AUTUMNAL WALKING DRESS
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TO OUR READERS.

THIS Number of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE contains only One Plate of Fashions for the Month; in the place of the second we have given an accurate representation of the NAUMACHIA IN HYDE PARK in honour of the Peace of 1814. The next Number of this Work will contain Two Plates of Fashions, which will have peculiar interest from their novelty, the execution of the designs, colouring, &c.

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OCTOBER 1, 1814.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For SEPTEMBER, 1814.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

The Sixty-Second Number.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

THAT *mysteries*, far above the complete comprehension of human reason, are the foundation of our holy religion, is admitted by all; but it does not follow, that *reason*, though it may believe what it does not understand, is yet to yield implicit credence to mysteries that are in direct opposition to common sense!

To illustrate our position, let us look at some of the simplest miracles of our blessed Redeemer, and we shall find, that though beyond the ordinary course of nature, still they were not in opposition to the manifest evidence of the senses, the only real medium through which reason can acquire the means of forming a correct judgment of facts, and of drawing inferences from them. At the wedding of Cana, Christ turned water into wine, a miracle which nature only performs by a long process in the vine; he, evidently by divine power, did that, in a moment, and without the natural means, which every day's experience shews us can be done; and, therefore, the history of the miracle, as related by the inspired evangelists, does not outrage our understandings, nor give offence to a *wise* man, though some *fools* and self-called philosophers have pretended to deny it;—but, if Matthew, Mark, and the other New Testament writers had told us that Christ packed up all the wine jars into one of the smallest drinking vessels, then indeed common sense would have said, “The thing is absurd and impossible.” Again, we are told that Christ fed five thousand people with five loaves,—there his divine power

may have miraculously created additional food during the progress of the miracle itself;—but if we had been told that he made five men eat five thousand loaves, then indeed common sense would again have been outraged, and the relation would have been disbelieved.

This we look upon as a pretty good test for the truth of modern prophets; for if their predictions will not stand the assay of this crucible, it must be unnecessary to examine into any proofs which may be adduced in favour of divine missions: and this much we have premised, before entering on the miraculous life of the far-famed Joanna Southcott, whose portrait, if it does not *embellish* our present Number, will, at least, serve to gratify the curiosity of our fair readers, all of whom must have heard, of late, so many wonderful, and, we are sorry to see, so many *indelicate*, stories about this *heavenly upholsterer*, who seems a fitter candidate for a late impostor's “celestial bed,” or indeed, rather for a bed of straw, than for that share of public notice which her own folly, and the greater folly of her followers, have procured for her.

We shall not so far insult the good sense of our readers as to attempt to refute the absurdities which, in the following pages, it will be our duty, as faithful biographers, to relate; as we trust that the *test of miracles*, which we have already specified, will be quite sufficient to check any belief in her doctrines, or rather in her impudence, for *doctrines* she has none, though so many of the ignorant and enthu-

siastic self-dubbed teachers of the immense population of the metropolis, pretend to believe in the divine origin of her mission.

It was in the very middle of the last century that this *holy virgin* (as she states herself to be, notwithstanding all the chit-chat and scandal about her and the learned Doctor, the learned Carpenter, and several others of her faithful servants), first opened her eyes upon a world who, at that time, little thought of the blessing in store for them, and inhabiting the cottage of two poor, but simple country folks, William and Hannah Southcott, then living by means of their daily industry in farming work; two honest souls, who read their Bibles and went to church, whither they also carried the young Joanna, for the first time, on the 6th of June, 1750.

This was in the parish of Ottery St. Mary's, in Devonshire: but, though the circumstance of her baptism is recorded in the parish registers, yet we find no account of any extraordinary rejoicings on that occasion;—an omission, however, supplied by Joanna herself, who has since assured us, that the *angels* had a merry-making upon that occasion!

We know nothing of her younger days, and must suppose that she did as others do whose fate confines them to a cottage; but as she is now a jolly old woman, we may well suppose that she was then a buxom young one, so that there was nothing miraculous in her having a sweetheart at the age of sixteen.

The youth who thus felt the force of her heavenly charms, was a deserving lad in the vicinity, Noah Bishop by name; and, in truth, a name most ominous to him, for to all his pleadings she merely answered "No-ah! Ah-no!" and thus left the swain to sigh in solitude. Yet she loved him, she confesses; and, in fact, she has been raving about *Bishops* ever since; but whether from any hopes of finding her dear *Noah* on the bench, we shall not pretend to say, though we are firmly of opinion, that he was as well qualified for the lawn sleeves at twenty, as she is to be a virgin at sixty-five!

Whim, or caprice, which she now calls a love of celibacy, seems to have induced her to neglect his attentions; and as for any

other remarkable events in her younger days, they can scarcely be expected, at least she has not chosen to favour the world with any of them, though her friends say she was very religious. This, indeed, according to their ideas, may be very true, for Devonshire was, at that time, overrun with fanatical preachers, a class so well ridiculed in the *Spiritual Quixote*, the reverend writer of which actually lays his scene not far from Joanna's immediate neighbourhood.

From that period until she was "fair, fat, and forty," we have nothing to record of her; but in the year 1790, she was employed in the city of Exeter by a holy upholsterer, who kept a shop in that capital of the west, and in which situation many ungodly tales have been told of her. We will not extend the scandal, but merely record that the pious visitors of her master soon began to notice her heavenly gifts, as her serious turn of mind gave them hopes of a convert, little expecting that she would so soon set up for herself. Conferences now ensued, and Joanna wrestled, in the spirit, with those holy men; but she seems even then, to have had the gift of tongues, so that she soon silenced them, and began to fancy herself a greater woman than she had ever done before, whilst she endeavoured to enhance her importance in the eyes of the ignorant, by dreams, which she stated to come from the Deity, assuring her of her being inspired beyond the ordinary course of human knowledge.

It was at this period that she found her *seal*, of which so much has lately been said, and of which we shall present our readers with a *fac-simile*. It seems she was occupied one morning in an apostolic mission of sweeping out the shop, when she discovered the seal, with the initials of I. C.—Now some uninspired folks might have thought of advertising such a thing, particularly if it was a *golden* one; but then our heroine, as she said, had dreamed a dream, and therefore it was a miracle! Some accounts state that the initials on the seal were J. S.; but we presume that is a fact of very little consequence, except as far as it might have led the right owner to a recovery of his property.

The seal of this impostor, of which we here present a *fac-simile*:—



R. & A. N****

The Sealed of the Lord the Elect precious

Man's Redemption to Inherit thee

Tree of Life

To be made Heirs of God and Joint Heirs

with Jesus Christ

Joanna Southcott

April 8th 1806

seems to be nothing more nor less than a religious Valentine, only it is not sent *gratis*, nor post paid; for these dispensations of the benevolence of the Lord are nothing without a little touch of the lucre of Mammon, like the prescriptions of the physician for his own use, which never answered except when he touched his own palm with a guinea. Every candidate for this passport to salvation, is obliged to sign his name on a prepared list, like an address to Heaven, as signifying his wish that Satan may be destroyed, or forced to resign should he find himself in a minority; after which one of the ready made documents is filled up with the applicant's name, and a notification that it is not to be broken open: all which, Joanna says, she was ordered to do from Heaven, being told by the spirit of the dreadful judgments that were coming upon earth, and being much concerned for those that must fall a prey to

the vengeance of Heaven. It appears from her own story, that she had no directions to perform this holy work *gratis*, as Heaven sends all its other blessings; but then she was directed, secretly and unconditionally, to seal his present Majesty,—God bless him! and keep him from such Doctors!

She now began to preach and prophecy, and soon found it a better trade than attending in the shop; and even as early as 1791, she told a long story to her disciples of her being to be tried by the twelve judges, who were also to sentence her; but as no time was fixed for its fulfilment, perhaps she may yet expect it to come to pass.

The year 1792 was, however, a busy year with her, for then she publicly opened her commission, declaring herself to be the woman spoken of in the Revelations, as "The bride, the Lamb's wife, and the woman clothed with the sun!" Some of her

Exeter friends were not amongst the chosen, and accordingly *they* thought she was gone mad; and she herself made so much noise about her mission, that she was followed by all the boys and idle people, which the elect dignified with the name of *persecution*.

Nay, she even went so far as to write to the Dean and Chapter; who very justly concluded that an ignorant woman, unable to write plain English, could not be inspired by any spirit, unless it was that one which is too vulgar to be mentioned by name in the biography of an agent from heaven.

She now stated herself to be strangely visited night and day, concerning what was coming upon the whole earth; and she was, according to her own account, ordered to set it down in writing, which she obeyed, though not without strong *external* opposition; but what the *external* opposition was, she does not explain.

Strange indeed must her visitors have been, if the Lord promised to enter into an everlasting covenant with her, and then sent her a vision sometimes in the shape of a *cat*, and then of a *cup*, which she kicked to pieces, which afforded her great uneasiness, as the methodist preachers plainly told her that the devil was in her, and that Satan was amusing himself with her ignorance and superstition.

Yet it appears that some of the methodist clergy thought her a chosen vessel, as they actually held a meeting at her request, in order to ascertain the heavenly or infernal nature of her mission. We know not what arguments she made use of with this learned assembly, but as great stress has been laid upon it by her followers, we shall look at the thing plainly and fairly.

The meeting was closed by drawing up the following document:—

"I, Joanna Southcott, am clearly convinced that my calling is of God, and my writings are indited by his spirit" (we wish not to be profane, but we really think that the Deity would have chosen a better amanuensis). "It is impossible for any spirit but an allwise God, that is wondrous in working, wondrous in wisdom, wondrous in power, and wondrous in truth, could have brought round such mysteries, so full of truth, as is in my writings; so I

am clear in whom I have believed, that all my writings came from the spirit of the most high God.—JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

"Signed in the presence of fifty-eight persons, including the methodist preachers, who assented to the truth of the statement."

Now to what did those people give their testimony?—Not to the truth of her doctrines; but merely to her own assertion, that *she was clearly convinced*; but it did not follow that *they* were convinced also!

And *why* was *she* convinced? because it was *impossible*!—But how did she know that? or what have we, or what had the witnesses, to convince us that mysteries had been brought round by divine agency? In short, the whole piece is nothing but the production of a silly mad woman, attested by people as silly, and some of them, perhaps more roguish than herself.

She talks indeed of the truth of her prophecies; but in that very year she prophesied that she would live only seventeen years longer, so that if there had been any truth in her prophecy she has lived just five years too long; and as little attention need we pay to her prophecies in the same year, of *corn getting dear*, and of England being in distress: as well might every man who hazards an opinion in politics pretend to the gift of soothsaying.

Joanna, however, was determined to write down these prophecies, but her sister would not permit her; soon after, she says, that she took advantage of her absence and wrote of what has since followed in this nation and all others; "but the end is not yet:"—no, indeed, the end is not yet, most certainly, for the world is not at an end, nor does there seem any end to her prophecies, which, however, she takes care never to give to the world until the foretold events have been previously fulfilled.

In this year, 1792, she appears to have been very troublesome to the clergy, particularly to the Reverend Mr. L—, who, indeed, was little more of a prophet than Joanna herself, for he told her that the war would be over in half a year; he also assured her that it all came from the devil; adding, that he believed her to be a good woman, particularly as her friends spoke of her in the highest terms; but as for the Lord revealing any thing to

her, it was absurd; for Mr. L—— assured her that there were a thousand people in Exeter, whom he could point out, more likely to be made the depositories of such secrets than she was.

This reverend gentleman's conversation, she says, had some effect upon her; but then, next day, *she was answered*, "Who made him a judge?" with a tissue of similar nonsense.

She boasts that in 1793, three remarkable things happened, which she prophesied in the preceding year, which events strengthened her judgment, as she says, respecting the divine origin of her mission, applying to herself, with that facility which all enthusiasts possess, the words which are to be found in scripture respecting a very different kind of personage—"Whatever I put into thy mouth, I will do upon the earth."

Not satisfied with the opinion of the Reverend Mr. L——, respecting her notions, Joanna went to St. Peter's cathedral, in Exeter, where she heard another clergyman preach from a well known text, of "walking in the light, lest darkness should come." This seemed a new light for the *apostolless*, for such we suppose we must call her; and no sooner was the sermon over than her heavenly spirit gave her a nudge, and said, "If L—— give it up, go to the preacher, for he will not, as the laws of the Lord are written in his heart."

Yet this manifestation of the spirit was no more fulfilled than another old woman's prophecy in 1794, of corn getting dear, a prophecy which any person indeed could have made, when they saw the little probability of a good harvest: all this, however, was of little consequence to Joanna, whose followers were now increasing rapidly, all her friends supplying her with money and valuable presents, so that her *living* was now as good as if she had been ordained a regular member of the church.

We know not precisely her various modes of collecting her tythes; but we understand that the Pope sells his indulgences at a much cheaper rate than she did her *beatitudes*, even at that early period of her ministry, as they were sold, if not by her, at least by her agents, from twelve shillings to one guinea, according to the state of the faith and the state of the pockets of each customer.

In 1795, she again wrote to Mr. L——, telling him that danger was still before us; and that the truth of her prophecies in 1792 was to be proved by twelve men. To this Mr. L—— wrote back, that he thought the wisest way would be to collect those twelve wise men of the west together on the Monday following; but in the interim Joanna had many communications from heaven, and she says she was told that this was agreed to in order to convince her of her folly, so she *was bid* to go to him; and, according to her account, the Lord said something to her in rhyme, or rather in measure, which, for the badness of the poetry, and some other reasons, might almost be supposed the production of some of our own modern poets, particularly as there was something almost prophetic in the first three lines:—

"But, Oh thrice happy is the man,
"That doth begin, and will go on,
"Till every curtain be drawn back," &c.

This rhyme of *man* and *go on*, would indeed lead us to suppose that it was some west country deity who had inspired this she apostle; who in a few days afterwards was favoured with another piece of bad poetry, in which *man* and *done* were obliged to serve each other the same office as in the former couplet.

The Lord told her also to visit Mr. L——; which she did; and after detailing her reasons of belief, which Mr. L—— and his wife, and all the company, listened to with silent attention, the honest clergyman, no doubt seeing the futility of reasoning with her, plainly told her that if her words were from God, more of their truth would be soon known; but, if of herself, her head was wiser than his.

Next week Mr. L——, after the receipt of some more *divine* poetry, too absurd and too ridiculous for insertion here, informed the prophetess that he had given up all further examination of her gift and mission; so that having nothing further to hope from the Establishment, she thought proper to try her hand with the Dissenters; and was *ordered* by the Lord to get together six of them to *try their judgment*.

She confesses that four of them refused to attend, as they either thought that the devil was in her, or that she was both knave

and fool: therefore she sent for four others; but the Lord told her that their judgment would not be right, for their wisdom was too weak; and that too she was told in six lines of poetry.

She met the six, however, for the purpose of reading to them a few chapters of the Bible, and of explaining them, together with a few prophecies, and some remarkable instances of her life; so that she was to have all the talk to herself, whilst the clergymen were to keep silent for an hour. This they did, but we see no great mystery in that; if indeed Joanna herself had been silent for an hour, we might have acknowledged that the age of miracles is not gone by.—“Great was the mystery explained,” she says—but to whom?—to the clergymen, one might have expected; but no!—“to me, as the watch was laid on the seals, by which were inclosed the names of the twelve men. When the hour was past, I demanded their judgment; and quitted the room while they consulted. In some time they came to me and said they had agreed, and must see the prophecies. I said they should, *if they judged them to be of God*. They came again, saying they must know who the ministers were. A third time they came, and said they must break the seals with the ministers’ names. I told them that should only be done in presence of the twelve themselves. But curiosity made them break the seals; and (thus breaking all their wisdom) they said they must know the devil, or myself, or they could not perceive it to be of God; and therefore they persuaded me to give it up, forgetting what I had read to them, and that they *had fulfilled my writings*. The meaning and mystery of this meeting *I shall explain another time*. Next day I was persuaded to yield to their wisdom; but I was answered, that it should be fatal for me; for the Lord would not resign to their wisdom: therefore I should not give it up to them. Thus I ended with the dissenting line.” And surely, by her own account, there never was a poorer attempt at a religious juggle, a mere business of watches and seals, of *cups and balls*, such as Gyngell or any other conjuror would get up ten times better at Bartholomew fair! The silly woman thought the clergy, both established and dissenting, were as

great fools as the simple women whom she feeds with heavenly lamb and manna.

In 1796, she was ordered again to renew the attack upon the church ministers, and in her account she exhibits a very pretty mode of becoming a prophetess, for whenever she is about to do any thing, she writes it down, and then fulfils it herself!

But the prophecy in 1799, was one which she herself could not fulfil, unless like Phaëton, she could have set the world on fire; for in a letter to a dignified clergyman (in which she *modestly* averred, that she had met with an “instance such as had never happened to any human being since earth’s foundation was placed before;” nay, that the deepest inspired penman, the most learned divine, nor the deepest philosopher that ever wrote, ever had such thoughts of divinity or philosophy as had been revealed to her by the spirit of revelation); she asks him, if he will be *astonished* when she tells him that the end of all things is *at hand*! But more than that, *she* is to destroy Satan! and doubtless if his infernal Highness, like the French poet, could be killed by bad verses, there was a dose in the letter to the Bishop that must have done his business:—

“It is men must raise thy hand,

“And tell thee to grow wise,

“Like Herod’s damsel to go on,

“Then all shall gain the prize.

“When men begin as she did then,

“And like Herodias burn,

“To wound the foe, *as she did do*,

“I will like Herod come.”

After this came a long story *as how*, “The man strengthened the woman’s hand by the fall, and he must strengthen her hand to bring it back;”—how, “the Lord made the woman to complete the happiness of man, and by her it must be done;”—likewise, since the sun rises and sets, and dust returns to dust, &c. so “all centre in the same place, and so man must centre at last.” After which she tells the *Bishop* that it is all over with the bench, for the *Saints* must judge the earth, and then her writings will be proved “such writings as *never were before* since earth’s foundation stood!”—truly, Joanna, thou sayest well.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A TOUR THROUGH FRANCE.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A LADY TO HER COUSIN IN LONDON, IN 1814.

LETTER I.

Brighton.

MY DEAR HARRIET,

How forcible are the ties which bind us to home! how sweet the recollection of convivial hours, passed in the society of early friends, and amongst those dear relatives which the traveller often leaves behind! Methinks I hear you exclaim, "Is then the lively Emily turned moralist, or does she mean to present us with an account of her travels, under the form of a new *Sentimental Journey*, in the manner of Sterne?" No bad pattern, my dear *badi-nante* cousin, were I inclined to ape such an original: and as sentiments and reflections occur oftener to the mind of the traveller than to that of any other being under the sun, prepare yourself for mine; and do not think that when you requested me to give you an account of my voyage to, and sojourning in France, with all my different adventures on the other side of the water, that I meant only to send you an hackneyed journal of what I might chance to see, in the same style as if I was hired to write an index to a book of modern travels, or pen a few sheets relative to all the grand buildings and museums, to serve as a guide to those beings who, in search of novelty, may chuse to succeed me in their peregrinations through France. Not but what all I shall write hereafter may certainly serve as a sure guide, for truth alone shall guide my pen.

And thus, having sufficiently played upon the word, let me quit the *penseroso* ideas which first overwhelmed me when I sat down to bid you the last adieu on British ground, as in one hour I shall step aboard the packet which is to convey us to Dieppe, and this letter makes the eleventh and last I have written to-day. The Captain assures us that in less than forty hours I shall be completely in France; and I hope to leave every sombre reflection amongst the then

deserted fogs of England's nervous climate.

My dear and kind monitor, our good aunt, Lady Diana, whose maternal duties have been cruelly put an end to by the loss of her only son in the field of honour, has transferred her affections to her orphan nephews and nieces, and has kindly consented to accompany me in this tour. When, therefore, my letter borders on the sentimental and serious, imagine to yourself that aunt Di has guided my pen. Fashions, a few slight observations, accompanied now and then with a moral reflection—do not start—will be the production of Emily alone. And when a particular air of *mad-capism*, pray excuse the new-coined word, runs through my letters, imagine my rattling four-in-hand brother gives the reins to his volatile fancy.

He drove down here on the box of the *Royal Blue* coach, in eight hours: *apropos*, I must say that the coach thus dignified by its high sounding title, is a very easy conveyance for those whose fortune is mediocre, and who are not born, dear cousin, like us, to inherit the easy passport of a barouche and four bright bays. This same *Royal Blue* goes from the New White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly; where, I am sure, I need not tell you that brother Henry's face is as well known as any mail coachman's on the Bath road. He arrived here last night, and found my aunt and myself highly delighted with the short stay we have made in Brighton, where our munificent Regent, by his presence, has imparted life and general gaiety. And to shew you our attachment to whatever bears his name, we have taken our passage on board the *Prince of Wales* packet; though we certainly have a veneration for the name of *Wellington*, and at first we thought of going in that vessel which is named after him; the master of which, in order to tempt us, said they made up six-and-twenty beds on board. No

doubt the great Wellington, in some of his quarters, was obliged to experience the inconvenience of many beds in narrow space; but as we, in these sweet "piping times of peace," may be allowed to study our convenience, we preferred the *Prince of Wales* packet; and in one hour I hope to embark for the land of politeness, gaiety, and fashion, and date my next letter from the Gallic shore.

Adieu, dear cousin, sweet soother of paternal anguish. O that gout! which deprives us of the company of the dear intelligent General at this period. Tell him it was never more keenly felt in his feet than it is at this moment in my heart and mind; assure him, however, that I promise to send him an account of all the fortresses and bastions which come in my way. Once more adieu! kiss his venerable cheek for me, and wish together a safe voyage to your own

EMILY.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR HARRIET,

Paris.

From the emporium of arts, fashion, pleasure, and gaiety, at least, so pictured by English imagination, I date this letter; the reality of our high built ideas remains to be proved.

On our arrival at Dieppe, I found myself so overpowered by the indisposition I had experienced on my first sea voyage, that I could not perform my promise of writing to you on our immediate arrival in France, and our good aunt only told you that we were merely alive and well. However, one thing I am resolved on, which is, not to return the same way I came: but I must hasten to perform my promise of informing you of all that I find worthy of record; and here the perpetual round of *spectacles*, novelties of every kind, and characters of various descriptions, so press and throng on the senses, that I shall find sufficient food for my own remarks, as well as for your gratification.

We had a delightful journey hither; for being, as I told you, much fatigued, we resolved to stay two days at Rouen before we proceeded farther; but we found no charms

at Dieppe sufficient to detain us there. Tell my dear uncle, however, that there is an old castle, the inspection of which, together with the piers, would delight him; and be sure also not to forget to inform him that, in 1694, Commodore Benbow bombarded the town of Dieppe, and burnt down the greater part of it.

We were much pleased with the city of Rouen; the mountains, which are viewed from its three sides, are sublimely beautiful, and the antiquities and fine buildings scattered through the city are well worth the inspection of the classical and scientific connoisseur. I think William the Conqueror was a most excellent builder; we have some fine specimens in London of his architectural powers, but the cathedral of Rouen is superior to them all; the spire is 395 feet.

Henry came to Paris before we did, and I was not sorry that his eagerness made him take a shorter route; he went direct from Dieppe, and his journey was, by so doing, only 110 miles, which is thirteen less than by Rouen: nor did I regret his absence, when we were shewn here the place where the celebrated Joan of Arc was burned; for you well know his ideas of female heroism, and I am sure he would have uttered some bitter phillip against the Amazonian maid, who is held in high veneration by the French, but in a particular degree of enthusiasm by the inhabitants of Rouen.

What most excited our admiration was the famous bridge of boats. How many inventions do we not owe to monastic seclusion! and though our good aunt can never forgive the religious inventor of gunpowder, from which she, as well as many others, has so severely suffered, yet she could not refuse her tribute of applause to this wonderfully ingenious construction, invented by an Augustin friar, in the year 1626. A fabric of paved timber rests on barges of a prodigious size, which fall and rise with the tide.

My aunt's woman, who is passionately fond of the water, came by the Port St. Ouen, with Henry's valet, in the *Coche d'Eau*, a vessel similar to our Chester canal boats; and from St. Ouen they took the stage to Paris, a short stage of about five leagues.

"*Aparement Mesdames sont seules !*" said an old French gentleman to us, as my aunt and I came out of the cathedral. A salutation of this kind in England, from an utter stranger, would make us assume a peculiar air of dignity, and the remark of the gentleman would most probably cause us to be inflexibly silent; but Lady Diana, who has been often in France, immediately entered into conversation with him, and told him that, in order that her nephew should be entirely at his liberty, she had brought her *homme d'affaires* to accompany us and assist us in transacting our money concerns.

This intelligent man, for such we found him, was about sixty years of age; and though a French vivacity was diffused over his countenance, yet a secret care was so perceptibly mingled with it, that I was sure he was some victim who had deeply suffered by the revolution. The cross of St. Louis at his breast, and a few expressions that escaped him, shewed his decoration was not that of to-day: but I was charmed with that sprightliness, the characteristic of the nation, and which I will maintain, in a well born and well principled Frenchman of the old school, has its source in politeness alone; a politeness which will not intrude the corroding sorrows of the heart on another.

He walked with us to the *Hotel de Poitiers* where we had put up; and where, my aunt intreating him to be seated, he gave us what many would have thought a laughable account of the transformation his estate had undergone during his absence of six-and-twenty years; he laughed himself, but my heart bled to think of the late master of a magnificent *Chateau*, which teemed with hospitality and French urbanity, now reduced to a *chambre garnie*, on the third floor of an house in the suburbs of Rouen.

Poor Thomas, while this gentleman was with us, came in with a most melancholy length of countenance, declaring the roads were such it would break his poor horses' hearts; that of Thomas was soon set at ease, by the emigrant gentleman assuring us that our carriage might be materially injured by such a journey, and that it was better to send it on to Paris under the care of the

coachman by water: this being settled, we hired the diligence to convey us thither; the *emigré* advised us to see the famous actress, Mademoiselle Duchonois, before we quitted Rouen, who, he was desirous of persuading us, was a second Siddons. I had my doubts; however, we thought we might as well see the playhouse, which is certainly better than any provincial theatre in England; and I very much admired Mademoiselle Duchonois, but a second Siddons I fear we shall never see.

Our diligence was a curious carriage; the postillion, as they call him, is perched on an elevated seat, and sits almost on one's nose: rope harnesses are invariably used, but I am convinced they are better for these roads than any other, the badness of several in our journey from Rouen to Paris might be proverbial. It first strikes the idea that the French postillions are cruelly fond of the whip; but all this terrible *claquet* never touches the horses; a postillion, however, is estimated by the loud smack he gives in the air, with his enormous whip, and even the driver of the *voiture*, which we hired to carry our baggage, cracked his with a smile of triumph, when we past him, as if no one could be found to equal him.

On our journey we saw a little chapel in the centre of a rock, to which pilgrimages have never entirely ceased; they will now, I suppose, become more frequent. It is said that the wolves are not yet exterminated in the forests of L'Arrache; we saw none, however; and it was peculiarly pleasant passing through Lomviers, and viewing the fine manufactures for cotton; the vineyards of Gaillon had a rich appearance, and Vernon, formerly so passionately admired by the English, is sweetly situated on the banks of the Seine; the road, as we travelled on to Nantes, was delightful. It was with true veneration we beheld the fine *Chateau* of Rosny, once inhabited by the great Sully; it is now a favourite residence of Talleyrand's, who has a head equal to Sully's, no doubt.

I have seen nothing yet in Paris; my themes will become inexhaustible, when we have visited amongst those circles to which our letters and rank will introduce us; and when we have viewed the multi-

tude of museums, institutions, and theatres. We have taken an *hotel garnie*, in the suburbs of St. Germain; you must be content in this letter to hear only of my journey; as pleasure and observation was our object in travelling through France, and not mere-

ly flying to Paris, we inspect all that is interesting as we pass along. Adieu! accept the best wishes and affection of your

EMILY.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

PRINCESS ADELAIDE, AUNT OF LOUIS XVI.

THIS Princess, with her sister, Madame Victoire, were one day on a visit at the country villa of the Duchess de Narbonne, and the Princesses appeared desirous of seeing the young village girls dance. An order was given to that effect, and joy and gaiety began to be displayed around. The heads of all the lasses were well powdered and adorned with a profusion of ribbons on the occasion, and they were already provided with partners for the rural ball. But they had forgot what was of the greatest importance: just as they were about to commence the sprightly dance, not a single fiddler could be found. This was a great disappointment to the Duchess de Narbonne, who was ambitious of pleasing the Princesses; when Madame Adelaide said, with great good humor, "Give me a violin, I once knew how to play, and I think I can remember enough to make these young girls dance to my tunes." The instrument was brought, and the Princess played a variety of country dances, till a late hour, while she excited the gratitude and surprise of the astonished dancers.

THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE, MOTHER TO WILLIAM III.

AN anecdote is related in the history of the life of this Princess, of her extraordinary fondness for a favourite parrot. It was certainly possessed of a very superior and peculiar kind of beauty for a bird of that species, being milk-white, with a tuft on the head and the tail both of flame-colour: he was apt at learning, and, in short, was a little creature to whom any one might be attached who was not even peculiarly fond of animals.

But the affection of the Princess for this bird was so strong, that she could never bear him out of her sight; she neglected the pleasures of the chase, of which she was particularly fond, because her dear parrot could not accompany her; and she often dispensed with paying visits of ceremony, because he could not make one of the party.

If at any time she had resolution sufficient to deprive herself of the sight of him, the moment she returned home she would almost fly up stairs, and run through the several apartments which led to that in which was contained her dear little favourite.

One day when the Princess went a hunting, she left him under the care of one of her young ladies, requesting her not to lose sight of him; and she reckoned on her return, when she should find him perched on the hand of the lady; but great was her astonishment when the young ladies all fell on their knees before her.

"Oh! my parrot!" cried she.

"Alas! Madam, the cage door was open, and he flew away. All our search after him has been in vain, we cannot find him." So saying they redoubled their tears and lamentations, dreading the loss of their situations, and the grief of these poor girls is not to be described. When the amiable Princess, whose virtues were well known, and deserving the mother of one of the greatest kings England could ever boast, said kindly to them, "Do not be so foolish, my good girls, to afflict yourselves thus for an animal: beautiful as he was he is not worthy the tears of a Christian. This is but a very slight misfortune; comfort yourselves, as I shall; and never let it be mentioned again."

CATHARINE VON BORE, WIFE TO MARTIN LUTHER.

SHE was the daughter of a gentleman of fortune, and a nun in the convent of Nimptschen, in Germany. When Luther commenced the reformation she quitted the veil, with eight other nuns, and which abdication they put in practice on Good Friday. Luther, passionately enamoured of Catharine, gained her consent to become his wife. To the charms of youth and beauty, Mrs. Luther added vivacity and pleasing conversation, and the kindest affection and attention towards her husband. When she brought him a son, Luther said, he would not change his condition for that of Cæsus. This lady was said to have all the hospitality of the German noblesse without any of their pride.

ELIZABETH BURY,

WAS the daughter of Captain Adams Lawrence, of Lynton, in Cambridgeshire, and was born in March, 1644; in 1697 she married Mr. Samuel Bury, a dissenting minister.

She was famed for her generosity and beneficence, and gained thereby a most illustrious fame. She took long and expensive journeys to forward her plans of charity; and in order to carry them into effect she was often obliged to resort to the agency of others. "I have acted the part of a beggar so long," she would say, "that I am now reduced almost to one myself." And when she recommended their setting apart peculiar sums for charitable uses, she would add, "People will not grudge to give out of a purse that is no longer their own."

From her early youth she was accustomed to rise at four in the morning, and to spend several hours in her closet in meditation and devotion. She could not satisfy herself, she used to say, with an intercourse in which she could neither do nor receive good. Amongst her memorandums the following frequently occurs:—"Entertained very kindly at such and such houses, but no good done to myself or others." Sometimes she would complain, after leaving company, that though she had struck fire frequently, it always fell upon wet tinder.

MISS ANNE PITT.

THIS lady, who was the sister of that great statesman, Lord Chatham, having received a pension through Lord Bute, her brother wrote her a very severe letter, in which he reproached her for having obtained this favour. "I should never have expected," said he, "such a meanness in any one of my family; the name of Pitt and the word *pension* were never intended to be joined together." Some little time after, the same Lord offered a pension to Mr. Pitt (afterwards Lord Chatham) of three thousand pounds, who did not refuse it. His sister was no sooner informed of it than she immediately sent him a copy of the letter he had before written to her.

This lady was celebrated for her wit and vivacity; and when at an advanced period of life, that dealer in the graces, Lord Chesterfield, called on her one morning, and forgetting that politeness to the sex in which he so much prided himself, said:—"Really, Miss Pitt, I get good for nothing; I believe I am become quite an old woman." "Is that all, my Lord?" said she, with quickness; "I thought you was going to tell me you was become quite an old man, and that is a great deal worse."

SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE.

THIS lady was possessed of superior talents for the writing of comedy; and some of her pieces, notwithstanding the change in our taste and manners, are yet acted on the English stage. Her life is indeed but a tissue of anecdotes, or rather of gay adventures. She passed, in the earliest part of her youth, several months at Cambridge with a young gentleman of fortune, in his chambers; where, being disguised all the time in male attire, and undetected, she had an advantage few of her sex could boast, that of a classical education. So strong was her forte for poetry, that she had composed some songs before she was seven years old; and, on account of her great talents, she afterwards received from Prince Eugene a magnificent gold snuff-box for a poem she inscribed to him; and another from the French Ambassador for a masquerade which she addressed to him. She wrote a ballad against Pope's transla-

tion of Homer before ever he began it. She was possessed of many jewels and pieces of plate from the produce of her literary labours; and we mention this as an extraordinary anecdote, since few, very few poets have been able to rely on their pen for even decent support.

She died in Spring-Gardens, at the house of her third husband, Joseph Centlivre, one of Queen Anne's cooks, who had fallen in love with her at Windsor, where he saw her acting the part of *Alexander the Great*.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

MADAME ELIZABETH OF FRANCE.

MADAME ELIZABETH was daughter of the Dauphin, the father of Louis XVI. and was scarce three years of age when she was left an orphan; her mother was Maria Josephine, Princess of Poland, and the second wife of the Dauphin. The misfortune of losing her parents was, in a great measure, repaired by the tender and affectionate care of Madame de Marsan, her governess, who took the charge of her during her days of infancy, and shewed herself worthy of so sacred a trust, and to which she entirely devoted herself. She had the satisfaction of seeing her royal pupil profit by her ardent zeal for her welfare, and by the virtuous example she continually set her.

But it was not without extreme difficulty that this precious fruit was brought to maturity: the blood of the Duke of Burgundy flowed in the veins of Madame Elizabeth; and the same difficulty which was proved in bringing up that young Prince, was also felt in preserving the life of his great granddaughter. And it was on such a mind that the sensible Fenelon employed all the efforts of his great genius, and sweetly enforced his instructions.

Madame de Marsan and Madame de Markau, in unison with him whom they had chosen to assist them, succeeded in the care they employed in the education of the Princess. By turns mild and decided, severe and gentle, they performed their duty to their royal pupil; they made her feel betimes the pleasure of being beloved: did she, when a child, show a shadow of obstinacy, or give any indication of misplaced arrogance, or ill humour, their friendship, by reasonings such as might be made with childhood, taught her to feel how these vices degrade the mind over which they

hold dominion, and how repellant they are to all confidence and friendship. A few austere sentences, followed by a total silence, took place of their watchful tenderness. The Princess could not endure such a change, and repentance immediately followed her fault. In a short time this character, which was naturally violent, took a turn, and all that remained of its originality was a stability of principle, a nobleness of sentiment, and an indefatigable energy which placed her above the reverse of fortune.

Madame de Marsan was very fond of flowers, and of cultivating exotic plants: aided by Mr. Lemounier, as celebrated for his skill in botany as in medicine, she explained to her young pupil the properties of every shrub, its origin, and the period when it was first introduced in France. Nature is full of instruction, and life holds forth every lesson of utility; the Creator speaks in all his works to the listening and attentive mind.

The mind of Madame Elizabeth was formed for the loftiest conceptions; the mysteries of religion were developed by her, and its grand precepts were engraven on her soul. She was soon enabled to perceive in religion that chain of benevolence, consolations and duties, the first link of which is placed in heaven, and draws mankind to its origin and end. She beheld immortality in the sure light of conviction, and felt that eternity was requisite to sustain our earthly frame, and also that eternity was for man the fruit of his virtues and of his sufferings.

Such were the ideas on which the character of this Princess was formed; and by them she arrived at that degree of dignity and goodness of mind, that she captivated every heart, as she inspired it with the love

of virtue, of which she was the most lovely and worthy organ. No one could behold her without being ambitious of acquiring those virtues to which she gave so great a charm. All that surrounded her from earliest infancy seemed impregnated with a dew of blessings, all around her breathed innocence and peace.

So uniform a conduct, so happy a character, gained her the esteem of all the royal family, and in particular of the King, her brother. This Prince was accustomed to say, that truth was her element. No one but his Majesty knew so well how to appreciate this Princess: always happy to see her, he only parted from her in the sweet hope of seeing her soon again.

A remarkable epocha in the life of Madame Elizabeth, was, that when at about the age of fourteen, her brother, who found her endowed with superior wisdom, gave her an establishment. She still, however, retained her masters, and gave herself up to her accustomed studies and duties, altering nothing of her usual routine of life.

It was in the charms of fraternal friendship that Madame Elizabeth placed her chief delight: in solitude, painting (for which she had a wonderful talent), and much reading, so that she never knew *ennui* but by name. The pleasure of obliging was amongst her greatest and most heart-felt gratifications. Among the young people who, from their infancy had the honour of approaching her, was one who was the object of her primitive friendship, Mademoiselle de Causan; it was for her that Madame Elizabeth deprived herself for five successive years of the diamonds which the King presented to her: she exchanged these diamonds into money at the end of the five years, to have the pleasure of giving her friend a marriage portion.

Devoted to friendship alone, this Princess was a stranger to all court intrigue; her noble and elevated character could ill accommodate itself to that want of integrity, and that self-interest, which are too often the motives to action: it was with extreme delicacy, also, that she rejected the applause she excited; but what added most to her praise was her goodness to the poor, over whom she might be said continually to watch.

In 1781, the King purchased for her the charming house of Madame Guéménée at Montreuil, where the arrival of the Princess was a blessing to the inhabitants: the milk of her dairy was destined to those children who had lost their mothers; she inspected the distribution of it herself, and in her absence she confided it to a man in whom she could place implicit trust, and who delivered in his accounts of its disposal. He had orders to let her know immediately when any of the inhabitants or their children were taken sick, and she sent to them a physician, money, and other necessities of which they might stand in need; and she heard with the most lively joy when any of her sick were restored to life and health.

Her pension was the treasury of the poor; and this striking anecdote is recorded. An ingenious mechanic offered her the ornament of a chimney-piece of very curious workmanship, asking for it four hundred francs. "With that sum," said Madame Elizabeth, "I could feed two small families."

ANTOINETTE BOURIGNON.

ENTHUSIASM was the leading feature in the character of this female devotee: dreadfully deformed in body, it might be said of her, that as she sunk beneath humanity in her exterior, so her interior qualifications raised her above it. She was distinguished at a very early age for her zeal in the cause of Christianity, and an invincible attachment to chastity: her utter aversion to marriage is supposed to have taken its rise from seeing how very unhappily her father and mother lived together.

Pure in heart, yet strongly tinctured with visionary enthusiasm, she began really to fancy herself already united to her Creator; but her father, who had no notion of these abstractions, promised her in marriage to a young Frenchman; and Easter day, 1636, was fixed for the nuptials. She fled in the disguise of a hermit, returned again under promise of being no more persecuted with the addresses of her lover, but was forced again to fly on another proposal of marriage. On the death of her parents, when her patrimonial estate was bequeathed her, she lived at little expence; moderate

in all her desires, and charity not being amongst the number of her virtues, her fortune increased.

This tempted one John de Saulieu to pay his addresses to her, who insinuated himself by discourses on spirituality; but at length he threw off the mask, and threatened to murder her if she would not become his wife: but from him she escaped.

She published a book at Amsterdam, called the *Light of the World*. And to prove the enthusiastic temper of her mind the following passage is sufficient:—"She saw Adam," she said, "in the same form as he was before the fall, and who had produced in himself the nature of Jesus Christ."

Her temper was morose and peevish, and she was naturally avaricious. Her pen, when once set agoing, ran like a torrent, and was not free from invective against those who differed from herself in opinion; for with all her devotion she wanted that true principle of religion—humility.

Other passions have their ebbs as well as flows, but avarice is ever the same: if Madame Bourignon missed the smallest trifle, she punished and prosecuted the offender with unceasing rigour; and in regard to erecting public charities, she declared that her estate was already devoted to those who, nourishing the same creed as herself, were *really* Christians.

Her constitution was so good that she seemed but forty years of age when she was above sixty; and though she was continually straining her eyesight with reading and writing, she never wore spectacles. She was lucky enough to have the three most remarkable periods of her life characterized by comets; namely, her birth, her arriving to the rank of an author, and her death.

This extraordinary character was born at Lisle, in Flanders, Jan. 13, 1616; and died on her way to Holland, at Franeker, in the province of Frise, on the 30th of October, 1680.

SELECT ANECDOTES.

DRYDEN.

THE greatest men are subject to weaknesses; that of Dryden was a belief in judicial astrology. At the birth of his children he consulted the stars, and fancied he could predict all that could befall them. In regard to Charles Dryden, his eldest son, chance justified his predictions; who, according to them, was to die a violent death either at the age of eight years, twenty-three, or thirty-three. At eight years old, young Dryden being in the country, was buried at the very hour and minute announced by his father's prophecy under the ruins of an old wall, which a stag had thrown down, without doing the child the smallest injury. When he was twenty-three years of age, being at Rome, he fell from one of the towers of the Vatican, and was slightly wounded. But at thirty-three, as he was bathing at Windsor, he was taken with the cramp and drowned."

LOUIS DE BOISSI.

HE was a celebrated French comic writer, and surpassed every one in France

in his extensive genius; but while he gained immortal fame he wanted bread; and though his talents were the theme of general conversation, and the playhouses rang with plaudits at every line of his theatric productions, he was languishing, with a wife and child, in the extremes of misery. A prey to distress, he resolved to rid himself of his sorrows by death. His wife, weary of life as himself, listened with delight to his poetic description of the smiling prospects of futurity, and resolved to accompany him to "the bourne from whence there is no return." Yet she could not bear to leave her child, a boy of five years old, in this world of sin and sorrow: it was therefore agreed between them to take their child with them to a better.

They made choice of starving; and shut themselves up in a deserted apartment to await their dissolution. Their little boy, who could not repress his hunger, called to them for bread, but they always found means to quiet him.

One of Boissi's friends thought it very extraordinary that he could never find him

at home: he called several times in one day, always nobody at home! At last, he was resolved to burst open the door; when he found his friend, with his wife and son, extended on the bed, pale and emaciated, and scarce able to speak. The first word the child could utter, when he stretched out his little hands, was bread! It was the third day since a morsel had touched his lips. The parents seemed in a stupor, with their wasted eyes directed to their boy. They appeared, however, terrified at being brought back to life, yet void of sense or reflection, they submitted to the means taken for their recovery. He took the child from them, and thereby kindled the last spark of parental tenderness: he gave the child food, and made him shake his father and mother: the love of life seemed again to take possession of their hearts, for nature had spoken to them. Their friend procured them strengthening broths, which having administered to these afflicted beings with extreme caution, he left them not till he found them finally restored.

When this incident reached the ears of Madame de Pompadour, she immediately sent Boissi an hundred louis d'ors; and soon after procured for him the lucrative post of *Comptrolleur du Mercure de France*, with a pension for his wife and child if they outlived him.

JOHN BARTH.

THIS enterprising sailor was the son of an humble fisherman at Dunkirk; but is more known than if he had owed his birth to a monarch. Without patronage, without any thing to trust to but his own merit, he gained the command of a French squadron; he could neither write nor read, and could but just, after much teaching, transcribe his own name. When the Chevalier de Forbin brought him to court in 1691, the wits of Versailles said one to another, "Come, let us go and see the Chevalier de Forbin with his led bear." Barth, in order to be very fine on the occasion, had appeared in a pair of breeches of gold tissue lined with silver tissue; and on coming away, he declared his court dress had scrubbed him so he was almost flayed. When Louis XIV. told him he had appointed him *Chef d'Escadre*, "You have

done very well, Sir," returned he. This answer caused a burst of laughter amongst the courtiers. Louis understood it as it was meant. "You are mistaken, gentlemen," said he, "in finding the answer of Barth laughable; no, it is that of a man who knows his own value, and who intends to give me fresh proofs of it."

BENSERADE.

BENSERADE, one of the wits during the minority of Louis XIV. was fond of playing what is called roguish tricks, even to the greatest men belonging to the court.

One morning, between seven and eight o'clock, the King's chief *valet de chambre* entered his bed-chamber, while he was yet sleeping, and awaking him, addressed him with a very serious air, saying, "Sir, I wish I had the best news in the world to tell you! but you must first prepare yourself to hear the truth, and obey his Majesty."

Benserade, surprised at this opening, imagined that an order was in agitation to expel him from court, and began to examine his conscience, as he turned himself round in his bed. "Ah! without doubt," thought he, "it is the Duke of —, or the Count of —, who, to be revenged on some pleasantries I have been guilty of against them, have combined to injure me in the mind of the King, whom, however, I was only innocently seeking to amuse at their expence! But," at length, added he, turning to the valet, "What can this be, Sir? Whatever order his Majesty has sent by you I am willing to comply with."

"You must, Sir, take these three hundred pistoles which I have brought you, and content yourself with them: the King, who promised to give you all he won last night, only gained the sum he has sent you."

Benserade thought he was yet asleep, or was only in a waking dream! and in order to prove to himself that he was not under the influence of an illusion, he took the purse, poised it, and was going to count the pistoles, when the *valet de chambre* said to him, "Sir, my service calls me about the person of the King; I owed you some revenge for a certain trick you played me some days ago at the last public dinner. This is the way I chuse to acquit myself; and I wish you good morning."

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

(Concluded from Page 60.)

THE author of the above biographical history concludes his ingenious and entertaining work with the following German composers, which have flourished from 1750 to 1812.

CRAMER, SENIOR.

"This excellent performer on the violin was born at Mannheim, in Germany. His father was in the suite of the late Prince Maximilian, who having observed in the young man a strong indication of musical talent, was at the expence of providing him with proper instructions in the science, and with the intention of still further aiding his improvement, permitted him to travel through Italy, Germany, and France.

"After this he visited England, where he married. He was appointed to the situation of leader of the band at the Opera House, and was for several years at the head of his profession.

"His wife dying he entered a second time into the connubial state with Miss Madan, a young lady of respectable connexions in Ireland. The emoluments arising to him from the Opera House, and from his employment as a private teacher of the violin, were for many years very great; but from want of due attention to economy his affairs became involved, and, for the purpose of extricating himself from his pecuniary difficulties, a friendly commission of bankruptcy was obtained. Previously, however, to this event he had been superseded as leader of the Opera band by Viotti. This loss, added to the change of his circumstances, visibly affected both his health and spirits, from which he never recovered. He died at his residence in Charles-street, Mary-le-bone, on the 5th of October, 1799."

JOHN CHRISTIAN FISCHER,

"Long known and celebrated in this country for his admirable performance on the hautboy, was a native of Fribourg, in Germany.

"Fischer's first public appointment as a musician, appears to have been that of a

member of the King of Poland's band at Dresden. He afterwards went, for a little time, to Berlin; where, in consequence of the temporary disgrace of C. P. E. Bach, he was permitted the honour to accompany Frederic, the then King of Prussia, alone, for four hours every day. He next went to Mannheim, and from thence to Paris, where he performed at the *Concert Spirituel* with the most enthusiastic applause.

"From Paris he came to London; and as soon as he had been once heard in public, no concert was thought complete without his performance. On being engaged to play a concerto every night at Vauxhall, he drew thither all the lovers of music, but particularly professors; among whom was the elder Park, who played the hautboy at Drury-Lane Theatre, and who used to quit his post, and forfeit half his night's salary, for the purpose of going to Vauxhall to hear him.

"At the formation of the Queen's band, Fischer was appointed one of her Majesty's chamber-musicians. He left England in 1786. Returning towards the end of the following year, he continued here during the remainder of his life.

"Fischer was unhappy in his marriage with the daughter of Gainsborough the painter, which greatly embittered the remainder of his life. She had external beauty, grace, and accomplishments; but he, with a good person, and superior genius for his art, was extremely deficient in colloquial eloquence, and in all those indefinable charms which engage the attention and endear the speaker. He had not a grain of sense but what he breathed through his reed; he never spoke more than three words at a time, and those were either negatives or affirmatives.

"Fischer was seized with an apoplectic fit during his performance at his Majesty's concert at the Queen's house, about the year 1803, and died very shortly after he removed to his own home."

The following anecdotes in the biography of André Grétry, which concludes the book, are extremely interesting.

ANDRE GRÉTRY

"Was born in Liege, in 1741. At an early age he became sensible of the charms of music; and to this sensibility, when he was only four years old, he was near falling a sacrifice. Being left alone in a room where some water was boiling in an iron pot over a wood fire, the sound caught his ear, and for some time he amused himself with dancing to it. The curiosity of the child, however, was at length excited to uncover the vessel, and in so doing he overset it; the water fell upon him and dreadfully scalded him from head to foot.

"When he was six years old his father placed him in the choir of the collegiate church of St. Denis. An accident, which for a time put a stop to his studies, deserves to be here related. It was usual at Liege to tell children that God will grant them whatever they ask of him at their first communion. Young Grétry had long purposed to pray on this occasion, 'that he might immediately die if he were not destined to be an honest man, and a man of eminence in his profession.' On that very day, having gone to the top of the tower to see men strike the wooden bells which are always used during the Passion week, a beam of considerable weight fell on his head and laid him senseless on the floor. A person who was present ran for the extreme unction; but, on his return, he found the youth upon his legs. On being shewn the heavy log which had fallen on him, 'Well, well,' he exclaimed, 'since I am not killed, I am now sure that I shall be an honest man and a good musician.'

"From this time his disposition was considerably altered; his former gaiety gave way in a great measure to melancholy, and never afterwards visited him except at intervals.

"His voice began to break; it would then have been prudent to have forbidden his singing; but this not having been done a spitting of blood was brought on, to which, on any exertion, he was ever afterwards subject.

"Not long subsequently to this he was placed under the care of Moreau. One of the first things which he did was to carry to his master a mass which he had just completed. 'Stay, stay,' said Monsieur

Moreau, 'you proceed too fast; write a treble to this bass, but attempt no more masses.'—'I could not restrain my musical impetuosity, Sir,' said Grétry; 'I had a thousand musical ideas in my head, and was eager to make use of them.'

"Grétry walked to Rome in the early part of 1759, being then only eighteen years of age. The ardour with which he pursued his musical studies was so great, that it suffered him to pay but little attention to his health. This consequently became so much impaired that he was obliged, for a while, to leave Rome and retire into the country. He stopped at Geneva, and there composed his first French opera of *Isabelle and Gertrude*. Respecting the performance of this work he relates an amusing anecdote. 'One of the performers in the orchestra, a dancing-master, came to me in the morning, previously to the representation, to inform me that some young people intended to call for me on the stage with acclamation at the end of the piece, in the same manner as at Paris. I told him I had never seen that done in Italy.—'You will, however, see it here,' said he; 'and you will be the first composer who has received this honour in our republic.'—It was in vain for me to dispute the point; he would absolutely teach me the bow that I was to make with a proper grace. As soon as the opera was finished they called for me, sure enough, and with great violence, and I was obliged to appear to thank the audience for their indulgence; but my friend in the orchestra cried out aloud, 'Poh! that is not it! not at all! but get along!' 'What is the matter?' said his brethren in the orchestra. 'I am out of all patience; there did I go to his lodgings this morning, on purpose to shew him how to behave himself nobly, and did you ever see such an awkward booby?' Grétry, during the anarchy which reigned a few years ago in France, became tainted with revolutionary principles; and he even went so far as to publish a work on the subject of religion, entitled *De la Vérité ce que nous fûmes, ce que nous sommes, ce que nous devons être*, which shews him also to have been deeply tainted with infidelity. He died at Montmorency, on the 24th of September, 1813."

THE DIVORCE.—A TALE.

RELATED BY A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

(Continued from Page 65.)

MR. DORMEUIL, as I have mentioned before, had entered a new firm. His partners and associates, disgusted with my manners, had given up inviting me; and, in order to keep up appearances, I had renounced seeing any company. Some few old friends, however, would occasionally come to visit me in my solitude, when Mr. Dormeuil began reproaching me with making him a stranger in his own house to all his acquaintance, informing me, at the same time, in an imperative tone, that he wished all to be admitted by whom he was received himself. I remained silent. He added, that he was determined to give a ball, that the day was fixed upon, and that he hoped I would not offer such an affront to his friends as to refuse presiding at that little fete. I still continued silent. He sat down to his desk and wrote the list of his invitations, which he presented to me. As soon as I had read it, I took up a pen, erased the name of the woman he preferred to me, and, returning the list, said: "Such as it is now, Sir, I adopt it, and without the least difficulty am ready to submit my inclination to your will."—I stood trembling: had he not been guilty, what would that sacrifice have cost him? If he had had the least condescension, had he merely wished to justify himself, I am but too sensible of it, I should have been weak enough to except no one; but he flew in a passion, and left me abruptly, holloaing out that it was no longer possible to live with me.

These words resounded within my heart, and it revolted. What! the mother of a family! a woman undeserving of any reproach; a faithful companion, who, without hesitation, had endangered her life to save that of her husband. What! was such a woman to be deprived the right of rejecting the society of her rival, of the mistress of her children's father! Through the fear of having too great an advantage if an explanation, that was become necessary, was to take place, I avoided it, and wrote to Mr. Dormeuil the following lines:—

"You have told me that it was no longer possible to live with me: I shall not try to investigate which of us two is changed. Hitherto, I believe, I have faithfully fulfilled my duty, and am still ready to make for your sake all the sacrifices that will endanger my character, or the dearest sentiment of my heart. Permit me to retire into the country, which will agree better with me and with your daughter in our present state of health. There I shall teach her how to be patient, and to conquer a sensibility so dangerous for our sex. This plan must suit you well, as it will leave you at liberty to indulge all your propensities. I shall wait for your consent before I make all necessary preparations for my departure. Neither shall I ever return till you call me back. If you should be so happily situated as never to want my attendance, your peace and tranquillity will be an alleviation to my everlasting sorrow. Dormeuil! if I may presume to recollect what you said to me once in an agony of repentance, the path which you now tread is not the road to happiness."

Must I inform you, my child, how your father answered my letter? By the judicial proposition of a divorce, on account of the incompatibility of our tempers; and it was he who did, or at least who pretended to go into the country, with a view, no doubt, of avoiding the reproaches which only my presence accumulated against him. Six years of happiness, four years of entire submission, what I had done for him, his peace of mind which I had restored, the idea of his daughter—all were overlooked; neither did he throw into the scale any other consideration to counterbalance the only fault he might ever have found with me, although the original author himself, with the passion he felt for Mademoiselle Olivier; your sister's mother was so called.

What a severe blow! I have lost my name, my support, my connections! At the age of eight-and-twenty, shall I then find myself left alone with you in this world, supposing even that you are not

torn away from me? What can I oppose to so much ingratitude? If I were allowed to see Mr. Dormeuil, I should embrace his knees, my despair should move him; but I am told that he is gone on a journey; his return may be delayed, and when the most poignant grief, the most unbounded submission might still melt the heart of a guilty husband, I am to meet only an agent, a steward who cannot comprehend me, who, nevertheless, pities me,—who weeps with me, but who, notwithstanding, sues for that dreadful divorce with an activity that redoubles my distress. An attorney opposed to an unfortunate, distracted wife! How barbarous! Merciful God! Marriage, that union which I shall never cease considering as a bond equally sacred and indissoluble, is now become a mere pecuniary concern; and when my tears call back my husband, when I claim my right, and that my tears are intermixed with the accents of betrayed love, I am spoken to of money matters—I receive propositions in answer!

In compliance to my request, however, I was promised to have a letter forwarded to Mr. Dormeuil. So then I now stood in need of a confidant to address him who was acquainted with all my secrets, with whom I deposited the most precious sentiments I ever felt, and am informed, at the same time, that all my efforts will be of no avail. I am treated like a patient whose every whim is gratified, on account of its being certain that no recovery is to be expected. Alas! my dear child, what a situation!

MADAME DORMEUIL'S LETTER TO HER HUSBAND.

"SIR, — You are imposed upon,—so much cruelty is foreign to your disposition, I must either think so or die. What do you require from me? I consent, before you even mention what it may be; but do not deprive me of your name. It is, of all that you have bestowed upon me, the only one that I claim. Without your support, without you, what am I in this world? Dormeuil, when my mother chose you for my husband, when bathed in tears at being certain of her approaching dissolution, I took you aside, and that, alone with you, I exclaimed from my heart, 'Never forsake

me; you then swore you would be my protector. I claim the execution of your promise; never in my life have I stood in such need of being protected, and who will yield me a support if you reject me?

"When my expiring mother laid hold of our hands and joined them,—when she beseeched you to be more than a husband to me,—when she transferred to you all the rights and authority that nature had given her over her daughter,—when both you and I fell on our knees before her bed to receive her blessing: remember how at that moment the paleness of death overspread her face. You took the oath 'never to forsake me,' and a moment after life had coloured her countenance. Dormeuil, if you believe that the laws can free a man from keeping his oath taken to the living, you will not be so impious as to believe that any earthly power can annul the observance of that which my mother claims from her grave. Should I be reprehensible as a wife, yet you would be bound to protect me on account of all the rights and authority with which she has invested you over me.

"When from that death-bed we proceeded to the altar, what did you promise to the God in whose name our union was going to be sanctified? Have courage enough to recollect that period. Could the remembrance of a moment, which then made you so happy, now be so painful? Had I been inclined to secure to myself the right of dissolving our union at any future period, would you have accepted my hand? I shall answer for you: *No*. As for me, if the priest had said to me: 'God who receiveth your oaths, will allow you to perjure yourself one day to come; the man to whom you will be every thing, may perhaps one day be nothing to you; that which heaven unites shall be disunited without heaven being offended:' I now protest to God himself, by those duties that I have constantly fulfilled, and the love that I have vowed to you, which love has survived your injustice; never Dormeuil himself would have been my husband. What did you promise to God? Never to forsake me. Can the laws disengage you towards the Deity? Does honour allow you to reject me by virtue of those laws that existed not when I became your wife? since you cannot dis-

avow, that if they had existed, we should have remained for ever strangers to each other.

"Ungrateful Dormeuil! When I was torn away from my mother's bed, and was carried dying into thine arms, thou knowest with what incredible facility thy caresses dried up the source of my tears; thy joy became mine, thy existence and mine were now made one and the same. Oh! if I cease being thy wife, what am I then in mine own eyes? After twelve year marriage, must decency be alarmed, and shall I be condemned to blush, for not being able to say any more, when I point out to the father of my child—that is my husband?

"How shall I bear the looks of the public, when every beholder is inclined to slander in proportion to his immorality? If thou discardest me, I must be guilty, or thou art the most unjust of all mortals. Cruel alternative! I must either blush at my own enormities, or for the father of my child—for my husband, for such thou shalt ever be, Dormeuil. To whatever excesses thy passions may drive thee, in spite of our new laws, in spite of thyself, I will retain thy name, the title of thy wife; and if thou wert barbarous enough to wed another, think of it well, it would be at once thy wretchedness and thy condemnation. I say thy condemnation, because the public would judge both thy conduct and mine;—thy wretchedness, for what canst thou expect from a woman, who, in hopes of becoming thine, prompts thee to betray the most sacred duties. For the sake of thine own happiness, Dormeuil, enter not into other bonds. Thou art well aware that infidelity itself admits not of a return, but that the pride of forgiving is the most welcome of all indemnifications to the heart of a faithful wife.

"Do not suffer yourself, my beloved, to be trepanned. Corrupt laws are but of short duration: the excess of the evil soon points out the necessity of a remedy: you know besides, that the most dissolute people do not, however, consent to be ruled by laws as vicious as themselves.

"Believe me, virtue is not illusory; neither is it so easily deluded as vice. You have ceased loving me, you can no longer live with me; far from using recrimina-

tion, I agree to every thing, if, at such a price, I can save you. You promised once to watch over me,—well! I shall willingly sacrifice myself for you, but let us not divorce. If ever my daughter, subsequent to your having made your own terms, should call me to an account respecting her fortune, I shall tell her, without any farther explanation, 'I have given up to purchase the preservation of thy father,' and my child then will bless me. Dormeuil, since you repent, at present, having married me,—since the parent of your daughter is become so unbearable to you, only reflect on the natural fickleness of your disposition, who will be able to fix you when I have failed in so doing? Dormeuil, I am innocent; I am certain that your heart does me justice in that respect, and yet you think of rejecting me! You alone know who I am. If you deprive me of your name, you will rob me of more than you would do any other woman in the same situation. Shall I entrust the public with the secret of my birth, and of the misfortunes of my mother? You became every thing to me, for the very reason that you alone were considered as deserving of such a confidence; I might have chosen another husband, yet I preferred you, under a persuasion that you would secure me against the mortification too frequently attached to those who have no family to claim. By how manifold titles are you and I united? I speak not here of those that everlastingly bind me to you. The most sacred is the love I have vowed to bear you, the expression of which, however, I must silence, since it is the only means your unfortunate wife has left, at present, of pleasing you."

You may easily imagine, my dear child, that I had motives sufficient to write at greater length; but I was afraid of wearying with my writing, the man who had been so cruel as to tell me in my face, that there was no possibility of living with me any longer.

With what impatience did I wait for his answer! If Dormeuil answers my letter, would I say, my triumph is certain; and that triumph consisted in saving him; for myself, personally, I hoped for nothing. But although the heart of a wife may be deceived in its most tender feelings, she has still many duties to fulfil.

Dormeuil returned me no answer. Nevertheless, from the new proposals that were made to me, pursuant to his directions, I could not doubt but my epistle had moved him. It seemed, however, as if fatality had presided over his destiny. His agent offered me, in case I consented to oppose no obstacle to our divorce, to add to the reimbursement of my portion any sum that I might think proper to demand, with the avowal that my fortune had been the means of his repairing his own. Such was the only homage which that weak man thought I was entitled to; what would he have done less if I had been a vile interested wretch?

All my hopes and expectations being at an end, I felt a requisite courage to rise within me; I left the house from which my presence banished my husband, and went to settle in that which I had inherited from my mother. I carried you off, my dear child, without consulting any one. You was mine by the rights of nature, and I should have thought it forfeiting that sacred right, had I even consulted on its legality. I rejected every proposal. I never acknowledged, neither will I ever acknowledge that divorce, against which I entered a legal protest.

The sight of that house in which I had been brought up increased my affliction by bringing back to my mind a thousand recollections: such as were sad appeared to me the most soothing; but those that reflected, as it were, the ideas I had conceived of uninterrupted happiness, made me miserable. You, chiefly, my poor child, frequently added to my sorrows, when you would enquire what was become of your father. I was obliged to deceive you, to conceal from you the real cause of my tears; and the perusal of the present narrative will make you acquainted for the first time with the extent of my miseries.

It seemed as if I were still to entertain some hopes, when I understood that Mr. Dormeuil had returned to his home alone, notwithstanding our divorce had been pronounced. One of the servants I had left with him, and who was devoted to me, used to come privately to inform me of whatever he could receive intelligence. My husband was sad and dejected; his

present solitary situation at home was painful to him; and although he frequently went out, whenever he returned home he appeared more pensive and low-spirited, and always carefully avoided going by my apartment. He, therefore, must feel some remorse on account of his former conduct, and apprehensions respecting what he farther proposed doing. I thought it accordingly incumbent upon me to try another attempt.

I wrote again a suppliant letter, which my tears rendered scarcely legible. I offered to bury the past in oblivion. What did I not offer to perform and allow! Never had my soul been so exalted as at that moment; and if I had possibly continued much longer in that same paroxysm, I am sure it would have cost me my life, or the use of my senses. I commissioned my friend, the faithful servant, to place my letter where Mr. Dormeuil could not fail seeing it on his return home. With what pangs and anxiety I waited for the effect it would produce! Yet all that I could learn was, that my husband had spent the night in great perturbation of mind, and that he had gone out earlier than usual.

Reduced to the necessity of leaving this measure untried, I determined to go to his house as soon as it was dark, to take my post in his apartment, to wait for him, and to die at his feet if he had the barbarity to reject me. To put this new scheme into practice, I consented to disguise myself, so that the servant who was in my interest might admit me without being exposed to his master's displeasure. My plan thus settled, I longed for the moment to put it in execution, as if I were convinced it would put a close to all my miseries.

It was already dusk before the man who was to introduce me had made his appearance. This proved to me an additional subject of inquietude. At last, however, I saw him coming, but before he had informed me of what had occasioned his delay, I had already guessed that I was ruined beyond redemption. Mademoiselle Olivier had dined at my husband's; men had been at work in my former apartment to remove the furniture, which was not sufficiently rich for that lady. I felt rather inclined to believe at first, that your father, through

delicacy, was induced to part from whatever might compel him to form a comparison between the wife he had lost, and that which he was going to procure.—What shall I say to you? The whole business was conducted with such expedition, that a week after, that woman, with the

sanction of the laws, assumed the name of Madame Dormeuil. If she became the wife of my husband, from that moment then he had two wives, for I never ceased being his.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE NEW SYSTEM OF BOTANY;

WITH PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLORA, &c. &c. &c.

If the subject of our present lecture affords less of the beauties of Flora for our investigation, and is even less adorned or illustrated by the poet's lays, yet we ought to recollect that the humblest of nature's works are often those which, on investigation, afford the most curious matter for consideration; in proceeding, therefore, to the investigation of the humble

MOSS,

we shall take a geographical survey of its various habitats, after premising that the extensive natural order of Mosses exhibits such strong characters, both in structure and economy, that nothing is more easy than to distinguish them from all the other varieties of the *Cryptogamous* class, particularly if our fair readers are disposed to examine their minute specimens through one of Dolland's best microscopes (or even through those humbler philosophical instruments, that may be purchased whilst cheapening a pair of gloves in Exeter 'Change); an amusement which may, perhaps, afford them as much satisfaction as peeping at a *beau* through a quizzing-glass on the marine parades and *allées vertes* of sea-lounging and water-drinking resorts of idleness and fashion.

We may further add, the peculiarly pleasing external appearance, and curious internal organization, cannot fail to excite in a polished and contemplative mind, the most lively interest, even though the fair botanist should as yet have made but small progress in the science.

To enable such, therefore, to astound attendant *beaux*, with a definition at least, we shall simply state, that Mosses are such *Cryptogamous* plants as bear, on small leafy

stems and branches, simple capsules, dehiscent at the top, where they are covered by a peculiar veil or calyptra.

The particular organs of conformation, which are now the distinctive marks of all plants, may be distinctly seen with the help of a simple magnifying glass, and appear to consist partly in oblong *gemmae*, of a bud-like shape, which were formerly supposed to be anthers, and partly in an aggregation of pistils, intermingled with succulent filaments.

It must be acknowledged, that the Mosses rank as the most humble subjects in the empire of Flora, as no arborescent one has yet been discovered. Indeed, the largest of the species seldom exceed a span in length: although some monsters have been seen of the length of eighteen inches. It is in Alsace that these extraordinary ones have been found: therefore, such of our fair readers as chuse to blend science with amusement in their excursions to the Continent, may ascertain the fact; but, if some are so magnified by nature, there are others which, to be seen at all, must be magnified by art; we allude to several species of the *Phascum* and *Grimmia*, which bid defiance to the research of the most microscopic eye, unless aided by a lens.

It is needless to inform our readers, that Mosses are partial to shady and to moist places: but, perhaps, they do not know that nature has endowed them with such extraordinary powers, as to thrive also in all different kinds of soil, and even when exposed to the intensest heat of the orb of day, and in the most arid situations.

In this, however, there is an obvious arrangement, for some are only found, in this hemisphere, on the southern side of the

most barren rocks; others in all sunny places; some in pure dry sand; others again on bare quartz; on rocks of porphyry and granite; on calcareous rocks; on slate; on gypsoous soil; on the sides even of coal-pits; again, on argillaceous soils; or in the deepest morasses.

We have made this enumeration the more particularly, in order to notice (for the purpose of guarding our fair readers against a common prejudice), the subject of "Spontaneous vegetation," partly founded on the natural history of Mosses, and partly on plants of a larger growth.

It has long been observed, that ground newly turned up will produce particular plants, without cultivation; that Mosses grow on brick walls, where no seed has been sown; nay, in some parts of North America, if the forests are burned down, as sometimes happens from lightning, or from fires left in the woods, an immense crop of young pine trees immediately starts up, though that tree had been unknown in such place before. But the variety of local habitats which Mosses assume, appears to afford a clue to this seeming difficulty in natural history. We know that the seeds shed by plants since the creation of the world must be innumerable; we know that many of them are so minute as to escape the observation of the most curious eye; we know that many of them retain their vegetating powers to an almost indefinite extent; and we know also, that many of them will not vegetate except in particular situations.

Under these circumstances, we must consider the atmosphere as being always supplied with a portion of invisible seeds, which never vegetate until they alight and are fixed upon their proper habitat, which will always account for the apparently spontaneous appearance of Mosses in various situations. Again, if we reflect that seeds, when buried in the earth to certain depths, will never vegetate; if we reflect that a great portion of the soil of the maritime provinces of North America, as well as of several other parts of the world, is alluvial, or a deposition of mud and sand and stones, brought down by the winter torrents from the mountains, and even by the constant attrition of the usual rains, it is not surprizing that seeds from the moun-

tainous plants should be brought down with this artificial soil, and there remain in a quiescent state, until particular circumstances should expose them to solar influence, and to the excitement of the oxygen contained in the atmosphere.

These considerations, we trust, are sufficient to shew that all the phenomena of nature may be explained by the simplest causes; and that, in the present case, without having recourse to "Spontaneous vegetation," a subject so much dwelt on by the sceptic, who would fain believe that the world and all within it are the offspring of chance.

To return, however, more specifically to our subject, we may remark that Mosses grow most luxuriantly in morasses, or bogs, particularly such as are surrounded with trees. This is more especially the case in Sweden, Lapland, and Siberia; where it has also been observed that a subsoil of iron ore, or of marcasite, is always covered with these plants in the greatest luxuriance. In those cases, indeed, they seem to enjoy a middle temperature; for the morasses of this kind are seldom dry in summer, whilst in the winter they are seldom frozen, owing to the quantity of superincumbent snow, and more particularly, perhaps, to the high temperature produced by the sulphur and asphaltum of the minerals beneath: for the morasses of which we speak are those which furnish the turf and peat so well known as materials for fuel in the northern regions and in Alpine tracts. It is unnecessary to mention the varieties which inhabit those situations in various countries; or to specify those whose favourite residence is on the banks of rivers, brooks, and springs; but we may mention, as a particular instance, that variety called *Fontinalis Antipyretica*, which is peculiarly partial to the immediate vicinity of waterfalls, nay, strikes its roots into the stones which are washed by the fall, and which even seems to shew that the vigour of its vegetation is proportioned to the violence of the water dashing around it.

There are none of nature's works which will not admit of serious reflection, or of that species of *apologue* adopted by the earliest poets for the conveyance of truth; if we were disposed to moralize on this subject, how easily might we compare the

obstinacy of this gentle plant in resisting the opposing cataract, to that feeling which will sometimes prompt even the female breast to nourish an attachment in spite of the persuasions of parental love, or the denunciations of parental authority, when, if she had glided with the stream, instead of fixing her future fate on a barren and gloomy rock, she might have been wafted to happier shores, to sport amongst the flowrets on the river's gladsome banks, inhaling the opening day amidst daisied meads and under summer skies!

Of the Mosses, it is well known that some will only grow in watery situations, whilst others are only found on the stems and branches of particular trees; but it is also a curious fact, not generally known, that though the Lichens are a scale higher than the Mosses, yet some species of the latter will only grow in that soil which has been prepared for them by the destruction and decomposition of the former.

With respect to the genus in general, we may also observe, that they are contented with a much lower temperature than most other vegetables; a circumstance that may in some instances render them of peculiar advantage to particular trees, whose branches and trunks being in a great measure covered by them, they not only extract less heat from these trees, but perhaps act as non-conductors of caloric, and thus preserve the tree itself at a temperature necessary for its preservation against the rigour of winter: this may also be connected with the fact, that the periods of their most vigorous growth and propagation are in the autumn and spring; whilst, in low countries, they are seldom or ever seen in the height of summer, as if it had actually impeded their vegetative powers.

It is not surprising, therefore, that they should always be found in the greatest abundance and vigour in Alpine regions, which naturally favour their growth by the humidity continually precipitated from the air, and perhaps by the thin layer of light mould there afforded them.

Sprengel, the celebrated botanist, notices that in Germany and in Switzerland the steep rocks of the Alps are clothed by mosses from the height of 3000 to 5500 feet; but that at the latter elevation they cease, either from the eternal snow, or because

that the rocks are too naked to afford them nourishment: though it is a curious fact, that in some places Lichens are still met with even where no Mosses are any longer to be seen!

The state of vegetation in the polar regions is yet but little known; but in the year 1771, a party of travellers were sent through Siberia to the coast of the Icy Sea, or Frozen Ocean, who affirmed that in those parts, where the soil never thawed to a greater depth than four inches, Mosses and Lichens were the only vegetable productions. These travellers stated the whole northern border of Siberia, towards the coast of that sea, to be for a width of some hundreds of miles, nothing but an immensely extended morass, destitute of trees, and where, even in the middle of summer, the heat of the sun never penetrated to the depth of a span. There the whole soil was covered by mosses, whose roots were only just above the eternal crust of ice which, in the middle of summer, was sufficiently hard to bear sledges drawn by rein deer.

Our Canadian travellers, Hearne and Mackenzie, give the same description of the northern tracts of America; and Phipps, in his voyage towards the north pole, states the same respecting Spitzbergen, whose rocks, consisting principally of schistus rising out of everlasting masses of ice, are thickly clothed with these humble mosses.

That in Greenland they should constitute the most numerous class of vegetables, is not surprising; but their variety must there be great indeed, if we are to credit the authority of Crantz, who says, that whilst sitting casually on a rock, he has counted above twenty species without rising from his seat.

Such being the case in northern regions, it may well be expected that in the southern hemisphere the same will take place. Hitherto, however, no lands have been discovered there so near to the pole as within the arctic circle; in fact, within the antarctic circle no land is known to exist; and as for the island of Georgia, and the southern Thule, discovered by Cook, neither time nor circumstances permitted a close or minute investigation of their frowning rocks beaten by the wintry billows of the Southern Ocean. In Patagonia, in Terra del

Fuego, and in the Falkland Islands, they are indeed found in great variety: and naturalists, ever anxious after novelty, still flatter themselves with a rich harvest, whenever individual enterprize shall open to their research the hidden treasures of Flora in the interior of Africa, where, on the summits of the *Mountains of the Moon*,

they hope to add to the already bountiful stock of vegetable nature.

In a succeeding lecture we shall examine some of the most curious points of internal and external conformation, in which we shall introduce some botanical anecdotes, neither uninteresting to the lover of science or even to the light summer reader.

NADIR.—A TALE OF FORMER TIMES.

"MANY men, many minds."—If I could have my own way, I should like to be carried over the whole universe on the wings of Æolus. On my return from my travels, I should then be reckoned a man of importance in Babylon, my native town, where I now cut so poor a figure. Methinks I see myself surrounded by numbers, who at first gaze upon me in silent admiration. "Pray tell me," lisps a young man of ton, "let me hear a description of the fair in Saturn?"—"They are six feet high."—"In Jupiter?"—"They are square shaped."—"In Mercury?"—"They are born with two tongues."—"And in Venus?" "Our Babylon is one of her colonies," replied I, to the blushing Delia.

A learned man now raising his voice, enquires what is thought, in the regions above, of eternity, or the creation of the world?—"There," answered I, "the inhabitants only think of what can procure instruction or amusement."—"Which is the predominant religion?" asks a bonze.—"Every one worships the Deity as he thinks most proper."—"But there must infallibly be a missionary sent by the Supreme Being?"—"Certainly, there is one; namely, Virtue." A crowd of fashionables now press upon me at a time:—"Do they indulge the most noble passions of gambling, banqueting, courting the fair, creating, or at least, adopting every new fashion?"—"No; motives of avarice have not yet taught them to grow pale or crimsoned over a card, or a box and dice; the cheerfulness and friendly intercourse of the guests, constitute the nicety of the banquet; in company all women are equally paid regard to; in private every one cherishes his own wife; they dress as fits them best, with neatness and simplicity; the ladies will, perhaps, allow their charms to be

guessed at, but they never expose." At these words all my little insects began to buzz out: "In those superior regions, for certain, they know nothing of genteel manners, and are quite destitute of common sense."

To such an exclamation I must needs reply with an epigram, which I have my particular reasons not to repeat.

A grave sententious character now addresses the company as follows:—"If he could have found a more agreeable planet than ours, there he certainly would have continued. He returned to Babylon, from which I am authorised to proclaim, that Babylon is the most delightful place in the universe."—"Do you reckon for nothing the influence of habit? The Polander, we are told, prefers his humble cot to the princely palace; the wandering Massageter returns to breathe his last sigh under the cloudy sky of his native land; neither do I know whether you should like to spend your whole life-time in the planet of Babel." "Hey-day! a new planet! Where have you made the discovery?" asked Urania.—"In the famous library of Syrius; I read of it in a precious manuscript that was dropt one morning in the great square. I could make a fine history of it if I chose. I first perused a dedication, next ran over the introduction, then came a caution, followed by a preliminary discourse, after which was a preface; however, with the assistance of very scientific notes, I was enabled to go through the work, which I have had the pleasure of translating, in the space of seven hundred years, seven months, and seven days."

"Read it out," exclaimed every one present. With the utmost gravity I unfold my manuscript. The company being seated, and the ladies even having promised to keep silent, I began as follows, previously,

however, agreeably to the general custom, I solicited the indulgence of my hearers :—

It was in the country that Nadir had spent the time of his childhood. Elma, the daughter of one of his father's intimate friends, and by two years younger than himself, was his constant play-fellow, and his companion in his daily rambles. One might have said that the gods had animated them at one breath. The first impressions of Nadir's heart were in favour of Elma, who could hardly articulate the dear name of Nadir without some emotion. Distressed and fretful, when absent from one another, they never met again without a blush, yet both were surprised at their blushing. Mute, through an excess of pleasure, they would gaze on each other. Elma would lean her head on the heaving breast of Nadir, who, with tears of joy in his eyes, enlivened with an innocent salute, the rosy bloom on her cheek. They next would go, hand in hand, singing all the way, to some turf seat, at no great distance, where he used to read to her. At every tender passage they sighed, and Nadir would exclaim—"Elma, that author has read within my thoughts!" If a lover promised to be faithful, she then would press her young friend's hand on her heart. They would now direct their steps towards the humble habitation of the poor, and there, as by stealth, leave behind them dates or other fruit, and sometimes money. They were so happy in doing a little good, they appeared so full of gratitude, that the indigent, whom they had relieved, might have been mistaken for their benefactors! The two youths accordingly were universally beloved.

Fortune seemed to smile upon them, but Fortune, the same as Time, is supplied with wings. The latter, with a sudden unexpected blow, struck the young man's father, without leaving him leisure to settle his affairs. Some interested individuals disputed the inheritance. In order to substantiate his claims, Nadir was obliged to visit the metropolis of the empire. Elma might go with him; but how could she determine to leave her mother, whose affection and infirmities required her uninterrupted attendance? Nadir, at least, will never forget her; he promised a thousand times, upon oath, to live for her alone. "My dearest friend," did Elma say to him,

"henceforth I shall wander alone through our fields and meadows, seek you every where, call after you without ceasing, and not meeting you, I shall be most miserable." "It will be some alleviation to your sorrows," replied Nadir, "that every object here will bring me back to your recollection, and that you may converse about me with your mother, whenever you are pleased so to do; but whom shall I confide my distresses to? With whom am I to speak of my Elma? I shall be solitary in this wild world."—"A thought, my good friend, has just occurred to me; you shall have a something that will bring Elma back to your remembrance." So saying, she produced a double edged sharp steel instrument, applied it to her hair that was waving down to her knees, and presented him with a silver lock. He seized it, carried it to his lips, and fixed it close to his heart. What are riches compared with such a token of love? Nadir would have stayed at Babylon, had not Elma's mother, partly with threats, and partly by promises, forced him to depart. The die is cast; his high mettled steed bears him through the plain; he turns round, no longer sees his friend, but still imagines that he beholds her features. As he proceeds he is overwhelmed with grief, yet he attempts not to ward its pangs; conscious that to resist it can only promote its fury.

After having travelled fifty parasangs, Nadir reached the metropolis, and alighted at a famous caravansera. He sat down to a table, where the foreign idioms of a hundred guests, ambulating gazetteers from all the districts of the planet, might be heard at a time. He, however, soon left the disputants to go and take a view of the town. Stately palaces engage his attention, he reads the various inscriptions, and next asks a thousand idle questions of passengers who do not listen to him, but leave him to attend to their own pursuits. Behold him now entering a most delightful garden; there he saw myriads of captivating women, whose aspect, nevertheless, only caused him to regret the more the simple air and modest deportment of Elma.

Whilst indulging his reflections, he had the misfortune to tread on a lady's gauze train, and thereby to be deserving of a very severe reprimand. As he drew back he

happened to jostle a beau, who carried the lap-dog of his mistress. Down came the delicate quadruped; *Favori*, alas! sends forth a most piteous yell, and the lady faints. Her lover, who held a bamboo in his hand, applied it across the shoulders of Nadir, who instantly repaid the compliment. All present interfere, the fair ladies side with the offended mistress of the dog; and the gentlemen unanimously declare, that according to the most noble custom of their ancestors, a duel is become indispensable. The two heroes, in consequence, repair to a neighbouring wood. The one, with a feeble hand shoots an inoffensive arrow; the other, with equal vigour and skill, lodges his weapon in the shoulder of his antagonist. Nadir, on being surrounded by a cluster of people, thought that he was ruined; but he was soon undeceived, and agreeably surprised, when his wounded opponent declared himself his friend, invited him to get into his palanquin, and carried him to his own home.

Phanor (so was the young man called,) had an uncle, who happened to be one of Nadir's judges. By this means, and owing to numberless visits, which in the common language are denominated solicitations, our hero, after the revolution of thirteen moons, obtained from the tribunal a gratuitous verdict, that entitled him to enter into possession of his deceased father's estates. Two-thirds of the property, however, he was under an obligation of distributing amongst the good people who had interfered in his behalf, and the public opinion was, that he had got off very cheap.

Upon his first arrival in the metropolis, Nadir used to write daily to Elma, from whom he also heard every day. Her letters he would read to Phanor, who, indeed treated with indifference a passion which he termed romantic, and of which he endeavoured to cure his new friend. He instructed Nadir in the arts of dressing in style, of assuming fashionable airs, of shamming levity, and of composing *extempore* declarations. In the forenoon he would take him to the toilette of some celebrated *belles*; in the evening he introduced him into the circles of ton. Not unfrequently Phanor would destroy Nadir's letters, so that not only days but months elapsed without the latter hearing from Elma. "Is

she not a female?" would Phanor say, and our hero remained involved in thought, when one day his gay companion apprized him, most abruptly, that he was going on a long journey. He was to repair first, unaccompanied by any one, to a villa, where, undoubtedly, he was expected by a sprightly nymph whom Nadir might well know; and then, without answering any question whatever, he bade him a hasty farewell, and left him. Nadir stood rather amazed at such a conduct.

But our hero was still in the prime of life, and a prey to that irresolute ardour which prompts us to relinquish our actual situation, with a view of soaring towards another sphere which we fancy to be more beauteous and resplendent, merely because it is unknown to us. With a jealous eye would he behold such as were richer than himself, more powerful, or greater favourites among the sex; nay, he grew curious of renowned poets, his own compositions being but of an inferior cast. Too violently agitated by his contending desires, and his sorrowful ideas, Nadir, at day-break had not been able to close his eyes, when on a sudden he thought of the sprite that had presided at his birth, and who had promised, over his cradle, to grant his most ardent wish. "Hast thou forsaken me," exclaimed Nadir, "or canst thou not read to the very bottom of my heart? Come, fly to my assistance, illustrious, though neglectful Alzor!"

The invocation was rather in a familiar style; nevertheless a sudden beam of light pierces through the blinds, bearing Alzor, who, gently descending, alights on the sofa of his *protégée*, presents him with a little volume bound in blue morocco, with gilt edges, casts an amicable look upon him, and seated on his beam, returned as he had come, through the blinds. In case that sprite, occasionally, took unavailing steps, it cannot be said, however, that his discourse was to be misconstrued. I know several loquacious, tedious individuals, who harass us with their monotonous, endless visits, and would act wisely if they were to go to silent Alzor's school.

Nadir hastened to open the book, and read several times over the following directions:—

"Pronounce aloud the words at the top

of the first page, and thou shalt become possessed of wisdom; those at the top of the second page, will procure thee wit and science; those on the third, graces and beauty; those on the fourth page, opulence; those on the last page, grandeur.—Learn how to moderate thy wishes."

Nadir could not suppress a smile as he looked at the first page, "Wisdom!" muttered he; "why surely Alzor is making game of me! Is there even a sprite possessed of more wisdom than myself? Let us turn to another page; but which shall I give the preference to? Strange perplexity! Illimited power is as bad as having no power at all." The impatient youth was torturing his brains, when his servant brought him the newspaper. He cast his eyes over it, and read an advertisement, stating that a scientific discussion was to take place, in order to decide whether there was more merit in delineating with the pen than with the pencil, and also whether it was requisite to adhere scrupulously to the established rules and principles, or advisable to overlook them. Nadir instantly felt anxious to shine in the literary dispute, and cried out *Wit and Science*. A writing-desk of cedar wood was immediately drawn near him by an invisible hand; it opened, and a gold pen was produced. Nadir seized it, and began writing with a facility, elegance, and energy that he knew not being endowed with. Surprised at his wonderful success, he carried his work to a man who composedly dealt in the performances of others. This gentleman begged to be allowed some time to read the production; then ran it over, pretended to review it, seemed to depreciate the book, appeared fearful of publishing the first essay of an unknown writer; printed it, however, through mere complaisance, and made a good round sum of money by the publication, leaving for the portion of the author, innumerable critics, and a few admirers. Nadir had many adversaries; but whilst they were striving in vain to procure readers, every one was anxious to procure his replies, and all engraved in their memory the emanations of his sublime eloquence.

Some fugitive poems that he had composed, and which, (who would believe it in the present time?) were void of bombast

and metaphysical arguments, induced his admirers to invite him to challenge Mirza himself in the dramatic field. The gold pen was set to work. Both a comedy in seven acts, and a tragedy in ten, went through two thousand two hundred and fifty successive representations, and the great Mirza confessed that he was beaten. The academy, in a fit of enthusiasm, sent two deputies to the new luminary of literature, to invite him to illumine the horizon of their meetings. Nadir accordingly made his appearance among them, and was appointed to take the chair. All through the republic of *Belles Lettres* were influenced by him. No work was published unless it had met with his approbation or consent. Authors would send him pompous dedications, in order to procure a short note from his own hand which they gloried in producing. His thoughts were analyzed, and fifty translators were engaged, day and night, in transmitting his productions in every idiom that was known.

In the mean time the excess of that glory with which Nadir was in some measure overburdened, bruised the hearts of his rivals. Long stunned by his first successes, they thought at last of being revenged. Under the veil of delicate censure, they shot at him the shafts of ridicule, which seldom miss the object they are aimed at; and soon after attacked him openly. If his style was concise, they pronounced it enigmatical and unintelligible; if he combined gracefulness and humour, perfidious echos would attenuate his ideas, and leave them only the mobility of air. As soon as his pretended friends found out that the idol was threatened with an overthrow, they disappeared for fear of being crushed in his fall. Nadir continued writing, proved that he was on the right side of the question, but he met only with unbelievers; till at last satiated with insipid compliments, and overwhelmed with invectives, he shut up his cedar wood writing-desk, broke his gold pen, and with a view of ending his poignant chagrin, seized a dart, sharpened its point, brought it close to his breast, but recollected on a sudden that, authors should cherish life, and he determined to travel. He was already at a great distance from the town before his departure would have been thought of.

What a beautiful variety of magnificent prospects did nature present to his view! Rocks, whose summits supported the skies, whose flanks pour forth thousands of cascades, which fall roaring into impenetrable abysses; the river, of which they form the origin, which at first, as a simple rivulet glides gently across the meadows, swollen within a short interval by immense tributes, would lay waste distant lands, if the work of man opposed not its ravages; those bridges whose proud lofty arches command its majestic waves; the golden harvests, the verdant vines, and the antique forests. But whatever enraptures the cheerful traveller, appears insignificant, far from exciting admiration, in the agitated mind of Nadir. The outrages he has endured from his enemies engross his whole attention; he recalls to his mind a thousand circumstances that ought at least to have prevented their speedy triumph. Where shall he go to expose his disgrace? Shall he return to Elma? No. Stupid vanity, so often the reverse of noble pride, checks his progress. He is determined not to meet his friend again till he can show himself crowned with glory. But what is he to do until such time as he has gained that point? It was not in solitude that he could find the means of filling up the chasm that he had opened to himself: once more he must seek the company of those men whom he had loaded with imprecations, and he accordingly returned to the metropolis. At any rate, he thought it advisable to change his name, and to take other lodgings. Superfluous precaution! Who could have known him again? He was no longer the man in fashion. Exasperated at the inattention he was treated with, he thought it announced the downfall of the empire, and gave himself up to that coarse, blunt misanthropy, which, among certain civilized nations, is decorated with the high appellation of philosophy.

One day that he saw a crowd at the door of the national theatre, he felt inclined to see the performance of a new drama, composed by one of his most celebrated rivals. The house had recently been repaired. One hundred tubes, suspended by a silk and gold tissue, spread a soft and equal light with a magnificence hitherto unknown. In an extensive amphitheatre were placed the judges (seldom impartial) of dramatic

merit. The simply ornamented boxes caused the beauteous fair, so desirous of being admired, to shine with additional lustre. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, these inconsiderate females exposed the contour of their ivory arms, and indiscreetly bared their bosoms; the breath of Zephyrus seemed to be the only veil they wished should conceal their charms. The eyes of the enraptured spectators wandered over the enchanting groups, at a loss, as it were, which to rest upon. Numbers of those fair, with a prism in their hand, compelled to cast down their looks, such youths as had not yet been taught not to blush; Nadir alone was noticed by none of them. Jealousy and spite gnaw his vitals to such a degree, that he loses sight of his being an author. The applause that is lavished on his rival is nothing in his estimation; but to be scorned and neglected by the unjust fair sex is unbearable. He strives to get out, paces the lobby, and mutters some dire complaints. But he may be revenged; he opens his little book, and pronounces the words *graces and beauty*, resumes his seat in front, and negligently reclines on the balustrade. He catches the eye of a lady, who immediately cries out, "what an agreeable surprise!" another exclaims in a similar manner, and all the *belles* instantly point their prisms towards Nadir; they whisper to each other, and rise from their seats to have a full view of him. The tragedy being no longer paid attention to by the female part of the audience, creates disapprobation; the male performers are no longer listened to, and the actresses, forgetful of their majesty, like other weak mortals, stop, and remain silent to stare, in admiration, at our hero. In the mean time the author rushed on the stage, harangues the performers, addresses the public, weeps, and tears off his hair by handfuls; it is all in vain, the piece is damned—a due reward of his animosity against Nadir!

By this time a lady, no longer in the bloom of youth, but whose diamonds were of the finest water, and in great profusion, had drawn near the new Adonis, and requested he would have the goodness to protect her home. Nadir, stretching out his hand, accompanied her to her carriage, at sight of which the whole swarm of her rivals shuddered with rage and malice.

(To be continued.)

THE LISTENER.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

SIR,—I hope you will pardon my presumption in the comparison I am now about to make ; but, alas ! dear, good old gentleman, I must say, that I think there is a great similarity between us. You commenced author, and determined to lead a town life, at a very advanced age, and I, kept as recluse as yourself, by a father, who set forth the world as a sink of depravity, and a mother, who pinned me to her apron-string, as soon as ever I was delivered from their dominion, which was not till I was fifty-five years of age, became, by this emancipation, master of a plentiful estate, to use as I pleased.

I accordingly, but I own awkwardly enough, drove my barouche and four greys into London, resolving not to leave it till I had become a buck of the first water : and *dash* and *notoriety*, let them cost what they would, I was resolved to obtain before I died. Amongst other strange maxims which my father endeavoured to inculcate in my mind, was a dread of the fairest part of the creation : he represented women as wily syrens, lying in wait to entrap mankind by their allurements. I was, either through fear or love, certainly a very dutiful son ; I looked on my parents as the certain oracles of truth, whereby I ought to regulate my conduct ; yet, in spite of all their prohibitions, I found that at the age of six-and-twenty I was no longer able to withstand the charms of female conversation, nor could I longer shut my eyes against a beautiful, or even agreeable countenance, if it belonged to woman. Forms, moulded by the Graces, would sometimes flit before me, when I attended, by the side of *papa* and *mamma*, the races at a neighbouring town ; where, though arrived at that age where discretion certainly is come, if she means to come at all, my mother kept a very strict watch over my looks ; and I blushed and hung down my head with shame, if ever she caught my ardent eyes wandering after any of these divinities in petticoats.

My father's steward had a very pretty young daughter, at that time about fifteen, when I was double that age : whether she purposely threw herself in my way I know

not, but somehow or other we were always meeting whenever I took a quiet walk alone by permission of *papa* and *mamma*, who were truly indulgent in many instances, particularly in letting me have plenty of pocket-money, without ever asking me what I did with it ! Scarcely had my love been slyly declared for the steward's daughter, when her father died, and left poor Anne, in her nineteenth year, without a penny. I took her privately as a mistress, and kept her at a village a short distance off, where I used to ride out every morning before my father and mother were up, who, now grown very infirm, never rose till very late in the day. When I became in possession of my estate I was still constant to my first and only amour ; and when I came up to London I established Anne as my housekeeper, and though I had no idea of the art of modern love, I was determined to make a dash in marriage, and obtain a dashing wife.

But in order to avoid prolixity, I will relate, in brief, my London adventures. It was not long before I perceived that the character of a rake seemed most acceptable to the ladies, and that even a man who had seduced the wife of his friend was received with welcome and delight, in some of the first circles of females, styled modest. I instantly, then, on this discovery, at fifty-five, resolved to be a professed libertine : my natural good health and activity, with the assistance of my tailor and peruke-maker, who made me a most elegant *milling* peruke, to look like nature, enabled me to pass for twenty years younger than I really was. And thus equipped I set out one evening, telling my housekeeper I should not be at home, perhaps, much before twelve the next day.

My first ramble was to Covent-Garden Theatre, where I took my stand in one of the upper boxes, by the side of an enchanting beauty, whose apparent innocence and modesty won my notice. With much reluctance, she entered into conversation with me, and frequently lamented her indiscretion in coming by herself to an amusement she was so passionately fond of. After the second act was over, she begged me to see her to her carriage ; when great

was her disappointment at not finding either that or her servants, though she had ordered them to be in waiting. I offered to escort her home, and to this she gladly consented; but scarce had we entered the Piazza when a rough, sea-faring looking man, seized her rudely by the arm, and asked me with an oath, where I was taking his wife? I explained; he owned himself, though uncouthly, much obliged to me, and his fair *moitié* accidentally dropped her glove, as a set of half-price people were crowding towards the play-house: I picked it up, and holding her husband's arm, the young lady gracefully took leave of me; but I soon found myself *minus* a gold watch and a new silk handkerchief.

This was enough to prevent me from encountering any other nocturnal adventure; but a masquerade at the Opera-house tempted me to enter and join the motley throngs. How men mistake their talent! Of all disguises in the world, I adopted that of an harlequin; and my awkward efforts at agility, and total inability to support the character, drew on me universal attention and peals of laughter. I was, however, at length, tenderly attacked by a smart looking Columbine, whose face was covered with a very pretty mask; and on our retiring to an adjoining apartment, where I besought her to unmask, I could not help turning from her with disgust, when I found she was at least as old as myself; and the good dowager, also, having taken me for another person, we were mutually glad to get rid of each other.

I was ever an admirer of tall women, and as I quitted the Opera-house, my heart beat high at the sight of a fine female figure, who, though in the humble disguise of an

housemaid, could not conceal the loftiness of her mien. This was, I felt assured, some woman of quality, and a conquest worthy my pursuit: I poured some flattering nonsense into her ear, as I must own rather to my surprise, she went out of the door at the same time as myself, unattended, I soon found it was one of the stripling bucks of the day, in female attire, and who now with a loud manly voice and a volley of oaths, asked me if I took him for an immodest woman? This was not all; he accompanied his words with so violent a box on the ear, as sent me and my fine harlequin's glittering vest into the muddy kennel. This affected me more than a month's serious reflections and resolutions could possibly have done. I shuddered at my folly, in attempting, at my age, to pass for a young dasher. I swore, mentally eternal constancy to my housekeeper; but on my arrival home at about eleven the next forenoon, I found she had that morning married my butler, at St. George's, Hanover-square, who had resolved to keep her to himself from my *valet de chambre* and me.

Now, Sir, though young enough to be your son, I am yet old enough to give advice; therefore, when you find your writings grow tedious and "smell of the lamp," take warning by the fall of your humble servant, and leave off before you make yourself as ridiculous as

SIMON AFTERDAY.

I cannot but feel obliged to Mr. Afterday for his advice; but as our pursuits have so different a tendency, I cannot find the similarity between us which he is pleased to discover.

THE LISTENER.

THE EFFECTS OF THE LONG WAR ON THE MORALS AND MANNERS OF THE FRENCH.

It may be said that, of late, Frenchmen seemed to believe that their sons were born only for the service of war. The ideas, the efforts of every one, seemed to point that way as to the centre of habitual existence; the workshops became arsenals, and nothing was fabricated, nothing was sold but arms, or what had some connection with military affairs. The ware-

houses and shops of the merchants were filled with muskets, sabres, helmets, and all the trappings of war; and it was war alone which found them employment. The trader became only a purveyor, and the minister of commerce might very well be mistaken for the minister of war.

Those edifices which were raised for public education, were nothing more, in

reality, than a kind of military college; they were raised at the blast of the bugle and the sound of the drum. The first clothing a child received was an uniform; the most important part of his education was to learn to carry his head aloft, to march in time, and handle a rifle. Certain it is, that a generation born in the midst of these ideas, and amidst such an order of things, cannot see it in the same ridiculous light as their forefathers; neither can it give them the same serious reflections. Obligated to take the world as they found it, they figured to themselves, without doubt, that the condition imposed upon them was natural to human existence, and that they only received life themselves to learn how to deprive others of the valuable gift. Forty years hence all the world would have imbibed the same idea, and the successors of Bonaparte would have certainly enjoyed the effects of it.

This idea has already obtained too great an influence over the minds of the French. Children were not the only ones who familiarized themselves to the idea of continual war; parents had already begun to make their calculations on it, and looked forward to a distant period, when they might buy off their sons from conscription: every family economized, denied themselves many comforts to lay something by for such an event. Mothers wept when they brought forth male children, doomed to sacrifice by a new and unpitying Pharaoh. Those of more elevated rank were seen coldly delivering up their sons, by destining them to war, bringing them up to it from their infancy, and marking out to them that it was the only career they could follow to procure hereafter honour and riches. And thus they completely fell into the snare spread for petty ambition by an ambition of a much greater extent, and which had the art to close up every road which led to preferment, to lead them to that of war. How many senators, courtiers, prefects, and men in place, have been known, in order to maintain their situations, to have imposed on themselves the cruel obligation of offering, as a sacrifice to their master, the blood of all their sons! It is thus that, by the system in which the French were fettered, they finished by turning all their thoughts to the side of war; all their pretensions

were lifted up to it, and it seemed requisite to their very existence. Children, marked out for the conscription from their cradles, like sheep for the slaughter, led, from that age till their departure for the army, a life in which there was no order or calculation of future establishment; they were always good enough to go and perish in the ranks as private soldiers on the field of battle: those who were ambitious of instructing themselves, were desirous only of becoming purveyors, commissaries, contractors, or directors of hospitals, surgeons, conductors of artillery, or assistant engineers. Every one rushed like a torrent into military administrations, so that war drew all towards it, and absorbed not only every thought, but gave a check to industry.

But one of the greatest inconveniences of this eternal war, was its influence on the French character: by associating with nations less polite they lost that elegant urbanity for which they have long been justly famed. They became negligent of all forms, and their manners and language became tinged with rudeness and barbarity; they became severe, impatient, and quarrelsome. If an officer had good sense, merit, and education, he fancied he had no occasion to cultivate them amongst a people who could not understand him, and whom, indeed, these officers inspired only with aversion: the minds of Frenchmen became gloomy; their vivacity degenerated into dullness; their merit slept, and their natural gaiety was no more: conscious that they were only detestable, they often gave cause by their ill-humour and revenge, to become yet more so.

This perpetual war had also a melancholy effect on the morals of mankind: it was not alone the character of the soldier, which became gloomy, that of the orator and the poet, those natural interpreters of the public mind, took a shade almost as dark, they hung their lyres on the cypress tree, or they sang only the exploits of the warrior. The age of Bonaparte was neither that of chivalry or poesy: even the idle singers who go about from city to city, could find no subject of composition to revive the national gaiety; neither pensions nor encouragement given to the higher order of public singers could afford them inspiration.

But it is to be hoped that the days of

French gaiety and chivalry will return; that arts amidst peace will flourish, and the presence of the country, as it may be called, will bring back the national character to its former tone. How many are now returned to the bosom of their families and to their fellow citizens, to receive the tribute of their gratitude, and their admiration of their valour! Some are yet employed in garrisons, to be the guardians of that peace which the King has sworn to pre-

serve. Their existence no longer depends on the arbitrary caprice of a man who took away on the morrow the honours and fortunes he had granted the day before; who made a sport of destroying the works of his own hands; who, like another Saturn, devoured his own children; and whose judgment never inspired sufficient confidence in any one to look upon him as a just dispensator of either renown or glory.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

LARA; A POEM. BY LORD BYRON.

THIS poem, undoubtedly the work of our noble and justly admired bard, is much in the style of his Lordship's former tales. The hero, Lara, is described as a gloomy, ferocious, and, in some respects, guilty character; who has been left too soon "lord of himself," has been absent from home revelling in pleasure, and has again returned to the Gothic hall of his forefathers: a single page is his attendant, who proves to be a female, who faithfully loves him. Otho, a neighbouring chief, gives a grand entertainment, at which Lara is a guest, and where he sees an unknown, who gazes intently on him. They speak to each other, a quarrel ensues, and Sir Esselyn, the stranger, agrees to combat with Lara on the morrow; but Esselyn keeps not his appointment. Otho, in his stead, offers his bosom to the enraged Lara: Otho is wounded desperately; but on the healing of his wounds his still wounded pride renders him the foe of Lara. The extraordinary absence of Otho's friend, Esselyn, makes that chief ask him at the hand of Lara, who goes forth to meet the host that Otho has raised against him. Kaled, the faithful page, often turns the charger of Lara from the threatened danger; but he cannot prevent the fated blow. After Lara is mortally wounded, Otho questions him, who can no longer answer; but Kaled seems more silent and motionless than himself. Towards the end of the poem, it is surmised that Esselyn has been drowned, and has not perished by the hand of Lara, with whose death, and that of Kaled, the poem concludes.

Though we do not think this work equal

to many recent publications of this harmonious poet, we doubt not but our readers will find the following extracts extremely beautiful. The first is the description of Lara on his return to the mansion of his ancestors.

"He turned within his solitary hall,
And his high shadow shot along the wall;
There were the painted forms of other times,
'Twas all they left of virtue or of crimes,
Save vague tradition; and the gloomy vaults
That hid their dust, their foibles, and their faults;
And half a column of the pompous page,
That speeds the specious tale from age to age;
Where history's pen its praise or blame supplies,
And lies like truth, and still most truly lies.
He wandering mus'd, and as the moonbeam shone
Thro' the dim lattice o'er the floor of stone,
And the high fretted roof, and saints, that there
O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictured prayer,
Reflected in fantastic figures grew,
Like life, but not like mortal life, to view;
His bristling locks of sable, brow of gloom,
And the wide waving of his shaken plume,
Glanc'd like a spectre's attributes, and gave
His aspect all that terror gives the grave."

The character of Lara is admirably drawn:—

"In him inexplicably mix'd appear'd
Much to be loved and hated, sought and fear'd;
Opinion varying o'er his hidden lot,
In praise or railing ne'er his name forgot;
His silence form'd a theme for others' prate—
They guessed—they gazed—they fain would know
his fate.

What had he been? What was he, thus unknown,
Who walked their world, his lineage only known?
A hater of his kind!"

The description of the page is beautiful:—

"His only follower from those climes afar,
Where the soul glows beneath a brighter star;

Silent as him he served, his faith appears
Above his station, and beyond his years,
But fleet his step, and clear his tones would come,
When Lara's lip breath'd forth the words of
home:—

Light was his form, and darkly delicate
That brow whereon his native sun had sate,
But had not marr'd, though in his beams he grew,
The cheek where oft th' unbidden blush shone
through; [shew
Yet not such blush as mounts when health should
All the heart's hue in that delightful glow;
But 'twas a hectic tinct of secret care
That for a burning moment fever'd there;
And the wild sparkle of his eye seem'd caught
From high, and lighted with electric thought,
Though its black orb those long low lashes fringe,
Had tempered with a melancholy tinge;
Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there,
Or if 'twere grief, a grief that none should share:
He seemed, like him he serv'd, to live apart
From all that lures the eye and fills the heart;
To know no brotherhood, and take from earth
No gift beyond that bitter boon—our birth.
If aught he lov'd, 'twas Lara; but was shewn
His faith in reverence and in deeds alone:
Still there was haughtiness in all he did,
A spirit deep that brook'd not to be chid."

At the end of the poem, when the sex of
Kaled is discovered, her silence and her
love are finely described:—

"Vain was all question ask'd her of the past,
And vain ev'n menace—silent to the last;
She told not whence or why she left behind
Her all for one who seem'd but little kind.
Why did she love him? Curious fool! be still—
Is human love the growth of human will?
To her he might be gentleness; the stern
Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern,
And when they love your smilers guess not how
Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow.
They were not common links that form'd the
chain

That bound to Lara Kaled's heart and brain;
But that wild tale she brook'd not to unfold,
And seal'd is now each lip that could have told."

JACQUELINE.

THIS little Poem, it seems, is written by
a friend of Lord Byron's; and has the ho-
nour of being placed in the same volume
with *Lara*.

Jacqueline, the child of St. Pierre, deserts
her home for a lover, who marries her, and
they return together to claim the father's
forgiveness, whose paternal affection knows
not how to withhold it from his darling
daughter.

We present our readers with the follow-
ing extracts.—Jacqueline escaping from her
father's house is feelingly and prettily de-
scribed:—

"A guilty thing and full of fears,
Yet ah! how lovely in her tears!
She starts, and what has caught her eye?
What—but her shadow gliding by?
She stops, she pants; with lips apart
She listens—to her beating heart!
Then through the scanty orchard stealing,
The clustering boughs her track concealing,
She flies, nor casts a thought behind,
But gives her terrors to the wind.
At such an hour, in such a night,
So calm, so clear, so heavenly bright,
Who would have seen and not confessed
It looked as all within was blest?
What will not woman, when she loves?
Yet lost, alas! who can restore her?
She lifts the latch, the wicket moves;
And now the world is all before her."

The father's reflections on her loss are
natural, and well told:—

"Oh! she was good as she was fair;
None—none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her.
When little, and her eyes, her voice,
Her every gesture said "Rejoice!"
Her coming was a gladness.
And, as she grew, her modest grace,
Her downcast look, 'twas heaven to trace,
When, shading with her hand her face,
She half inclined to sadness.
Her voice, whate'er she said, enchanted;
Like music to the heart it went.
And her dark eyes—how eloquent!
Ask what they would, 'twas granted."

The following lines must be felt by every
domestic character:—

"On the stairs, and at the door,
Her fairy step is heard no more!
At every meal an empty chair
Tells him that she is not there;
She who would lead him where he went,
Charm with her converse while he leant;
Or hovering every wish prevent;
At eve light up the chimney-nook,
Lay there his glass within his book."

A father's feelings are also well de-
picted:—

"His heart told him he had dealt
Unkindly with his child.
A father may a while refuse;
But who can for another chuse?"

St. Pierre is described reading Mon-
taigne's *Essays*, yet unknowing what he

reads, his thoughts dwelling solely on his daughter:—

“The light was on his face; and there
You might have seen the passions driv’n—
Resentment, Pity, Hope, Despair—
Like clouds across the face of heav’n.
Now he sigh’d heavily; and now,
His hand withdrawing from his brow,
He shut the volume with a frown,
To walk his troubled spirits down.”

The reconciliation, with which the poem concludes, is extremely interesting:—

“He shook his aged locks of snow;
And thrice he turn’d, and rose to go.
She hung; and was St. Pierre to blame,
If tears and smiles together came?
“Oh! no—begone! I’ll hear no more!”
But as he spoke his voice relented.
“That very look thy mother wore
“When she implored,” &c.

LAVINIA;

OR, THE BARD OF IRWELL’S LAMENT.

THOUGH the unfortunate subject of the following little elegiac poem, Lavinia Robinson, has ceased, in some measure, to be the theme of public scrutiny and conversation, yet the memory of her fate will long live in every feeling bosom; and, as the Preface to this work remarks,—“There are, beyond dispute, other modes of destruction besides the dagger and the bowl, the leap from the precipice and the plunge into the river; many a gentle heart has been broken, many a feeling mind driven to despair by unprovoked hostility, by unrequited attention, by slighted love, by insults, by oppression, and by a thousand other means, which, though not so speedy in their operation as those above alluded to, are, in the end, not less efficacious and sure.” The poem opens with the following lines:—

“Haste! haste! ye melancholy nymphs and swains,
Who dwell where Irwell laves the peaceful plains,
Bring freshest flowers, the choicest of the year,
And pitying strew the lost Lavinia’s bier:
But, ah! no flowers the frozen earth supplies,
And she herself, the loveliest flow’ret dies.”

The endowments of Lavinia, and her approaching fate, are described as follows:—

“Unhappy maid! thine was no common soul,
Where genius shone, and virtue crown’d the whole!

Yet treacherous fortune seem’d to lavish all
Her choicest gifts, but to secure thy fall.
Gave thee each charm, to sense and wit allied;
And beauty gave, but happiness denied!
Yet thine was bliss, nor far remov’d the date,
When in thy eye young expectation sate!
When nature’s charms allur’d thy youthful breast,
And admiration came a welcome guest!
As sleeps the sunbeam on the placid lake,
When no rude winds the glassy surface break;
So in the clear expansion of thy mind,
Was joy pourtray’d and happiness defin’d!
Hark! the rains beat, the impetuous waves descend,
And raging waves the fairy structure end!
So o’er thy heart, in unsuspecting hour,
The storms of misery began to low’r!”

The fancied despair of Lavinia is well expressed:—

“I see her now, I see her where she stands,
To Heav’n uprais’d her supplicating hands;
With head thrown back, with wildly streaming hair,
With stiffen’d eye-balls, and with bosom bare,
Whence heaving sobs at intervals arose,
And the deep sighs express’d her weight of woes:
Wet with the dew her heavy garments flow’d,
Where on the gale each angry demon rode;
There horror rose, there terror and despair,
And sobs of anguish fill the turbid air;
There from the clouds, upon the frantic maid,
Rag’d the wild storm, the vivid lightning play’d.
While round her thus the gath’ring tempests roll,
Oh! where was he, the chosen of her soul?”

“And didst thou wander forth alone, sweet maid!
‘Midst the deep gloom, alone and undismay’d?
Could fell despair so nerve thy timorous heart,
Bid it from all it lov’d on earth to part?
Oh! with what rage of anguish must it swell,
When with one last, one sad and last farewell,
Thy trembling hand pourtray’d the hurried scrawl,
Presage of fate, and omen of thy fall!”

That the above poem is written by a partial muse, is evident; nevertheless, it is interesting: and though we have avoided in our extracts those lines which seem to breathe much personality, we cannot forbear quoting the following, towards the conclusion of the elegy:—

“Why wast thou born to be the sport of fate,
And doom’d to love where thou shouldst rather hate?
To find a scorpion lurking in the breast
Where thy fond heart had hop’d at last to rest?
Ah! at that moment all thy senses fled,
And desperation triumph’d in their stead!”

FASHIONS

FOR

OCTOBER, 1814.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

AUTUMNAL WALKING DRESS.

Jaconet muslin high dress, with a triple flounce of muslin embroidery round the edge, and slightly scalloped; a row of worked points surmounts the top flounce. The body is composed of jaconet muslin and letting-in lace; the former cut in broad strips and sewed full to the latter, which is about an inch in breadth; this body is made up to the throat, but has no collar: the shape is the same as last month, except that the back is a little broader. Long sleeve of muslin and lace to correspond with the body. Spenseret of rose coloured velvet of a form the most elegantly simple and tasteful that we have seen; it is very short in the waist, and tight to the shape; it is ornamented at top by a lace frill, and is cut so as to cover the bosom, but to leave the neck bare. This spenseret is very much admired, and it is certainly truly elegant, but it owes its principal attraction to the corset over which it is worn, and certainly nothing was ever so well calculated to display a fine shape to advantage as the Circassian corset, which has been patronized and recommended with incredible celerity by ladies of the highest distinction, who are unanimous in declaring it to be the only corset ever introduced that has in every way answered the encomiums bestowed upon it. The superior ease, gracefulness, and elegance which it gives to the female figure, are too obvious to need a comment; while, on the other hand, its beneficial effects upon the health are daily attested by ladies who rejoice in the success of an invention which has freed them from the tortures inflicted by whalebone, steel, &c. We must not omit to observe that the walking bonnet of this month, which is composed of white satin and rose coloured velvet, and ornamented with a plume of white feathers, will cer-

tainly become general, as it is a most elegant bonnet; it is worn over a small white lace cap. Rose-colour jane, or leather boots, and Limerick gloves.

The above dress was invented by Mrs. Bell, Inventress of the Ladies' *Chapeau Bras*, at her *Magazin des Modes*, No. 26, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

The metropolis is at present so completely deserted by all the fair leaders of *ton*, that our record of fashions for this month must be less distinguished by variety than it is in general; we have indeed seen a few dresses that were a short time back imported from Paris, but our fair countrywomen appear by no means inclined to encourage the introduction of Gallic fashions, generally speaking, and when we consider how becoming and tasteful those dresses are which now, and for a long time back, have been the produce of their own invention, we cannot wonder that they should feel justly proud of the superiority of their own taste. The walking costume continues very nearly as it was last month, for the middle of the day, but the mornings and evenings being remarkably cool, our fair pedestrians appear in swansdown tip-pets, or velvet spensers. We have noticed one of the latter, of a bright purple, which we think extremely elegant and tasteful; it is made very short in the waist, the upper part of the back is plain, and the lower part from the middle of the back to the bottom of the waist, is drawn in with a considerable fullness; the lower part of the front of the spenser is made to correspond with the back, and a light and tasteful silk

trimming, a shade darker than the spenser, and made to resemble a wreath of small shell ornaments, is at the joining of the back and fronts, as well as at the bottom of the waist, and at each side of the back; it fastens up the front with small silk buttons, to correspond with the trimming; the collar is made tight to the throat, and low, and a triple ruff of either pointed lace, or scalloped worked muslin falls over it. Long plain sleeve, with a very small half sleeve cut in the shape of a shell, and trimmed to correspond with the body. This spenser is, we think, likely to be a favourite during the winter months; it may be obtained of Mrs. Bell, the ingenious Inventress of many most admired dresses.

French bonnets, as they are called, still continue in the highest estimation for the walking costume; they are much worn in straw, though not in such estimation as in satin, and the shape has altered a good deal within the last month; the crown is no longer of that frightful height which rendered them so unbecoming, and the front is made more in the style of an English cottage bonnet. For this improvement in the shape of these bonnets we are indebted to Mrs. Bell, whose elegant walking bonnets, in satin, lace, &c. have been very unsuccessfully copied in straw. The garlands, with which they were at first ornamented have given place to that more appropriate ornament a ribband, which is in general straw colour; it is plaited round the front of the bonnet, and tied under the chin; a single flower is sometimes placed by the side. Satin and coloured sarsnets are higher in favour than straw, but lace and muslin are quite on the decline.

The carriage costume offers great variety, though little novelty; spensers, pelisses, mantles, and high dresses are all worn, the latter made of French washing silks, with rich French silk shawls or scarfs thrown carelessly over the shoulders, are, we think, higher in estimation than any thing else, although we have seen a most curious variety of *fichus*, or small shawls for the neck.

Green and white, and purple and white plaid silks are most in request; plaided silks of all colours are more or less worn.

For the morning costume, notwithstand-

ing the lateness of the season, muslin is still in high estimation; we do not, however, think that it is more worn than the washing silks. We have nothing novel to announce in the forms of dresses, except that the backs are something broader than they were worn last month. Ribband trimmings are upon the decline, but silk fringe and floss silk trimmings are very much worn. Lace has lost nothing of its attraction since last month, it is, if possible, higher in estimation than ever, and while there is, in reality, nothing of novelty in dresses, the tasteful manner in which they are trimmed, and ornamented with lace, gives to them an almost endless variety.

In dinner dress, frocks with cased bodies still continue predominant, and we regret to say that the bosom and shoulders are, with a few exceptions, as much as ever exposed. Some ladies who consult delicacy and taste rather than fashion, do indeed adopt small lace tippets, some of which we have seen both tasteful and fanciful, at Mrs. Bell's, and they might be worn even in the fullest dress, from the elegant lightness of their texture, and the costliness of their materials; and some others continue the fashion described in one of our late Numbers, of a rich laced high body under a frock dress; but the number of these fair votarists of delicacy, is comparatively small, and the neck is in general as much displayed in dinner parties as in full dress. India muslin, and white and figured sarsnets are most in estimation for dinner parties; we see, however, many dresses in washing silks, and here we cannot help observing, that some distinction ought to be made in the texture, as well as the form of morning and dinner dress, since the materials of both ought not certainly to be the same. The only novelty in dinner dresses, is an elegant frock of the finest India muslin, tastefully embroidered round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves, in a wreath of white lace leaves, slightly embroidered into the muslin. The body is made tight to the shape, and laced up on each breast, nearly to the embroidery, with a white silk cord, the lacing is finished at the top with a small bow of narrow white satin ribband. Plain short full sleeve. A short white lace apron, and a broad white satin sash, richly embroidered at the ends in coloured silks,

and finished with a white silk fringe, completes this dress, which has altogether an extremely tasteful and elegant effect.

For full dress, plain white lace frocks over white satin slips are higher in estimation than any thing else; the bodies and sleeves of these dresses are either composed of rich letting-in lace, or else the body is formed of a plain piece of lace cased, and each of the casings, four in number, is ornamented with a rich narrow lace. The sleeve is composed of three points of either letting-in, or plain lace, trimmed round with narrow lace to correspond with the body; and each point is fastened down to a white satin sleeve underneath, by a small pearl ornament. The bottom of this dress is very tastefully ornamented with a rich letting-in lace, laid in in waves, and finished with a broad flounce of lace.

We must here remark, that the shapes are manifestly improved since Mrs. Bell's invention of the Circassian corsets, as they are made without steel, whalebone, or hard substances, the wearer always exhibits ease, gracefulness, and dignity; this improvement in corsets, we are happy to find, has met with the decided approbation of every lady of taste in dress: and should be most generously encouraged, since physicians declare that nothing more imperceptibly injures the health, than the wearing these incongruous trammels, steel and whalebone. Pregnant ladies have great reason to rejoice at the invention; nothing can possibly be more desirable for them.

Crape is next to lace in estimation for full dress, but coloured crapes are very much on the decline; blue and pale amber are, however, worn by a few *elegantés*, they are embroidered either in white silk or silver, lace not being worn to coloured dresses. White crape embroidered in coloured silks is very high in estimation, and it must always be considered as very elegant. For matronly *belles*, white satin trimmed with rich white silk fringe, or

else embroidered in silver or coloured silks, is very much in favour.

In half-dress small lace caps begin to be very prevalent, and we have observed on some *elegantés* half-handkerchiefs of white lace tied round the head, and ornamented with a flower at the side. In full dress we have nothing new to announce since our last Number, except that turbans appear to be getting into greater favour.

No alteration has taken place in the manner of dressing the hair since last month.

Crape spangled French fans are in the highest estimation. Fashionable colours for the month continue the same as for the last.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE gowns worn at court are made with a full drapery, in the *chemise* style; they are laced behind, and mittens are worn, with short sleeves, trimmed at the hand with blond: the trimming of the gowns worn in full dress are very simple; sometimes they have corkscrewed ornaments, the same as the gown, or a broad letting-in of lace, with a narrow satin ribband down the middle. On cloaks and mantles are seen in general two quillings either of muslin or lace, one narrower than the other, the narrowest next the figure. Many of the fashionables place narrow ribbands at about an inch distance from each other, and form a band of several rows round chip or straw hats. Flat feathers, and generally of white, prevail most in full dress. Pinks, roses, and corn in full ear, form the bouquets for the bosom. Sometimes flowers are worn, what the Parisian *belles* call *à l'Angloise*, which is under a small bonnet; or else at the ear of a larger bonnet. Leghorn hats are not much worn; the straw hats which have taken place of them are generally ornamented with straw trimmings or flowers. White ribbands are now in high favour.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE THEATRES.

HAYMARKET.—A piece, under the whimsical name of *Love and Gout*; or, *Arrivals and Marriages*, was produced on Tuesday, Aug. 23, at this theatre. It is difficult to say to what species it belongs, Comedy or Farce; the swarm of play writers it is more difficult to classify, than the particulars in the Linnæan system; every one is almost *sui generis*, and pleads his own exception from the standard laws of nature. This piece is said to be written by a gentleman of much talent, Mr. Jameson; and it is, unquestionably, a composition of considerable dramatic merit; it has abundant materials for mirth, and a reasonable adherence to truth and probability. If it does not in fact hold the mirror up to nature, and reflect the true image and body of men and manners, it avoids, nevertheless, that gross distortion and caricature, which disgusts us in many other pieces. The characters were thus filled:—

<i>Sir Solomon Gander</i>	Mr. Terry
<i>Old Ardent</i>	Mr. Mathews
<i>Young Ardent</i>	Mr. Brunton
<i>Mr. Rusty</i>	Mr. Tokely
<i>Buz</i>	Mr. Jones
<i>Shears</i>	Mr. Russell
<i>O'Blunder</i>	Mr. Hamerton
<i>Mae Grudge</i>	Mr. Mason
<i>Lady Gander</i>	Mrs. Grove
<i>Mrs. Rusty</i>	Mrs. Brunton
<i>Sabrina Darnley</i>	Miss Seymour.

The principal features of the plot are these:—*Young Ardent*, in his passage out to India, in search of a wealthy uncle, has been taken by a French privateer, and the piece opens with his arrival in this country, from Verdun, in consequence of the cessation of hostilities. He is accompanied by *Miss Darnley*, with whom he becomes acquainted in his captivity, and whom he passionately loves. *Old Ardent*, his uncle, to whom he is utterly unknown, sets up at the same hotel. He has just arrived from Bath, on a matrimonial errand. Being much afflicted with the gout and other diseases, the never-failing attendants of high living and a warm climate, he determines to marry a lady with whom he formed an acquaintance in Bath, and who pretends to be a maiden, of the name of *Dimple*. The identity of the name of the unknown uncle and nephew, is productive of some of the best scenes of *equivoque* which the stage can boast. After a good deal of cross-purpose play, in the course of which the jealousy of *Lady Gander* is ludicrously excited, an *eclaircissement* takes place. *Miss Dimple's*

matrimonial project is blasted—her husband, *Mr. Rusty*, a discontented character, who has left her twenty years before, and had been long a *detenu* in France, makes his appearance just in time to forbid the bans. *Old and Young Ardent* discover their consanguinity. The latter receives the hand of the fair *Sabrina Darnley*, who turns out to be the niece of *Sir Solomon Gander*—a discovery which accounts for the young lady's visits to the Baronet, and removes the jealousy of his termagant wife.

This piece was well received, and the author was principally indebted to that incomparable performer, Mathews, who bore the principal weight of the piece upon his shoulders, and has thereby earned a new laurel for his brow. Terry's acting was likewise excellent, and Jones's *Fop*, as usual, was extremely amusing.

EDWARD IN SCOTLAND.

AT the French Theatre has lately been represented a new drama, entitled *Edward in Scotland*; an outline of which, we make no doubt, will be acceptable to our readers.

Prince Edward, or the *Pretender*, is supposed to have re-assembled, on the borders of Scotland, some thousands of Highlanders, faithful to his title, his rights, and his misfortunes. In a short time this insurrection threatens to shake the throne, and revolutionize all England. Edinburgh itself sinks under the power of this heroic Prince, and the neighbouring nations await with anxious curiosity, the result of his hazardous enterprise. The battle of Falkirk seems to promise success; that of Culloden destroys all his hopes. Some days after, the action commences in a Scottish isle wherein he had taken refuge, while he waited for fresh succour, and a reinforcement of troops from France. This island is also inhabited by some people belonging to the *Earl of Athol*, one of the most loyal officers of *George I.* But the castle is then only occupied by the *Countess of Athol*, the favourite friend of the *Queen*, and by her niece, *Miss Malvina Macdonald*. There is only one young officer, full of zeal and devotion for his King, that the *Duke of Cumberland* has charged to pursue the *Pretender* and his followers to the very last, and who has just been received into the house of the *Earl of Athol*, whom he does not personally know, but to be allied to whom he has long been ambitious. This is *Lord Asgill*, who is charmed with *Miss Macdonald*, who returns his love. *Miss Macdonald*, however, is secretly devoted to the cause of the *Pretender*; she has seen him, and even helped to save him; she belonged to a family who served under him, and

her heart has not forgot their precepts. The cruel mission on which *Lord Asgill* is sent disquiets her, without diminishing her love; but she makes a solemn vow in secret, that he shall never fulfil this mission. Her every other wish is about to be accomplished. The *Earl of Athol* is at no great distance, and the lovers wait only his return to be united. Unhappily this moment, so dear to their hopes, is retarded by an accident which nearly cost the *Earl* his life. The vessel in which he was embarked, by the pilot's want of skill, entered a dangerous strait, and was wrecked; the crew escaped this dreadful peril, and were saved by some fishermen on the opposite shore, amongst whom they remained till the storm was over.

A man, pale, terrified, covered with rags, and in great disorder of mind, is introduced into the house of the *Earl of Athol*, without knowing to whom it belongs, and comes to crave the master's pity; this man is one proscribed, and this proscribed man is *Edward*! At the name of the *Earl of Athol*, he hears that of his most inveterate enemy; but in this enemy he sees nothing to fear: he is sure of his generosity, the grandeur of his soul, and he had the happiness of saving his life when at Rome. *Lady Athol* hastens to receive the unknown; but he has been surprised by sleep, of which he had been deprived for five nights, and in this troubled sleep, agitated by uneasiness and dread, he reveals, himself, his dangerous secret.

Lady Athol reflects on the ties which bind her to the court of *George*; but claims more sacred attach her to the cause of humanity. The *Pretender* is the enemy of the state, he is her enemy also; but he is a man and unhappy. Her cares, therefore, are only employed to conceal him from the soldiers who are in pursuit of him, who menace him with new misfortunes and an ignominious death.

Lord Asgill now appears, and surprises *Edward* bathed in tears, at the feet of his protectress! *Asgill* has been just informed of the accident which had befel the *Earl of Athol*, he has been apprised of his speedy return, he thinks he recognizes the *Earl* in the proscribed person before him, and not the man that the *Duke of Cumberland* has ordered him to pursue: his error dissipates the fear of *Lady Athol*; she quickly seizes it, confirms the opinion of *Asgill*, with much address, and the unhappy *Edward* is safe for a time.

Under the guidance of a faithful domestic, it is settled that he shall depart, as soon as a ship can be in readiness; under the name of the *Earl of Athol*, who has not long been a proprietor of those domains in the island, then belonging to him; he had never visited them, and is unknown in the place; and being employed several years in the wars against *Holland* and *Brabant*, he is a stranger to all his vassals, to the greater part of the officers of the

Scotch army, and to *Miss Macdonald*. It is then to the *Earl of Athol*, she thinks she is about to be presented, when she perceives the *Prince Edward*, of whom she is also the tutelary angel.

An unknown has now been seized on the borders, who gives himself out for the *Earl of Athol*. *Asgill* imagines this can only be some proscribed person; but in the opinion of the wife it can only be *Lord Athol* himself: the really proscribed man, however, is not yet gone, and the *Earl* could not arrive till night. The vessel is in readiness, but a suspicious officer has sent it off. The *Pretender* is then guided by a clever and devoted servant across some rocks which lead from the Castle to the sea, but all the avenues are carefully guarded. French vessels have been descried at a short distance from the shore; but *Edward* cannot attain them; it is already suspected that he is in the island, he is pursued, and on the point of being taken; firing is heard, and from the windows of the saloon may be perceived, by the light of a rising moon, *Edward* almost yielding to their numbers.

He then returns to *Lady Athol*; *Asgill* has saved him from his enemies, because he only sees in him the *Earl of Athol*, and he attributes all he has beheld to a nocturnal mistake; but the misfortunes and dangers of *Edward* now only increase. It is not long before the *Earl* will appear in his castle to claim his contested title. The departure of the *Pretender* cannot yet be effected, and three English officers are added to the table of my *Lady*, where the proscribed, who fills the place of her husband, is obliged to seat himself. One of the guests, who nourishes the most violent hatred against the *Stuarts*, proposes to drink destruction to the last of their race; and the *Prince*, not being able to master his feelings, says he will not drink to the destruction of any one. This simple sentence produces a strong effect. At length *Lord Athol* arrives, and recognizes the *Pretender*; an involuntary emotion prompts him to name him, but a more sacred sentiment withholds him; he recalls the time when *Edward* saved his life at Rome, and he saves him now in his turn, by letting him still pass for himself; but the error of the officers who surround him cannot be prolonged; the *Duke of Cumberland* has disembarked, he who conquered *Edward* at *Culloden*, who is personally acquainted both with *Edward* and the *Earl of Athol*, and who directs his steps now to the Castle of the latter. *Edward* seizes a fortunate moment, and, under pretence of going out to meet the *Prince*, he trusts himself to the fidelity of his guide, and tries, by one new effort, to effect his flight. He succeeds, and a line written on his tablets, and thrown from aboard a French vessel which has penetrated into the bay close to the Castle, informs his generous protectors that he has nothing farther to fear from his enemies. He is saved, and beneficence triumphs.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE CARTHUSIAN FRIAR; OR, MYSTERIES OF MONTANVILLE.

A ROMANCE, IN 4 VOLS.—Sherwood & Chapple.

THE title-page of this interesting and *mysterious* work, informs us it is a *posthumous* romance; it is evidently an *imitation*, though an humble one of the late Mrs. Radcliffe's style. We believe it had a *posthumous* publisher; and it is a pity that either *authors* or *publishers* should descend to such artifice to beguile the public. We are inclined to think, however, that it was more the act of the latter than the former; nor do we hesitate in pronouncing this work to be the production of Mrs. Green, who need not be ashamed of it.

The heroine is ushered into the castle of Montanville by the Carthusian, one stormy night, into the presence of Madame de Coucy, with whom, before he took the vows, he was desperately in love, and who proves to be the mother of Agnes the supposed orphan, who resides with father Francis, the Carthusian. In the castle of Montanville, this atrocious friar and unnatural brother, makes the Count of Montanville suffer every cruelty which jealous rage can inflict; this unhappy brother, the husband of Madame de Coucy and father of Emilie, called by the Carthusian Agnes, is chained first in a dungeon belonging to his own castle, and afterwards in his own apartments, which, according to the superstition of early ages, are left sacred to the dead and unoccupied. Madame de Coucy imagines that her husband and child have perished in a storm twelve years before, and which tempest put the father and daughter in the power of the Carthusian, as their vessel was wrecked near his dwelling on the banks of the Garonne. From these apartments are heard strange noises: and Agnes, who has been adopted by her own mother, has two interviews, by accident, with her father, whom she supposes to be some wretched maniac; and her lips are for ever sealed from daring to ask any question, or mention "ought she may see of mysterious," by an extorted and sacramental vow, taken in presence of her first protector; and her father also, to preserve the life of his child, takes the same solemn oath of silence.

Agnes, in company with her mother, visits Rome and Venice, and is seized on, when at the latter place, by an old nobleman, who was also a lover of the once beautiful Madame de Coucy; undergoes a mock trial for having taken a false title, wherewith her mother, her supposed benefactress only, has invested her, and Madame de Coucy is imprisoned in the state prison of Venice: Agnes is again delivered into the power of the Baron St. Alban, but is rescued from him by the supposed father of her female friend, an elegant and handsome libertine, from whom, by the ef-

forts of his daughter, she escapes, and again reaches Montanville in safety.

St. Marco, a noble Venetian, first under the disguise of a painter, loved Emilie, while only the humble Agnes; after both of these lovers going through many difficulties, they are at the end of the work united, when the Count de Montanville is freed from his confinement; which event is brought about by the confessions of an old servant at the point of death; and who has been a more atrocious and hypocritical character than even the Carthusian Friar, who, struck with remorse and horror at his former life, retires to the rigid monastery of La Trappe.

Upon the whole, setting aside the improbability which too often reigns in all works of this kind, we found this interesting and amusing; and we can speak so far well of it, that the incidents are so well and mysteriously conducted, that no one, we believe, will ever commence this romance without wishing to peruse it to the end; and we must remark, that we think it a great pity, that when a writer does pen a work of interest, the real name of the author should be cast behind a cloud, because that name, from want perhaps of patronage, or from the narrowness of prejudice, may not be so famed, as one more lucky, yet, perhaps, of less merit. We are authorized, however, for our suppositions of the real author.

As a specimen of the style and language, we subjoin the following extracts:—

The entrance of Agnes during the storm, as Madame de Coucy opens the door of her saloon, is thus described,—

"Two interesting figures met her eye. The one was a fair and sylph-like form, with a countenance of angelic expression; her azure eyes were lifted up with a kind of imploring request, towards Madame de Coucy, and then turned to her companion, with a timid anxiety, and a seeming wish for him to speak. She appeared to be about the age of seventeen; her fine hair waved over her shoulders, and on her uncovered head hung the dews of night; her habit was of coarse grey serge, and from her waist hung a large rosary and cross. She was accompanied by a friar of the Carthusian order, whose height of stature was remarkable, as was the meagre appearance of his form; his cowl was drawn over his face, but lifting it partially on one side, he addressed Madame de Coucy, saying, 'Will you, Madame, permit this, my daughter in Christ, to sleep this night under the roof of your castle?'"

Agnes, little thinking she is the daughter of Madame de Coucy, objects, with a kind of sad presentiment, against the supposititious title that lady is about to bestow on her.

"Ah, dear Madame," said Agnes, "call me, I beseech you, nought but your own Agnes; such an endearing appellation from your lips, will be far more estimable to me than any one I could assume; and to which I have no right:—it never indeed occurred to me, amongst all the

questions with which I have often teized my holy benefactor, to ask if I had any other name than Agnes; my presuming on any title might much displease the Carthusian; and when, hereafter it is discovered, that I bear from my parents a contrary name to what you may be pleased to confer on me, I then shall pass through life with the appellation of a deceiver.

“Madame de Coney smiled at the energetic manner of Agnes. ‘Were I allowed,’ said she, ‘to act immediately according to my wishes, and the fond impulse of my heart, I would make you the child of my adoption and choice, and you should then take the name of De Coney. I may, however, by playing on a word, which I mean shall compose your name, laugh at the discovery, if it should be made. Allow me then to style you the orphan daughter of a deceased friend, and give to you the name of Montresor. Who can call you to account for that?—*Tu seras toujours Mon-tresor.*—Thou shalt ever be my treasure.”

The following extract, when Agnes is in the power of the Baron St. Alban, is much in the style of Mrs Radcliffe, but yet this *posthumous* romance will never pass off for hers:—

“The thick trees of the forest, agitated by the rising breeze of morning, bowed their leafy honours, in dark and solemn looking verdure; and seemed as if bending their branches to the memory of knights and heroes long departed, and who had heretofore been the tenants of this ancient abode: when the lofty dome, brilliantly illuminated, shook only with the dancers’ heel, and the plenteous storehouses teemed with hospitality. Now, not only an empty void, but an awful silence hung over the face of all things.”

The following reflections of Emilie, heretofore called Agnes, at her uncle’s determination to bury himself in La Trappe, are well worded:—

“When my hours glide along in gaiety, and in the enjoyment of every earthly good, my poor uncle, who, with paternal care, watched over my infant years with tender kindness, improved my intellects, and formed my principles to every thing that was good and pious; he, while I am clothed in the finest linen, wears only the torturing hair shirt,—passes his waking nights on his flinty couch, and when morning arises, and I taste the sweets of all bounteous nature, he digs a portion of that grave which is destined to hold his wretched remains; and while I sing the songs of joy in the hearing of my delighted parents,—he is only allowed to repeat, as he meets another victim of monastic vows, ‘Brother, we must die.’”

N. Jickling, Esq. barrister, is preparing a *Digest of the Custom Laws*, to be printed in a quarto volume.

The Rev. T. Vaughan has in the press, *Some Account of the Life, with original Letters, of the Rev. T. Robinson, late of Leicester.*

Mr. Maddock, barrister, has in considerable forwardness, the *Principles and Practice of the Court of Chancery*, in two large octavo volumes.

Mr. James, of Well-street, will speedily publish a *Treatise on the Principles of Projection*, the projections of the sphere, and the construction of maps, illustrated by eighteen plates of diagrams.

Mr. Leigh Hunt has in the press, the *Descent of Liberty*; a mask in allusion to the close of the war.

A short Excursion in France, 1814, with engravings of the Venus de Medicis and Apollo Belvidere, is nearly ready for publication.

The Rev. J. Grant will soon publish the second volume of his *History of the English Church and Sects*, which will include an account of the sect who have adopted the delusions of Joanna Southcott.

Dr. Spurzheim is preparing for the press, an *Anatomical and Physiological Examination of the Brain*, as indicative of the faculties of the mind. The work will appear in a royal octavo volume, with engravings.

A memoir of the *Expedition employed in the Conquest of Java*, with a survey of the islands forming the Oriental Archipelago, is in the press, illustrated by thirty-four maps and views.

Dr. Trotter, of Newcastle, is preparing for the press, *Reflections on the Diseases of the Poor for the last Ten Years*; being a summary of the cases of upwards of 3000 patients who have received his gratuitous advice.

Mr. John Greig will soon publish, in quarto, a *Brief Survey of Holy Island, the Farn Islands, and the adjacent coast of Northumberland*, illustrated by engravings.

The Rev. William Butcher, of Ropsley, will soon publish a volume of *Discourses on the leading Doctrines of Christianity*, calculated for family reading.

The Rev. C. Wellbeloved, of York, is preparing an edition of the *Holy Bible*, with notes, critical, moral, and devotional, which is intended to be published in parts.

A *Treatise on the Abuses of the Law* is in the press, principally tending to shew that the arrest on mesne process is equally oppressive on the plaintiff as the defendant, and the necessity of establishing some court, in which a tradesman can recover a small debt.

Dr. Jamieson is preparing a new edition of the *Life of King Robert Bruce*, by John Barbour, archdeacon of Aberdeen; and of the Acts and Deeds of Sir William Wallace, by Henry the Minstrel; from the MS. of both in the Advocates Library, with biographical sketches, notes, and a glossary.

MANNERS OF THE FRENCH.

(Continued from our last.)

“I AM now an old man,” said Dubuisson one day to me, as we were walking arm in arm

towards the Thuilleries; "and I have passed the nine-tenths of my life in this good city of Paris, to which I am often tempted to give another epithet. It is a planet, all the phases of which I think I have well examined. After having passed an hundred times from mirth to melancholy, from calmness to distraction, from luxury to misery, and from war to peace; it now remains for me to observe her, under the whimsical aspect she presents at this moment, and which fifty years of observation could never have given me an idea of.

"I leave to history the care of discussing what France may have lost in political consideration, by the actual usurpation to which she lately submitted: all that I certainly know, in examining the cause of our disasters, and calculating the number of our enemies, and in reflecting on their surprising us in that strange situation is, that we ought to place our hopes in defeat, and our fears in victory. All that I certainly know, I repeat: in combining every circumstance, is, that the taking of Paris itself has not tarnished our military glory; but we yet hold the rank of one of the first nations in Europe; we have given proofs of this for some time and if others are wanting, I know an army who will not be troubled to give them.

"But what afflicts me more than the giving up a few portions of our territory, so generously compensated by the restoration to the throne, and the return of the most beloved of monarchs, is the change in the national character; for we need not be afraid to call things by their right names.

"There is from 50 to 56 degrees of latitude between us and a people against whom I had many ancient prejudices, but who, in many respects, I esteem; each of these opposite sentiments, with which they inspire me, is one common effect of that excess of patriotism which is peculiar in them from the rest of the world. Amongst that nation the greatest egotist is yet a citizen; the most modest man is possessed of national pride; if the fortune of war had conducted us into that country, (which may yet happen,) and if our politics now agree with humanity, and make a law to sweeten conquest by rendering it more honourable and more easy, we shall gain the esteem of the vanquished, and perhaps even oblige them to be grateful. But the French General, whatever may have been his talents, whatever generous conduct he may have shewn in this war, has not been received by the vanquished with acclamations of joy, has not been the object of enthusiastic gratitude; and, (added he, pointing to a woman and two men of a certain age, who passed near us,) they would not even imitate our absurd and grotesque fashions."

It is difficult for my friend Dubuisson to stop when he is once got into this snarling strain, which, when it attacks his countrymen, is generally the more severe, though his love for them is well known. "You do not penetrate suffi-

ciently," said I, "into the difficult position in which we have been thrown, nor make those excuses which legitimize, as I may say, in some degree, those inconsistencies to which you have given too harsh a name. It is not to conquerors but to deliverers, that these acclamations are addressed: this deference and homage comes from the heart, and the expression of them could not be more limited. A frank cordiality, a sincere welcome, testimonies of gratitude, were sufficient to be shown towards the allies, it was acquiring ourselves of a debt of honour. But they restored to us the Bourbons; and with them peace, honour, and freedom. For such benefits is it blameable if we are energetic in our gratitude?"

"And because it pleases two or three ladies, who have no other way of becoming the public talk, to make themselves frightful by adopting the little cropped heads, and the ridiculous dresses of the English, you must then attack the whole nation. You declare there is no more public spirit in France because a dozen *ci-devant* young men wear green kerseymere gaiters, hats like tradesmen, with the feathers bent down, with long coats of the most frightful make. I caught you, just now, making an ugly face at a young woman, and pretty enough too, because she thought it was an elegant finish to a promenade dress, to have a bunch of cock's feathers rather than artificial flowers. This caprice of fashion is found in all countries from times immemorable, and is nothing at all against our nation."

"I am not of your opinion: there requires no greater proof of the character of a nation than twenty such fools to condemn it. But, suppose I might be willing to look over the follies of a few women, and old malesippers of coffee, what ideas would you wish our amiable visitors from the shores of the Vistula and the Volga, to form of the French?—Of the Parisians in particular, when they saw them assist at the taking possession of their city, as if it was a fine sight; applauding the fine discipline of an enemy's army! as if they had only come there to be reviewed, and laughing, as they held their sides, at the Cosacks, who were loaded with the plunder they had taken from their farms and country houses!"

"I already coincided in your opinion, my good friend, that the Parisians should certainly have shewn more dignified moderation in their joy, and more steadiness in their behaviour; but, reflect that the presence of these strangers put an end to the most intolerable tyranny; that they were a pledge of that restoration which commenced a new era of happiness for our country; and do not be so obstinate in seeing only a proof of degeneracy in the national character, by some existing circumstances, which are, by no means, marks of their instability."

"As for the allies, concerning the opinion of whom you seem so uneasy, I do not see what they have found, during their stay, to cause us to lose their esteem; they know the bravery of our

troops; they are now acquainted with the state of our arts, the polish of our manners, and the high degree of civilization we are arrived at."

"They can judge but little of the state of our arts, by our spectacles and our caricatures; nor of our literature by the quantity of pamphlets which have been distributed this month past at the gates of the Thuilleries and the Palais Royale; of the polish of our manners by the coffee-house scenes they have witnessed. These people will take home with them a curious idea of the French nation."

"It is most probable, and more natural to believe that they will appreciate it on less local causes. They will do justice to the splendour of our monuments, the magnificence of our museums, the extensive richness of our libraries, the brilliancy of our theatres, the perfection of our manufactures, the urbanity of our manners; and they will conclude, as they give us our due, that it is better to have us for allies than for enemies."

"In effect, why should they not be satisfied with us, when we have such a desire to shew ourselves pleased with them? Have not I seen our ladies walking with delight in the midst of the agreeable night guards of the *Champs d'Elysees*, in order to enjoy the pleasure of seeing the punishment of the *knout* given to the Cossacks, and the *schlag* to the Germans! And are not those little temporary fairs delightful amusements, where the honest citizens of the Don and the Ukraine, come to sell to our gaping cocknies, all the pillage and the cattle which they have carried off from Pantin, and Montmartre? Have not you been much diverted with those little recreative scenes which are represented every day on the Boulevards; and in which we behold our poor villagers disputing with a Jaik or a Baskir the price of a cow, the only possession they had left them? Do not you think it is delightful to see our elegant coffee-houses transformed into smoking rooms; and for us to breathe only in the public walks the delightful odour of a tobacco-pipe?"

"Do not, like our pretended wits, my dear Dubuisson, abuse the satirical talent you are endowed with. There are misfortunes inseparable from war, and inconveniences which follow in its train. You forget that the generous commanders have repaired the mischiefs committed by the soldiery. The most severe discipline has rendered us secure from their disorders, and the evils of which you complain existed only for a few days: the remembrance of them is entirely done away; but what ought to be stamped for ever on our memory, what ought to fill the most brilliant page of history, is that sublime picture of which you only chuse to see the darkest shades; a Prince entering, after twenty-three years of exile, his own capital, invaded by formidable armies, having nothing to oppose against the pretensions of the conquerors, and even against

the conquered, but his misfortunes, his birth, the love of his people, and the power of his will! Discussing amidst three hundred thousand foreign bayonets, the interests of his subjects, and obtaining, on the threshold of his palace, those conditions of peace which a moderate conqueror would have been content to have made on the field of battle. Would you desire any embellishment to such a picture? Figure to yourself this same King, two months after his return, in the midst of the representatives of his people, to whom he brings the double benefit of a treaty of peace, that twenty-five years of victories and woe could never bring about, and a free constitution, so long looked for in vain, as the inseparable interest of the King and people. Such are, my good friend, the events of this epoch.

"After this, laugh if you like, at the scenes of the day: declaim against the frivolity of our national character, against our querulous temper which has degenerated into an habit, and which will shew itself in the most peaceable times, as the waves succeed each other after a storm; but do not fear that the visit we have received from an armed deputation, nor all the people of Europe can corrupt or change our real character: our manners will never alter; our soldiers will be as brave as ever, and more so for having been brought acquainted with their former adversaries. Our youth will no longer go to learn politeness from the Bulgarians, and our ladies are resolved no longer to seek for fashion from the shores of the Thames. I have even the individual satisfaction to assure you, that my wife is not a bit more of a coquette, nor has imbibed one grain of additional pride, since she heard a Tartar officer declare, that he took the trouble of coming on horseback, to the environs of the great wall, to be present at the taking of a city, the name of which he had never heard before."

A FREE SPEAKER.

ACCOUNT OF THE FUNERAL OF JUNIUS BRUTUS.

THE body of Brutus was borne on a triumphal chariot, covered with black tapestry, embroidered with gold; it was surrounded with the richest spoils of the enemy, and magnificent bucklers, while, according to the barbarity of the times, the prisoners he had taken in war were chained to the funeral car.

The way was strewed with flowers, the streets hung with tapestry, and all the ladies of the city, richly dressed, were posted at the most convenient and most conspicuous parts to see the procession. The body was placed under a mourning canopy, exactly before the temple of Jupiter; and Valerius, encompassed round by the senate, made the following oration, while the most awful and death-like silence prevailed:—

“Romans, it were unjust in me to claim alone the honour of a victory, won by the illustrious dead. To Brutus then be ascribed the glory, and let me remind you of all he has done for you, that it may inspire you with gratitude, as it sinks into your minds and memories, while you bewail the loss of your glorious deliverer. I speak not of his illustrious birth, I celebrate not the virtues of his ancestors; but I beseech you, Romans, forget not how Brutus devoted his whole life to work out your safety, and remember that all his courage was exerted for your liberty, and that he despised the advantages of fortune or the safety of his own life, to the satisfaction of rendering you happy, to revenge the virtuous Lucretia, to punish the infamous Sextus, and to knock off those ignominious fetters of slavery that we have groaned under for so long a time. He, Romans, broke those fetters, and Brutus claims from you the same respect and reverence which were due to the first founder of Rome. Not only has he driven the usurper Tarquin from the throne, but since the abolition of tyranny he has endeavoured to establish the bond of union between you.

Think of his valour in the enemy's camp, and his signal skill and courage at the head of our forces. Rome, itself, owes to him all her present greatness, and her future fame. That voice, which has declared us conquerors, is the presage of the favour of the Gods towards Brutus. Bewail, then, Romans, our illustrious deliverer: but bewail not Brutus as a common man. Tears are fruitless, when indignation prompts revenge: the race of the Tarquins must be exterminated, or slavery will be your lot; die rather a thousand times, if possible, sooner than submit to a tyrannic yoke. It is by emulating Brutus, we must shew our sorrow for his loss; let us then regard his funeral as a triumph: glorious example for us to imitate, is the man like unto Brutus, who, free from all vice, had prudence equal to his understanding; eminent for courage as for moderation,—for mildness as for constancy; he was possessed of more virtue than all the Romans put together, and felt a thousand times more love for his country than for himself.”

A public statue was erected at the expence of the people to this illustrious man; and the whole city wore mourning for him for a year. The ladies of the most exalted rank mourned for Brutus as it had been for the loss of a beloved parent; him who had so nobly defended the honour of their sex, in the vengeance he had taken on the race of Tarquin for the dishonour of the chaste Lucretia.

SLIPPERS.

WE read in the *Encyclopedia*, a long article on the origin of shoes; their primitive form, and their gradual improvement to the present time.

Sometimes round at the toes, sometimes square, sometimes turned up, short, flat, or high-heeled, both those of the men and of the women; shoes of all dimensions, of every colour, of morocco, of kid, of goat's leather, of bull's leather, of silk, of nankeen; laced shoes, furred shoes, Chinese shoes, and shoes of a thousand different kinds.

Boots have been equally made the subject of the pen; and in a learned work, from which we continually read copious extracts in periodical publications, they descend in a learned manner, on the legs and the heels, on the mid-legs, and on the spurs; the double seams, and the raised heel, the soles, the tassels, and the blacking, &c. &c.

But slippers have not as yet, that we can find, been the subject of any pen. However, we think they have a claim to celebrity. How ungrateful are authors! What, is there not one among them that, feeling frequently the comfort of a pair of slippers, when he comes home from a long fruitless walk, who will be found to celebrate the pleasure and ease he experienced, as in these neglected slippers he recommenced his pages!

The solicitor, dressed as soon as it is day, with a sword by his side, his hat under his arm, and his foot tightened up in a dress shoe, what ease does he experience, when he comes home at night and puts on his slippers, after he has divested himself of his troublesome full-dress!

Dervilly, is a merchant who deals in several elegant and new inventions, and has a surprising run of custom. He is famous for selling at a fair computation a quantity of veils and shawls to the numerous beauties of this capital. People come to lay out their money with him, from every quarter, and often at about twelve o'clock, are to be seen as many as thirty carriages at his door. He never quits his magazines, for he has several upstairs, but he runs from one to the other, serving every body, and asserting the most positive things; he hands the ladies out of their carriages,—he gives them his hand to lead them up stairs,—he is a merchant of the most amiable manners. He is always clean shaved, his cravat put on with taste, and wears fine stockings—with slippers.

Valcourt is one of the most fortunate of husbands; his wife is the best of wives, the least curious, and the most sedentary. Let Valcourt go where he will, he is sure that his better half will remain at home, and that whether he enters late or early, he may always reckon on finding her in slippers.

Alas! my trade keeps me on foot day and night: in the morning I am often seen at the Hotel of Invalids, and by the twilight at the barrier of the throne. This begins to weary me Ah! when will come the hour of repose, when may I give myself up to the charms of indolence? When shall I be allowed to pass the morning in my chamber, free from care and uneasiness, with

a coloured handkerchief round my neck, a night-cap on my head, a short jacket, large pantaloons, and—slippers?

BIRTHS.

At his house in Connaught-place, the lady of the Hon. Archibald Macdonald, of a son.

At Catch-hall, near Lockerbie, Scotland, Mrs. Johnstone, of a son and heir. Mr. Johnstone has had four wives, and this is the only child, although he is nearly eighty years of age.

At Brighton, the lady of the Rev. M. Rice, of a daughter.

The lady of H. C. Berkeley, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, of a son.

MARRIED.

At Mortlake, Surrey, Mr. John Tilleard, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Joseph Oliver Alliman, of Princes-street, Hanover-square.

At St. John's Westminster, William Ellis, of Hatton-Garden, Esquire, to Catherine, eldest daughter: and on the same day, Edward Ellis, of Tavistock-place, Russell-square, Esquire, to Frances, youngest daughter of John Wolston, of Tor Newton, Devon, Esquire.

At St. Mary, Newington, Mr. Critchell, of Islington, to Miss Taylor, of Walworth.

Miss Smith, of Drury-lane Theatre, to Richard Bartley, Esq. of Birmingham.

Lord Moreton, to a grand-niece of the late Judge Buller.

DIED.

At Guildford-place, after a very short illness, the Right Hon. Lady Mary Martin, sister to his Grace the Duke of Athol, deeply lamented by her afflicted family and friends.

Mr. Thomas Carnelley, aged 65, late of the Crown Inn, Rotherham.

At Richmond, in Surrey, aged 52, Richard Smith, Esq. late of Woburn-place, Russell-square.

At his seat, Old Warden, in the county of Bedford, Robert Henley, Lord Ongley, aged 42.—He is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, a minor. His Lordship's father was the first Lord Ongley, who died in 1785. It is an Irish peerage. Robert Henley, the first Lord, assumed the name and arms of Ongley, on succeeding to the estates of his great uncle, Sir Samuel Ongley, of Kent, and was created, July 30, 1776, Baron Ongley, of Old Warden.

At the house of his friend, Mr. Darling, Hun-

ter-street, North Brunswick-square, James Anderson, Esq. Assistant Surgeon on the Bengal Establishment, many years stationed at Prince of Wales's Island.

At Plymouth-Dock, Devon, in the 30th year of his age, and after more than four months of severe and unexampled suffering, in consequence of a wound received at the battle of Toulouse, Peter Joseph Bone, Lieutenant in the 30th Regiment, and second son of Henry Bone, Esq. R. A. of Berners-street.

"Count Rumford," says the *Gazette de France* of Wednesday, the 24th Aug. "Associate of the French Institute, Member of the Royal Society of London, &c. &c. died in the night between Sunday and Monday last, at his country-house at Auteuil. His disorder was a nervous fever. This celebrated man devoted his life to the study of the sciences, and never ceased to direct his pursuits to the promotion of the interests of humanity. He has left many works which cannot fail to render his memory dear to posterity. He was only 60 years of age. He was interred this morning at Auteuil."

Baron Munchausen.—This traveller, so celebrated amongst us for the accuracy and probability of his narrations, and hitherto considered as a fictitious character, turns out to have really existed. The *Journal de Paris* of the 22d Aug. gives an account of his death, and laments the loss which the republic of letters have suffered. He died suddenly at Paris, at the age of sixty.

Mr. John Brett, aged 74 years, news-vender, Lambeth, much lamented by all who knew him.

At his sister's at Deptford, Daniel Isaac Eaton, the publisher of free Theological and Political Works for the last 25 years, for which he had been prosecuted eight different times by the Attorney-General. His last imprisonment, of 18 months duration, was for the third part of *Paine's Age of Reason*. He was lately prosecuted for a work called *Ecce Homo*, for which he suffered judgment to go by default. He was not brought up for judgment, in consideration of his years and infirmity, and on account of his having given up the author.

Miss Bays, of Cambridge; she was troubled with a humour in the face, and had received from a medical practitioner, two vials of medicine, one of which she was to take internally. She unfortunately swallowed the external application, by which she lost her life.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BEING

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR OCTOBER, 1814.

A New and Improved Series.

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NOVEMBER 1, 1814.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For OCTOBER, 1814.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

The Sixty-Third Number.

GRAND DUCHESS OF OLDENBURG.

It has too long been a popular prejudice that the great were more remarkable for their artificial rank in society, than for their virtues or personal talents.

This opinion has indeed, of late years, been more loudly inculcated by self-called philosophers, whose sole objects were to gratify the spleen of their own little minds, and, at the same time, to excite prejudices in the minds of others, so as to do away all veneration for rank, and thereby to give greater facility for the introduction of their new fangled systems of equality!

That even the well meaning, and in some instances the well informed, should have been led astray by such theories, is not surprising, when we consider how very few, comparatively speaking, have had opportunities of mixing in ranks much superior to their own, so that they could not form any personal knowledge of the talents or virtues of those from whom they were so far separated, whilst any eccentricity or foible was certain to be made conspicuous, and often to be misrepresented.

That such circumstances were detrimental to a general knowledge of mankind, cannot be doubted; but they had even a worse effect upon the higher ranks themselves, as they were educated by a system which completely prevented their amalgamation with general society, and therefore obliged them often to see all things around them through a false medium.

Events, however, of late days, have taken a different turn, and one which, it is to be

hoped, without lowering the ranks of life one degree in the scale of progressive superiority, a scale so necessary in well ordered society, will have the effect of putting all ranks more upon a *mental par*, whilst each rank will become better acquainted with its own duties and those of others.

Of the illustrious individuals who have availed themselves of these new opportunities of knowledge, no one has been more conspicuous than the subject of our present biography, her Imperial Highness Catharine Paulowna, Grand Duchess of Russia, and Princess Dowager of Oldenburg, as widow of Prince George, brother of his present Highness the reigning Duke.

Of the amiable Imperial Russian family, for such they would certainly be called in private life, there are three sisters; the eldest is married to the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Weimar, and the youngest, Anne Paulowna, born 18th of January, 1795, is still, we believe, unmarried; but the subject of our present biography, was born on the 21st of May, 1788, so that at present she is only six-and-twenty.

A recent English traveller, who was at St. Petersburg in 1807, observes, that the two eldest Grand Duchesses, who were then grown up, did honour to the care of their Imperial mother, and excited the attachment and admiration of all who approached them: much indeed did they owe to that mother, wife of the Emperor Paul, a lady, who, at the time of which we speak,

was stated by an eye-witness to exhibit very powerful traces of having been one of nature's favourites. Her complexion was very fine; her face full, her eyes of hazel colour, sweet, and expressive; her person, though somewhat *embonpoint*, yet very majestic; her manners, in a peculiar degree, soft, benign, and interesting.

We have been thus particular in her delineation, because we are sure that those who have been honoured with a near approach to the Arch-Duchess, must be aware of her striking resemblance to her amiable mother, whose pride it was to devote herself to the education of the younger branches of her august family, even whilst the late Empress Catharine was more particularly occupied in superintending the studies of her grandson, the present magnanimous Alexander, upon whom, it is said, she fixed stronger political hopes than upon his father Paul.

Whilst instructing her amiable daughters in all useful and ornamental studies, the Empress Dowager displayed many exquisite specimens of her own taste for their improvement, being actually a most excellent medallist, and performing several exquisite works in gold chasing, which would have done honour to any artist, as well as executing specimens of needlework, which might with justice have been exhibited even amidst Miss Linwood's exquisite productions.

The effects of the elegant and useful education given by the Empress Dowager to her daughters, may well be traced in the conduct of the amiable Arch-Duchess during her stay in this country; but we may, perhaps, exemplify that mode of education by stating some of the practical modes adopted by the Empress to instruct her daughters, and at the same time to serve the cause of benevolence.

One of her first patronized institutions was for the reception of a limited number of young ladies, free of expence, by ballot; whilst others were received on paying a small annual sum. Of this an anecdote is recorded, that on one occasion, two little girls, the daughters of a naval Captain, and not more than ten years old, were presented for the ballot, when one drew a prize, the other a blank. Although so very young, these amiable children had formed

a strong attachment for each other, and finding that they were now to be separated, they both burst into tears; when another young lady, who immediately after them drew a prize, seeing the distress of the two sisters, without holding any communication with their parents, or with any other person, instantly ran up to the luckless little girl, presented her with the fortunate ticket, and running up to the directress, exclaimed, "See! Madame, I have drawn a prize, but my papa can afford to pay the pension, and I am sure will pay it for me; pray let one who is less fortunate, enjoy the good that has happened to me!!"

No sooner did the Empress Dowager and her daughters hear of this little anecdote, than they expressed the highest delight, and paid the pension of the little generous benefactress.

It was a part of the instruction of the young Princesses to accompany the Empress in her frequent visits to this institution, where a degree of familiarity was permitted and encouraged; and that indeed to such an extent, that when Madame Bredkoff, the Directress, was sent to Moscow to establish a similar institution there, the Empress herself, during her absence, took the chair, and was assisted by her amiable daughters in the discharge of the duties of that situation.

It was not, however, to the merely ornamental parts of female education that the Empress directed the attention of the Arch-Duchesses; for the useful was also attended to in the establishment of the institution of St. Mary, supported entirely out of her own private purse, where fifty-six girls were clothed, maintained, and educated in French, German, and their own native language, as well as in arithmetic, drawing, and even in embroidery, to such an extent, that the state dresses of the Imperial family were made by them.

This latter institution is described as resembling a large, genteel, and happy family, into which the only qualification particularly necessary, was that the applicant should be destitute and friendless; whilst at the age of eighteen they were sent into the world, but not until they were provided with respectable situations in genteel families, or married to worthy husbands, who received a small dowry with them.

With an education founded upon such

principles, it is not surprising that the hand of the amiable Catharine Paulowna should be sought after; and accordingly we find that in April, 1809, she was united to Prince George of Oldenburg, then only five-and-twenty, and four years older than his lovely bride.

This was strictly a match of affection, for the state of Oldenburg had been seized by Napoleon, whose mean hatred to that august family was so great, that even the marriage of the Arch-Duchess to the Prince was not noticed in the French Imperial Calendar, whilst that of her eldest sister to the Prince of Saxe Weimar was studiously recorded.

It is not in our power to state the ceremonies of the nuptials of the amiable subject of our biography; but as there were some circumstances connected with those of her elder sister, which may afford amusement to our fair readers, we shall give a sketch of them, from a recent amusing tour in that empire.

When the 3d of August, the day for the ceremony arrived, the court was crowded with visitors, and the procession moved from the Empress Dowager's apartments; when, after a long line of Marshals and state officers, vying with each other in the splendour of their dresses, appeared the simple unassuming Alexander, in a plain suit of regimentals, leading the Empress Dowager by the hand, whilst the Empress, in a superb dress covered with diamonds, walked by his side.

These were followed by the youthful bride, supported by her destined husband and her brother Constantine, and shining in a blaze of jewellery: upon her head she wore a crown of diamonds, of which also she had a most superb bouquet in her bosom, whilst a long robe of crimson velvet hung from her shoulders, and was supported by several nobles of the highest rank in the state; the procession being closed by the rest of the Imperial family, and a long train of the Court noblesse.

When the procession entered the Greek church in the palace, the priest and cho-risters commenced with an anthem, and the young couple stood upon a cloth of scarlet fringed with gold, whilst two officers of state held a crown over each of their heads, a ceremony said to be observed to-

wards the commonest Russians on similar occasions.

The espoused then walked three times before the altar, each holding a lighted taper, exchanged rings, and drank three times out of the sacramental cup, after which the Metropolitan exhorted them, and when he had concluded, the bride saluted the Archbishop, and her family, after which the procession returned.

About two hours afterwards a splendid banquet was served up for the whole court, the Imperial table being covered with vases of gold, filled with the rarest flowers, with pyramids of pines, and the finest fruits, elegantly arranged. Soon after the nobility were seated at the tables, which were covered with a profusion of every delicacy, the grand master of the ceremonies made a buzzing noise, when the greatest silence immediately prevailed, the folded doors opened, the Imperial family entered, attended by a magnificent suite of officers, and took their seats.

The pages in waiting, richly attired, and each having his right hand covered with a napkin, now served the Imperial dinner; a noble band of music played, and several fine airs were sung by a distinguished singer; but this, from the largeness of the apartment, and the roar of cannon, was very imperfectly heard.

Our tourist, from whom we quote, says, that when the Emperor rose and drank felicity to the young couple from a vase of gold, if his sight erred not, a tear bedimmed the eyes of the beautiful bride: yet we trust it was not a tear of sorrow; for he adds, that when during the repast, one of the pages, from excessive agitation, spilt some soup upon her robe, she only noticed it by a gracious smile.

In the evening the grand procession moved to St. George's Hall, a magnificent apartment entirely gilded with various coloured gold, and illuminated by a profusion of richly gilded lustres: on each side were galleries crowded with spectators; on either side of the grand entrance were two enormous mirrors, rising above some exquisite statues of alabaster; and at the end, raised upon a flight of steps, stood the throne.

As soon as the Imperial family entered, the band struck up an exquisite *Polonaise*,

rather a figure promenade than a dance, as the weather was too hot for that exercise: the Emperor led out the bride, and walked to the tune of the music, the rest of the Imperial family and the court, amounting to about forty couple, following up and down the room, forming curves and various other figures.

Our tourist says, that this diversion continued an hour, and that a short time before it expired, he was introduced, by special favour, into the nuptial bed-chamber; where, in front of the genial couch, under glass covers, were the bride's jewels, and a service of gold, presented to her by her august family, with a golden salver, containing a loaf and salt, which, according to the Russian custom, is presented by the Empress's mother to her daughter on the bridal night, just before she unrobes.

This is typical, and is said to express the wish that as the parental and filial connection now ceases, being dissolved by the marriage state, still she may never want the comforts of life.

The bridal bed was, of course, a state one, and the *robe de chambre* of the Princess was placed on the right hand side, on a stool, whilst the Prince's slippers were on the left.—“Heavens!” thought I, “what a strange country this is! the postillions ride their horses on the wrong side, and the husbands sleep on the wrong side;” but the remark was no sooner made than removed; it does not accord with the dignity of the empire, that any Prince under heaven, should take the right of a Grand Duchess of Russia!

What would then have been the degradation of the amiable subject of our biography, had she been forced to ascend the nuptial couch with the merciless usurper, who has so lately stained her native soil with the blood of her own countrymen, as well as with that of the unhappy Frenchmen whom he led there to their own destruction, and to his own downfall!

Our tourist adds,—“Hymen had touched the tapers with his torch, and a band of merry looking pretty girls, dressed in white and adorned with flowers, were waiting to receive the happy bride, and let loose the virgin zone, &c. &c.”

We have reason to presume that the ceremonials of the nuptials of the Arch-

Duchess Catharine were nearly similar; and as the young couple had no dominions to retire to, they took their residence at the city of Twer, where they indulged their humane dispositions in every act of benevolence that their generous hearts could dictate.

It was from such generous conduct that the lovely Arch-Duchess too soon became a widowed bride, much about the time we believe, of the birth of her second child; for a pestilential fever at that period reigning in the city of Twer; the philanthropy of Prince George induced him to superintend the means used to check it, and to give relief to the various distressed families, when he caught the infection and died there in December, 1812, little more than three years after his nuptials.

The sorrow of the Arch-Duchess was so extreme that her health became precarious, and it was principally to dissipate her chagrin and regret, that her visit to England was resolved upon, where we have all had the satisfaction of seeing her improve in health and spirits, and also in knowledge, which we doubt not she will employ upon her return to her native country, in increasing that stock of public and of private happiness which it has always been her pleasure to foster.

To recount the various anecdotes of her stay in this country, would be but to repeat what our fair readers are well acquainted with; but we may mention, that much of her pleasure was checked by her extreme repugnance to be present at any musical concerts, as her sorrows were excited by them in a most distressing manner, occasioned, as we have understood, by the domestic hours of the happy couple having been often solaced by that elegant amusement.

This amiable lady is now on her way to Vienna with her eldest boy, who accompanies her in her tour: and we cannot help feeling a wish, that when the edge of her sorrow and regret is worn off, she may yet partake and convey happiness in the nuptial state, with a partner as amiable as her first love, one whose delicacy of affection may sanctify a second wedlock, and afford a grateful spectacle of connubial happiness, even to the soul of him, who, in the body, once loved her ardently!

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

(Concluded from Page 104.)

It was in 1801, that, finding her letters of no avail to obtain the notice of the clergy, she began to print her rhapsodies, in hopes of getting her notions patronized by some genius, with more money than wit; and the "*Strange Effects of Faith*," as the first production was called, actually brought five people from different parts of the kingdom to Exeter; three of whom were said to be clergymen, and who, her friends assert, after examining into her mission for seven days, "returned perfectly satisfied that the visitation was of God."

We shall certainly not dispute the point with those *literati*, who again assembled at Paddington, two years afterwards, together with many more, to what Joanna called her second trial; where all unbelievers were challenged to attend by public advertisement. None appeared, however, or at least none were let in except the sealed and the elect, and of course there was a verdict in her favour, and the devil was non-suited!

A third trial took place in December, 1804, which lasted seven days, with all the pomp of a court of justice; and here she seemed anxious to fulfil her prophecy of the "Twelve Judges," for twelve judges, good ones or not we shall not pretend to say, twelve jurymen, and twenty-four elders were assembled at the great consistory. Opponents were publicly invited to attend; but those who did not yield faith to her mission were not bound by the laws of reasoning to oppose it—it was for Joanna herself not only to put forth her assertions, but to adduce her proofs, before she could demand belief: proofs, however, are things which the Lord told her were quite unnecessary.

The situation of Joanna herself, according to her own account, at this trial, was certainly a little miraculous, for "she felt her *tongue tied*, and was not able to speak;" but in a little time "she was as a giant refreshed with new wine;" probably some of the gossips may have suckled the giant, for she says that she felt the *spirit* of the

Lord enter within her! Indeed it seems as if the whole party had been plentifully endued with *Hodges's spirit*, or something similar, if it be true that when she told them of the promise made to the woman, to bruise the serpent's head, every man in the room held up his hand to join with her in claiming the promise!

This last trial was at Bermondsey, at Neckinger House! and the pious party actually averred, by their signatures, that they had been invited by divine command to examine her prophecies, which they firmly believed, together with her other spiritual communications, "to emanate wholly and entirely from the spirit of the living Lord." These *literati* were not so vulgar as to think it necessary to give their specific reasons for this faith, nor to record the prophecies that had been fulfilled; that indeed was totally forgotten, and was of but little consequence, in truth; for if any person in ordinary life, and of some degree of penetration, will hazard one hundred prophecies, stating them in general terms, the probability is that some of them may appear to be fulfilled, like those in Moore's Almanack, which are so ingeniously contrived as to accord with whatever may happen; but when we find one specific and precise prophecy, so important a one too as the destruction of the world, pass over without completion, then surely it cannot have been of God; and as for its companions, being seen in bad company, they must be considered as emanating from the same spirit, whether *diabolical* or *alcoholic*, though we strongly suspect the latter to be the prime agent.

In 1804, a Miss Townly wrote to the Reverend Mr. Foley, a most extraordinary account of a beatific vision, something like that so well described in Anstey's *Bath Guide*, and which, as felt by one virgin and described by another, is of such a nature that we have some repugnance in even stating that part of it which says that Joanna felt the hand of the Lord upon her whilst in bed, but in that heavenly and beautiful manner, that she was full of glory.

It would be endless to trace her absurdities; as well might we write the private history of Bedlam: it is indeed sufficient to state, that in 1807, she affirmed that the Deity had directed her to lead the people from their homes, in London, to a place of safety, where the providence of God would protect them, and also would keep their houses and property safe till their return! Some were silly enough to follow her; but when the money was all gone, there was no miracle at hand, and the poor fools got home again as well as they could. We do not mean her money, though that must have been pretty considerable, for in the year 1808, when the sealing was stopped, but why we know not, the numbers on her list amounted to upwards of six thousand four hundred. In 1810 awful signs were to threaten the nation; but in 1811, Britain was to become the redeemed kingdom of the Lord, when Napoleon was to effect a landing, and to be put to death by the sealed people! So much for her *politics*. As for her *astronomy*, we have already had a specimen in the "earth's foundations;" but we were rather surprised to hear her scandalized by one of her own reverend Doctors, as an eccentric being with a fiery tail; for that pious divine assured the world that the comet of 1811 was the same in respect to her as the star at the nativity. The comet, indeed, was a few years too late; but the learned Doctor found out another comet, as its companion, the two being meant, as he said, to indicate the perfect union that subsisted between our blessed Redeemer and this favoured propheticess.

Our task is really become so irksome, that we are almost tempted to throw away the pen in disgust, were it not that we still feel it necessary, shortly, to expose some of her more recent blasphemies, after noticing an impudent attempt upon the life of a Mr. Flint, of Camberwell, a man of worthy character and disposition, to whom she is said to have written, assuring him that his death would take place in a certain month.

The letter, indeed, failed in its effect of frightening him to death; and as soon as he out-lived the prophecy, then her friends denied the letter, and said it was a forgery.

Her prophecies, at present we understand, are actually taken down by a secretary, who writes whatever gossip is mum-

bled by the old woman, who has been for some time under the protection of a lady of fortune in London. These *memorabilia* are then retailed at Doctor Tozer's chapel, near the Obelisk, where a shew is made of performing the established service; after which some of Joanna's own hymns are sung; but if the music and singing are on a par with the poetry, we envy not those who are admitted into this *sanctum sanctorum*.

But 1813 was her busiest year, for then was she informed by a vision from heaven of a miracle which she was to perform, of bringing forth a young Shiloh. Were we to attempt to enumerate one-tenth part of the nonsense and indelicacy that has been written, printed, said, and sung, upon this event, it would far exceed the limits we have appropriated for her whole biography; it is sufficient, therefore, to say, that she affects to be in the same situation as the Virgin Mary, and asks why the same effect may not a second time be produced by the same cause?—Why not, indeed!—and a third time, and a fourth, and a fifth? and why may not every wench taken before the justices for the shortness of her apron-string, plead the same excuse? so that we may soon expect a large reinforcement of young Shilohs, in case Joanna should fulfil her prophecy, by bringing forth a son; but if it is a daughter, we presume we must wait another year!

It would be an insult to our fair readers to pollute our pages with her descriptions of the coming of the spirit upon this occasion; though we might, if we were not afraid, hazard the pun of her having had so much of the spirit, that flesh and spirit were alike unascertainable by her; nor shall we repeat her nonsense about the vision at midnight, like a large bowl (a punch-bowl no doubt), behind her candle, where there appeared a white hand coming from the bowl, when a voice told her, "fear not! it is I;"—but there is something highly ludicrous in the spirit telling her to put on her spectacles, when the jolly dame began to see double, the candle appearing parted in two!—Poh!—it smells rank! How long must lewdness and debauchery be thus permitted to insult both religion and common sense!

If the old woman was really pregnant,

we should certainly require no miracle to account for it; but leaving Dr. Reece and his coadjutors to their own opinion, we must certainly pay more attention to the judgment of Dr. Simms, who considers internal disease as the cause of external appearances; so that we have little expectation of the present harvest producing that Almighty Shiloh, the third representation, and the second incarnation of the God-head.

Some of the inspired gossips, indeed, seem to have feared that a cradle might not be found at Carlton-house; and therefore they have employed Mr. Seddon, of Aldersgate-street, to make one of a most superb kind. It is needless to relate its dimensions, its satin-wood body, and brass trellis, with gilt castors, swing cot, gilt mouldings, blue silk canopy, golden balls and doves, olive branches, celestial crowns, Hebrew mottoes, lamb's wool mattress, down pillows, and superfine blankets; nor shall we describe the spangled shoes, the laced pinafores, the embossed pap-spoons, the muslin—and the—and the—and all that which experienced nurses know so well how to prepare for this heavenly babe that is to drop manna from its mouth, &c. &c. But if such pains are taken for the babe, we trust that a sufficient quantity, if not of grace, at least of *spirit*, will be prepared by some pious dame for the use of the gossips, as well as for mamma's caudle!

It seems the spirit told Joanna that she was to be in confinement from the 11th of October, 1813 (it is now the 11th of October, 1814), when no man should be in her presence, or put a foot in her room, and Dr. Tozer says he'll swear to this; but to this we pay as little attention as Joanna's own offer to take an oath to her own virginity; but let us leave the disgusting subject, just noticing her blasphemous assertion, "For this I am assured, if the visitation of the Lord does not produce a son this year, then Jesus Christ was *not* the son of God, born in the manner spoken by the Virgin Mary; but if I have a son this year, then in like manner our Saviour was born!!!"

Of events posterior to her visitation, or incubation (as, without a pun, it may be a cub of the devil's), we may record that in

the same month she published a letter in the *Times*, containing, what she called, a "warning," in which she calls upon honest Rowland Hill to bring forward three-and-twenty witnesses, to prove that her books were *brought round by the wisdom of a woman*. There she has certainly pozed the pious divine, for we question if a woman, possessed of even the smallest portion of wisdom, would ever have produced such books or such prophecies!

In this letter too she seems to insinuate that in all books written against her, there have been more devils concerned than the printer's devil; and she, therefore, very piously consigns them all to madness and damnation!

The ensuing month, November, produced a warning to the Bishops, whom she threatens with being all cut off in one year; and she reminds them that it is not the first time that she has foretold the death of a Bishop. This must be good news to those who are in search of lawn sleeves; and she plainly tells them that if they keep silence till that November is over, then they may keep silence until November, 1814; but that is more than Joanna herself could do!

Next came forth a Warning to the Public at large, assuring them that she puts no more trust in the Bishops than in their chariots and horses, but prophesying that the ensuing year (1814,) would be such a one as was never before seen in England; and really when we reckon up Emperors, Balloons, Fetes, Guildhall-dinners, Stock Exchange hoaxes, Kings and Cossacks, Serpentine battles, Bankruptcies, Crim. Cons. Gilt Cradles, and Mad Old Women, we are almost tempted to think that she told honest John Bull truth for once in the course of her predictions.

Amidst all this nonsense, however, we are sorry to have, seriously, to notice two instances of the unhappy results of this woman's mad prophecies. It is well known that the Yorkshire witch, Mary Bateman, who suffered in 1809 for the murder of Mrs. Perigo by her magical cures, was one of her disciples; and a very recent instance is told of an unhappy farmer in the west, who, believing that the world would be destroyed as she foretold, *saved his seed*

wheat, and having no produce to pay his rent, went backward in the world, and destroyed himself!

Most certainly neither liberality nor prudence prompt us to be the advocates of persecution; yet we cannot help lamenting to see this impostor enjoying the fruits of her imposition; nay, we will venture to prophecy, that if she is not checked, we shall soon have other candidates for a holy gossiping, as there are great temptations in laced caps, embroidered mantles, silver pap-spoons, and caudle cups, to the amount of 150*l*. independent of the value of the crib, which has been stated to have cost upwards of 200*l*. to which must be added all the fine things sent from Birmingham and other places, the bare list of which would fill a page.

We have avoided noticing specifically the

medical letters that have so long disgraced the daily papers, nor shall we crowd our pages with them, merely observing that Joanna's own conduct during all those visits was of a shuffling kind, notwithstanding that she appeared even to Dr. Simms to be fully impressed with the truth of her own story. He considered her as suffering under delusion; we differ from him, as we think it impossible for any person to look at her portrait, and to hesitate for a single moment as to the predominant feelings of her mind. We give Dr. Simms, however, credit for his liberality; and we wish that other Doctors had not written more than even they themselves understood: in short, Joanna's own directions to the medical examiners were evidently the result of studied deception, of which she is either the *origin* or the *victim*!!!

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A TOUR THROUGH FRANCE.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A LADY TO HER COUSIN IN LONDON, IN 1814.

LETTER III.

Paris.

MY DEAR HARRIET,

I HAVE seen enough in a few days to convince me, that Paris is all show and gaiety, but that it wants the real comforts we enjoy in London.—The architecture here is on a grand scale, the houses are in the form of palaces, but many of them have not what we should call two good rooms within them. Pantheons, museums, statues, fountains, and bridges, public walks and gardens, impose on, and delude the sight. On the north of the Seine lie the Boulevards of St. Denis, St. Martin, Du Temple, Du Calvine and St. Antoine. The public buildings are remarkably fine, and an intersection of crescent-like appearance of the public walks forms a beautiful and striking effect in the one half of Paris, the Faubourgs St. Germain and St. Marcel: the extent from Les Jardins des Plantes, to the hospitals of Des Enfants Trouvés, remains unfinished.

I have been engaged in such a whirl of bustle, gaiety, and visiting for this week past, that I scarce know how to give you an account of all I have seen, remarked, or heard; but as I well know that such a prologue will, with you and my exact uncle, by no means excuse the irregularity of the melo-drame you will receive, I must endeavour to be as correct in my information as possible.

In the first place, I would advise every one who means to visit Paris, to write beforehand to their correspondents (if they have any), to procure them lodgings before their arrival. Be sure to tell our old friend Colonel C—, who is as particular as any old bachelor I know, that as he means to visit Paris very soon, I beg he will commission me, who am so well acquainted with all his eccentricities, to provide a lodging for him.

I will now give you an account of the first visit we paid, previous to our shewing our faces at the public spectacles with which Paris abounds, and which appear to

be, in the eyes of its inhabitants, the great glory of the nation.

Nothing diverted me so much, amidst a group of well dressed people at the house of Madame de N——, to whom we were first introduced, as the *Anglo-mania* of two young men who were parading her spacious saloon; and would you believe it, my dear Harriet, they so well copied the present manners of modern English *beaux*, that they gave a very slight, *nonchalant* look at the *Belle Angloise*, Emilie, and then immediately turned away, routed their fingers in their cropped hair, and pulled their enormous cravats still more over their chins, so that the muslin nearly touched their nether lip: when they chanced to pass the beautiful pier glasses with which this elegant apartment is adorned, their own dear persons seemed the most important point of attraction.

The house of Madame de N—— is fitted up in the first style of classical elegance; we sat down to supper at half past midnight; the supper was more splendid and tastefully ornamented than it was plentiful. After supper we had a ball; you know I was somewhat vain of my waltzing when in England, but you will scarce credit that a Frenchman should say, that though Mademoiselle Emilie performed the waltz most gracefully, *Elle y mettoit trop d'expression!* and it is wonderful to see the delicacy, the respect and elegance with which Frenchmen perform this dance of close contact, which Werter, though a German, condemned, and which has been so much censured by our plain and honest countrymen.

Aunt Di was here during our short peace with Bonaparte, when he was First Consul; she says the dresses of the ladies, though then not quite so correct as she could have wished, were infinitely more tasteful than at present. I cannot indeed now say much in praise of Gallic costume. Short full petticoats with treble flounces, *chevaux-de-frize* trimming of crape or stiffened muslin round the sleeves and bosoms of the gowns, give to the ladies the appearance of Friesland hens, and their hair is neither well nor classically arranged; however, they can laugh, and that pointedly enough, at those who deviate from their present mode, which I assure you, I faithfully copy, because I am not fond of being

ridiculed, and I have all my dresses made by Madame Leroy, in the rue Richelieu, the most celebrated dress-maker in Paris.

We feel ourselves sometimes as much puzzled in the choice of the spectacle we shall visit in this luxurious and splendid city, as we sometimes are in that of a new gown, cap, or bonnet, when the opulent English merchant displays his varied stores of fashion and elegance to our bewildered taste. The old and new Boulevards present a multiplicity of different amusements, and I believe there are from twenty to thirty theatres open every evening. For the morning recreation of walking, we cannot find that comfort and amusement as in London, the want of flag-stones rendering the streets frequented by carriages very unpleasant to the pedestrian; in the Thuilleries and in some of the squares, we may, to be sure, contrive to keep our shoes clean; and in that place of wonders, the Palais Royale, that *collectiana* (you will say I am fond of coining words), of every thing rare, curious, luxurious, and expensive. I will just say a word or two of it, *en passant*, for on such a theme I must, when more at leisure, positively employ a whole letter.

Ladies, *comme il faut*, are seldom seen, either in the walks or under the arcades of this astonishing scene, except from the hours of twelve till three; at two the higher classes begin to move off; but Henry positively declares that my aunt and I shall go *ineog* some evening with him in order to view this motley scene in all its splendour, and which, he declares to be such as is without a parallel.

The building encloses a large garden with fine gravelled walks, ornamented with orange trees, from which you have a fine prospect of the superb edifice; it terminates near rue du Lycée, in a double piazza, with two rows of shops, and under the arcades before them you behold loungers of every description. The coffee-houses form another resort for the idlers; coffee, lemonade, orgeat, liqueurs, and ice, are to be had in every one of them; and I am told that the concourse of people who are seen daily and nightly in the Palais Royale is never at an end.

The motley groups which passed before me dazzled my eyes, as I beheld, in mingled confusion, soldiers, abbies, women of

quality, fops, and courtizans; a tawdry dressed girl, highly *rouged*, curtsied to Henry; and we found, on enquiry, she had been one of his fellow travellers in the diligence to Paris; she was a young actress belonging to the *Comedie Française*, and Henry told us, that after several *minauderies*, exerted in vain to catch the attention of my Lord Anglois, she thought proper, during their journey, to feign frequent indisposition: this could not fail with so tender an heart as Henry is possessed of.

I was much amused, as I stood near a Caffé at hearing a number of young men calling, with an air of importance, for an English newspaper, which they will spread before them on the table, and they seem to read, with an appearance of well informed consequence, what I am sure they do not understand one word of; these pretended linguists seldom drink any thing but a glass of English beer. But I was particularly amused last Sunday, to see the little *quadrilles* of Bourgeois which bent their way to the Palais Royale; one of these quartetts was composed of a young grocer, with his hair *à-la-Titus*, and who gave his arm to the merchant's wife, whom he accompanied; whose husband's head was covered with a new Brutus as sleek as the hair of a well fed coach horse; the wife was dressed in a printed English calico, trimmed with pink ribband, and made high like an English dress; while the daughter, in a clean muslin frock, an interesting looking girl of seventeen, walked as upright as a dart with papa, and often stole a timid look at the young grocer, which he returned with an unmeaning *ocillade*. But, enough, at present, of the Palais Royale; this fairy land, as I said before, merits an epistle to itself.

I will now then transport you to the Theatre Français, where we saw performed *Les Horaces*, and *Le Mercure Gallant*; the famous Mademoiselle Petit performed the part of *Camille*: opinions are much divided concerning this actress; she pleases me, and Henry she enchants; my aunt says she plays too scientifically, and sacrifices to the theory of the art all true feeling and sensibility. We were all affected by the harmonious voice of Mademoiselle Volnais, who performed the tender part of *Sabina*. The acting of St. Prix, in the *Elder Horace*, was superb.

The boxes at the Theatre Français,

though they do not offer such an assemblage of well dressed females as one sees in London, were yet very tolerably filled: the ladies were much adorned with cornelian ornaments.

On Monday we were at the *Opera Comique*, *Le Billet de Lotterie*, and *Le Magicien sans Magic*. *Le Billet de Lotterie* is an interesting piece, the scene of which lies in England: a young French girl, in deep distress, has fallen into the hands of a self-interested inn-keeper, whom she thinks a pattern of generosity: he is, however, only aiding the munificent lover of the heroine, of whose virtue the hero being convinced, he contrives, through the pretence of a prize in the lottery, to elevate her to her former rank, and the opera concludes with their marriage.

Many, you and I, my dear cousin, well know, attend the operas in London merely because it is the fashion; and I could not forbear remarking both at this theatre and at the Theatre Français, that the audience did not seem as if they were at all amused. The ladies were employed in scrutinizing each other's dress; while the gentlemen were either reading, yawning, or talking; indeed I saw more than three asleep. One would-be critic, who sat next me, called the play of *Horace* insipid, the actors tiresome, the decorations monotonous. "Happy mediocrity!" said my aunt, as she told me to look at the pit and gallery. "What attentive and animated countenances! The decorations, the actors, and the piece, all appear to them striking and enchanting."

On Tuesday we visited the Pantheon, which was formerly the church of St. Genevieve, but dedicated by the patriots to the worthies of the revolution, and other illustrious characters of France; the vaults are very fine, and of Tuscan architecture; Voltaire and Rousseau have tombs erected there to their memory; they deserved the honour, for they certainly were, in fact, the first founders of the revolution, by the licence which they made use of in disseminating their free-thinking principles. The statue of Voltaire has been a *chef d'œuvre* of sculpture, but it is much mutilated.

Our next visit was to see the sculpture at the Louvre, to describe which must form one of the subjects of my next letter, as I have already swelled this to a little

volume; I will send you soon, according to your request, a list of French money, and also of the numerous places of amusement in the city of Paris.

I will yet hope to embrace you in some part of France, before my return to my native land.—Adieu! Write as often as possible to your

EMILY.

P. S. As to what my dear uncle says relative to my faulty geography, I am prepared to answer him. I certainly could not tell you that I travelled through *Nantes* from Rouen hither;—no, my dear cousin, it was *Mantes*; the hurry I wrote in, my bad ink, and worse pen, made you mistake my ill-formed *M* for *N*.

(*To be continued.*)

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

CHARLOTTE CHARKE.

WE are induced to class this lady amongst the illustrious, from her being the daughter of the celebrated Colley Cibber, the Poet Laureat. Her education somewhat resembled that of Mrs. Centlivre, in one respect, being more suitable to a boy than a girl; but with this difference, it was not quite so intellectual; for the youthful Charlotte was more in the stable than in the closet, and was mistress of the currycomb before she knew how to handle the needle. All her amusements were masculine; hunting, riding, races, and digging in the garden. She once, when quite a child, protected her father's house from an attack made on it by thieves, by firing pistols and blunderbusses out of all the windows. Her wildness, however, ceased after her marriage with Mr. Rich. Charke, an eminent musician; and ever after, as her biographer elegantly remarks, "she was launched into the billows of a stormy world, where she was through the remainder of her life buffeted about, without ever once reaching a peaceful harbour." Her husband's infidelities obliged her to seek a separation, and for support she turned her talents to the stage; in which line she would have met with certain success, were it not for that ungovernable impetuosity which marked her character, and which caused her to quarrel with Fleetwood, the manager, and gave rise to her writing that little dramatic Farce called *The Art of Management*.

She then entered a strolling company, and in 1755 she came to London, where she published a *Narrative of her own Life*. For a short time she lived on the profits her book procured her, but died in extreme misery in 1759.

SUSANNA MARIA CIBBER.

THIS lady, who married the brother of the above unhappy female, was sister to the famous Dr. Thomas Augustin Arne; and she married Theophilus Cibber soon after the death of his first wife. Old Colley was much displeased at this match, but the amiable and elegant deportment of his daughter-in-law soon made him forgive his son.

The shameful conduct, however, of the luxurious and despicable Theophilus cannot be sufficiently deprecated, when he introduced a gentleman of fortune to his wife, whom, as if by accident, he had conveyed to her bed-chamber, and then laid his damages against him for five thousand pounds: however, his conduct being discovered, he gained only ten pounds, a sum not sufficient to reimburse the tenth part of his expences.

The following anecdote of Garrick is recorded at the death of Mrs. Cibber. When the news was brought to him, he said:—"Then tragedy expired with her; and yet she was the greatest female plague belonging to my house: I could easily parry the artless thrusts, and despise the coarse language of some of my heroines; but whatever was Cibber's object, a new part, or a new dress, she was always sure to carry her point, by the acuteness of her invention, and the steadiness of her perseverance."

JULIA GONZAGA.

THIS female, who was possessed of exquisite and unrivalled beauty, was one of the most celebrated ladies of Boccaccio; nor was her soul, it seems, less beautiful than her outward form. The year of her birth cannot be precisely ascertained, but

she was the daughter of Lewis Gonzaga, Count of Rodigo, and Marquis of several other places in Italy.

Vespasiano Colonna, Duke of Trajetto, when she had just completed her thirteenth year, demanded her in marriage. He was above forty years of age, and lame in both hands and feet. Julia had the art of so well preserving her decrepit husband's affection, that he settled an handsome dowry on her, provided she never entered on the marriage state.

Ippolito de Medici had long been desperately in love with her: he translated into rhymeless verse the second book of the *Eneid*, as a similarity of the fire of his love and the burning of Troy. The dedication prefixed to the poem to *Julia*, was a formal declaration of his love. But she had so great an aversion to the wedded state, that she never would retain a married woman in her service, and was much displeased when any of her female attendants left her to marry.

The fame of the rare beauty of Julia Gonzaga had penetrated even to the Ottoman Porte, and Barbarossa formed the design of carrying her off as a present to Solymán, his master. The Turks had already forced the gates, and were hastening to the palace where Julia dwelt; when, raised by the cry of the inhabitants of Fondi at the entrance of the Turks, she sprang on a horse, and passing through a postern escaped to the mountains. Half-naked, she scampered over hill and dale, and being attended by a few of her most trusty servants, she at length found a concealment in a covert, where she hid herself till a decent dress could be procured her, in which she escaped to one of the surrounding fortresses.

As soon as the news of the landing of the Turks was brought to Rome, the Pontiff sent the Cardinal Ippolito, with a chosen body of troops, to drive them back. The Turks, however, were apprised of his coming, and made off with all possible speed; and the Cardinal had the triumph of carrying his beloved Julia back with him to Fondi.

She was represented, in sculpture and painting, under the figure of the morning star.

COUNTESS OF DESMOND.

THIS lady, who was a remarkable instance of longevity, was the daughter of the Fitzgeralds of Drumana, in the county of Waterford; and was married in the reign of Edward IV. to James, fourteenth Earl of Desmond. When she was presented at court on her marriage, she danced with the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. whom she described as being as *handsome* a man as any at court.

She lived to the age of one hundred and forty years, and died in the reign of James the First, retaining her full health and vigour to the day of her death. But just before her demise she was reduced to extreme poverty, and obliged to take a journey from Bristol to London, the greatest part of which she performed on foot, to solicit pecuniary relief from the court. She is said to have twice shed her teeth, and had new sets come in the place of the old ones.

BIANCA CAPELLO,

WAS mistress to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, during his wife's life-time, who was a woman far advanced in years; the extraordinary beauty of Bianca triumphed over the conjugal fidelity of the Duke; and Johanna of Austria, whom he had wedded, at length found herself utterly forsaken for the new favourite.

Bianca had neither fortitude nor virtue sufficient to reject the offers of the Duke; allured by his flatteries and his liberal offers, she found also much to admire in the elegance of his manners and the beauties of his person, so that she reflected not on her recent marriage with Buonaventuri, who, eager to gain advantage by the beauty of his wife, adapted himself admirably to his disgraceful situation: but in proportion as the Duke heaped favours on him his pride and insolence increased to that height, not only towards the chief nobility but even to the Duke himself, that he was one night way-laid in the street and murdered.

Johanna, the Duke's wife, though she strove as much as possible to master her grief at her husband's infidelity, yet her jealousy and anguish of mind preyed on

her frame, and pining away rapidly, she fell sick and died.

The heart of the Grand Duke was now wholly at the command of the aspiring Bianca, and in spite of the exhortations of the Cardinal, the Duke's brother, she became, in a short time, Grand Duchess of Tuscany.

Her ambition, however, could not be satisfied without producing an heir to the throne, and she took the resolution of feigning pregnancy, and of substituting a foreign child. When she took to her chamber, and at length to her bed, no one was more rejoiced than her infatuated husband.

When she thought it time to play the last scene of this farce, she suddenly alarmed the palace at midnight; and ordered her Confessor, a barefooted Carmelite, to be called.

The Cardinal hastened to the antichamber of the Grand Duchess, where he walked up and down reading his breviary. The Duchess begged him, for God's sake, to be gone. The Cardinal answered, drily:—"Let her Highness attend to her own business, and I will mind mine." As soon as the Confessor appeared the Cardinal flew to meet him with open arms.—"Welcome, welcome," said he, "my dear ghostly

father, the Grand Duchess is in great want of your assistance." So saying he hugged him close to his breast, and was immediately struck with the sight of a beautiful new-born child, which the good father had concealed in his bosom. He took it from him, and called out so loud that the Duchess heard him, "God be thanked! the Grand Duchess is happily delivered of a chopping Prince;" and he directly presented the little one to the by-standers.

The Duchess, incensed to fury, resolved on vengeance. Now the Cardinal was particularly fond of almond soup; she therefore caused an almond soup to be made, which she strongly poisoned. The Cardinal suspecting her, seated himself as usual at the table, but refused the soup which the Duchess politely pressed upon him. "Well," said the Grand Duke, "I will take some of the soup myself;" and accordingly took a plate of it. Unable to prevent his eating it, the wretched Bianca saw she was undone; she ate up, therefore, all that remained of the almond soup, and died with her husband, on the 21st of October, 1587. The Cardinal succeeded to the Dukedom under the name of Ferdinand I. and reigned till the year 1608.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

CHARLOTTE COUNTESS DE BREGY.

SHE was one of the ladies of honour to Queen Anne of Austria, and was distinguished at that court for her wit and beauty; the turn of her mind was metaphysical; and love was more in her fancy and imagination than in her heart. No lady was fonder of praise and flattery; but she was grateful for it, as she repaid it with interest; gentle and civil from politeness, she was naturally of a proud and scornful disposition; wedded to her own opinion, she had dissimulation enough to affect to adopt that of others; modest and discreet from pride, she passed through life with an unblemished character, though very much given to intrigue, gaiety, and dissipation. Constant, however, and secret, she was the chief favourite and confidante of the Queen, and never abused the trust reposed in her:

she served her friends also with an ardour as if the favours she asked were for herself; nor would she ever listen to a word against them; where she dare not contradict she defended them to the utmost of her power, and great ability of reasoning. Fortune and honours were with her but secondary considerations: and, in short, to use her own words when speaking of herself, she acted in the world conformably to what it ought to be, and too little according to what it is.

MADAME DE MONTESPAN.

THIS lady, renowned more for her beauty and sterling wit than for the amiability of her disposition, was long the favourite mistress of Louis XIV.; haughty and self-willed, the charms of her person

and conversation alone enslaved the monarch, for he detested her pride and arrogance, together with her spirit, which knew no controul.

Yet the originality of her sprightly sallies, and for which her whole family were proverbial, her extraordinary beauty, and her being the mother of several of the King's children, long ensured her sway over the royal captive; and had it not been for the arts of Madame de Maintenon in supplanting her, she might have retained her situation of favourite to the end of her life.

Amidst all her foibles she yet retained a sincere veneration for the duties of religion, and never missed a mass: one of her gay friends, who was allowed to speak to her with freedom, smiled at this punctuality, which, in the present way of life in which Madame de Montespan was engaged, she treated as hypocrisy. "Not so," said the Marchioness; "because we fail in our duty in one point, should that make us negligent in all, and suffer us to lay aside the most important?"

The devotion, however, of Madame de Montespan was of the Italian kind; it consisted solely in outward ceremonies; she strictly kept all the fasts enjoined by

the Romish church, though naturally fond of the pleasures of the table. When she was banished the court, she wrote a most submissive letter to her husband, imploring him to receive her, or to allow her to retire to any one of his estates in the country, which he might please to name. On his positive refusal to her requests, she retired to St. Joseph, rue St. Dominique, where she practised the severest austerity and outward ceremonies of mortification: she wore hair cloth next her skin, and gave away immense sums in charity; making with her own hands clothes for the surrounding poor. Yet her excessive pride, the leading feature in her disposition, was visible to the last: she exacted from her attendants that homage and servility as if she had been really a Queen; one chair only, of state, and covered with crimson velvet, had a place in her apartment; on this she sat, while her visitors remained standing: and her extraordinary beauty, which survived all the attacks of vexation and time, together with her majestic air, caused her acquaintance to adopt themselves easily to her arrogance, and all declared she looked in the place which nature had intended her to fill.

SELECT ANECDOTES.

LORENZO RICCI, THE LAST GENERAL OF THE JESUITS.

As the Pope has thought proper to re-establish this order, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to know something of the famous Lorenzo Ricci, a man who acted by no fixed principle, but from a spirit of intrigue fixed himself in the arduous situation he enjoyed.

His deportment towards the great was a compound of pride and impertinent stateliness. Often his Swiss would enter his chamber, and say to him, "Reverendissimo, the Cardinal York waits below at the gate, desirous of speaking with you." He would reply:—"To-day I give audience to no one. Is not to-day post day? Five or six of my Viceroys in the East and West Indies are expecting my orders." And, in short, it is requisite to quote a short dialogue be-

tween Lorenzo and his Swiss, in order to give our readers a specimen of his extraordinary insolence.

"*Swiss.* Half a dozen Bishops and as many noblemen, will take no denial.

"*General.* The generation of vipers; I am not at home.

"*Swiss.* The Pretender of England desires admission.

"*General.* Let his pretending Majesty be pleased to wait till I have finished this letter to his actual Majesty the King of Spain."

He was so prepossessed with his order, that he imagined the Romish church must fall to the ground without his support; and on this opinion was founded that obstinacy which in him was beyond example. The worthy Ganganelli, the best and most enlightened of all who have ever sat on the

papal throne, saw himself obliged to publish a bull for the abolition of the society of Jesuits; they were treated as dangerous insurgents, and they had no one to thank but their impolitic General. He himself was arrested as a malefactor, and shut up in the castle of St. Angelo.

When the bull of abrogation was read to him he turned pale at the sudden calamity: at the same time he said, that indeed he had looked for a reform, but he never could imagine the total demolition of the order. But how could he have ever looked for a reform, when he had inflexibly resisted it? His pallid countenance was but an index to his inward agony at seeing an end to his boundless and haughty dominion.

Cut off from all hope, he might yet have rendered himself estimable by adopting the virtues of a private ecclesiastic; but he behaved on his examination like a man attacked by banditti, who is resolved to part with nothing till he sees the sword or the pistol levelled at his breast: he became therefore a dangerous member of civil society, and Pope Ganganelli acted right when he refused the petitions of the brotherhood for his release.

This haughty and extraordinary man died in the year 1775, in the Castle of St. Angelo, lamented by none but by the blindest bigots.

SAMUEL BOYSE.

THIS ingenious person, who had received the rudiments of education at a private school in Dublin, was sent to the university of Glasgow, where, before he was twenty, he married a tradesman's daughter in that city, who was of a very dissolute character, and soon ruined him. He was born in the year 1708, and in 1740 he was so reduced that he had not even a shirt or coat which he could appear in.

In 1742 he was in a spunging house; from whence, after a long continuance there, he obtained his liberty. His imprudence and wants, however, still increased, and in order to alleviate them he had recourse to the following expedients to obtain benefactions. Sometimes he would raise subscriptions on poems which he never meant to compose; at other times he would order his wife to write to some com-

passionate people, telling them he was at the point of death; and he has often been met by those very people in full health the day after.

While he resided at Reading, in the year 1745, his wife died; on which he tied a piece of black crape round the neck of a little dog, which he always used to carry about in his arms. When he was in liquor he always imagined her to be alive, and would use much invective against those with whom he thought she might then be in company. After he quitted Reading he grew more sober and decent, and great hopes were entertained of his reformation; but his health declined daily, and after a lingering illness, he died in an obscure lodging in Shoe-lane, in 1749, and was buried at the expence of the parish.

ACCOUNT OF THE ABBE VATTEVILLE.

WHEN the Baron Vatteville was Ambassador to the court of England, Vatteville, his brother, the subject of this sketch, was a Colonel of a regiment in the service of Philip IV. of Spain, and distinguished himself in a very gallant manner in several engagements. Dissatisfied with the slowness of his promotion, he quitted the service, and turned monk; but scarce had he taken the vows when, weary of seclusion, he obtained a sum of money of his family, and without any one suspecting his intention, he, by means of a trusty friend, procured the habit of a Cavalier, and armed with a brace of pistols and a sword, he dressed himself, went out of his cell, and took the way which led to the gardens. Whether by chance, or whether the Prior had some suspicion of his design, Vatteville met him in the garden, and stabbed him on the spot. He then leaped the wall, on the other side of which was a horse ready to receive him. He set off at full gallop to an immense distance, and only stopped once to refresh his horse.

He arrived at a desolate spot, where there was no other habitation to be seen but a little inn. He ordered a leg of mutton to be put on the spit, and another piece of meat to be dressed, and which was all the provision in the house. He had scarce begun to taste a morsel when another traveller arrived, and finding nothing in the

house, he made no doubt but what the guest who had arrived before would willingly give him a share of a dinner which appeared an ample sufficiency for two persons; but Vatteville pretended that there was no more than enough for himself. A dispute arose, and the new comer seized on both of the dishes. Vatteville not being able to take them from him, discharged one of his pistols, shot him through the head, placed the other on the table, and threatened the landlady and a servant, who ran in at hearing the noise, to treat them in the same manner if they did not quit the room and let him dine in peace. He then made his escape, and experienced a variety of adventures in his travels, which he concluded by retiring into the dominions of the Grand Signor; where he took the turban, entered his service, and so distinguished himself that he was made Basha, and had the government of some places in the Morea, while the Turks and the Venetians were at war.

This circumstance gave birth to the idea of seeking to return in safety to his native land. He made a secret negotiation with the Venetians, who obtained for him at Rome absolution for his apostacy, secularization also, and a considerable benefice in *Franche Comté*, by means of which, he delivered up to them those places formerly under his government.

When he returned to his native province, at the moment in which Louis XIV. was at war, he served France so essentially, that he obtained several distinguished honours; particularly an honourable and creditable authority at Besançon. The Archbishopric becoming vacant, the King named him to succeed to it; but the Pope, shocked at the idea of making an archbishop of an apostate, renegade, and one publicly known as a murderer, constantly refused his *bulls*; and Vatteville was obliged to be contented, in exchange, with two good Abbies, and the Archdeaconry of Besançon. He lived there in a style equal to that of the first nobility; he had a pack of hounds, and a most sumptuous table; he was outwardly respected, and really dreaded; he paid frequent visits to the monastery of

Carthusian friars, of which he had been a member, and saw some of his brother monks who were then alive. He died at the age of ninety, in 1710.

ANECDOTE OF THE PRINCE DE CONTI AND A NAVAL OFFICER.

AN officer of the French navy, who had a very particular request to make to Louis XIV, sought frequently, but in vain, to speak to his Majesty, and was at length informed, that the best method was to follow the King when he went a hunting.

Not being ready at the time the monarch set off, the officer, resolving to find him out, and not knowing on which side he hunted, perceived just before him one who seemed to him, at least, nothing more than a *valet de chambre*. "Stop, friend," said he, "where is the King?" The stranger, without even turning his head, answered, "Follow me." Irritated at this answer, which he thought very impolite, he exclaimed, "By my faith, my good fellow, I think thou art a droll subject, not even to take the trouble to turn round thy head and see who thou art speaking to. Tell me, wilt thou or no, on which side the King hunts?"—"Follow me, I say," replied the stranger.

Enraged at what he fancied a new insult, the honest sailor, who was mounted on a very bad horse, whose restiveness kept him too far off to ask the reason again for this odd behaviour, contented himself with swearing a multitude of oaths, and followed as close as he could.

The stranger, at length, joined the King, and all the courtiers having made a circle, they did homage to the Prince de Conti, who, turning to the mariner, and addressing the King, said, "Sire, here is a brave officer desires to speak with you; may I request permission to recommend him to your Majesty's particular consideration."

The King immediately granted the request of the worthy seaman, who returned overwhelmed with gratitude and confusion.

THE DIVORCE.—A TALE.

RELATED BY A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

(Concluded from Page 120.)

MORE scrupulous in my conduct than when Mr. Dormeuil's presence encouraged me, my society was limited to a small number of ladies of respectability, and of men whose age and known good morals formed a rampart against slander. I did not give up the title which my husband had given me; his initials remained on my carriage, I had them engraved on my plate, and took particular care to have it stand conspicuous. Whoever had hesitated to call me Madame Dormeuil, would have ceased from that very moment being admitted into my company. I knew that she who held my place was hurt at my pretensions: but was I accountable to the woman who had reduced me to the last verge of despair?

I struggled to devour my grief, in order to attend to your education, my dear child; neither did my sufferings prevent me from bringing you up in the same principles which I had imbibed. Better it is to suffer than to be guilty. Informed of every circumstance that occurred in Mr. Dormeuil's family, I was, I confess, impatient, in the expectation that the woman whom he had associated to his destiny, should avenge her whom he had forsaken. Neither was I deceived in my presentiment. Could she be a dutiful wife, who had acquired that title only by breaking asunder bonds already formed?

Prodigality and inconsiderate pomp had succeeded to good order, regularity, and comfort in your father's house. He had renounced certain and honourable commercial operations to venture into idle speculations, which, whilst a man is obliged to keep up appearances, will but too often leave him on a sudden destitute of every resource.

His new companion, who had beheld in their union only a fortune to be gained, and the liberty of indulging her extravagant propensities, soon became the prototype of fashion. At balls, at the theatres, in the public walks, admirers thronged around her; her house was open to the amateurs of pleasure and dissipation: she besides

wished to pass herself for a wit, and accordingly published a novel, which furnished an opportunity of ranking her amongst the muses to those sycophants who had assisted her in writing it. Your father was, in some measure, confined in his counting-house, and no longer met with even the complaisance of a kept mistress from the woman who was making a beggar of him, and who disgraced him by sporting his name.

In vain did he attempt to remonstrate, he could not even obtain an explanation: in answer to all his representations and intreaties, the woman to whom he had sacrificed me would say: "Indeed, if you go on at this rate, it will soon be impossible to live with you any longer." Alas! those very same words he had formerly addressed to me, and my submission had not moved him to pity. Most unfortunately he adored that woman, who was too void of feelings and delicacy not to abuse her empire over him: a single caress would sooth and pacify him; and so long as he could afford to pay for her caresses, I was but too well convinced that she would retain him in her chains.

Although, when he married her, she was portionless, he acknowledged her having brought him a considerable fortune. When she became a mother, she appeared to be jealous of you, my dear child, and succeeded in prevailing on your father to make all his purchases in the name she bore prior to her having assumed that of Dormeuil. He thus became dependent on her, yet he was weak enough to yield consent to her insinuations. Thus he was removing you from his heart as he had formerly discarded me, and deprived you of your rights as he had divested me of mine. The uncertainty attending his speculations was an additional motive for him to use the name of Mademoiselle Olivier: he imagined that he was securing to himself a resource in case of misadventure. Unfortunate Dormeuil! what was become of the probity hereditary so far in thy family? The example that

thy father had set thee was lost! I cannot forbear repeating it: "He who fails in the discharge of one of his duties, will soon betray them all successively;" and he who, by forsaking me, had broken asunder so many bonds, could be brought back into the paths of virtue only by an excess of disappointments and wretchedness.

The moment was drawing near. The behaviour of your father's second wife was become so scandalous that he could no longer put up with it without exposing himself to public ridicule, and yet he dared not use all his authority for fear of necessitating a rupture, that would be accompanied with his total ruin. What an humiliation for a man who is not lost to every sentiment of honour! Each day brought on new scenes, when that artful woman had recourse alternately to threats, intreaties, scorn, and caresses, according as she thought it would the better answer her purpose. Mr. Dormeuil was reduced to the necessary precaution of concealing from her the real circumstances he was in, having observed that her regard for him diminished in proportion as he appeared willing to use economy, and rather embarrassed how to honour his engagements.

Had I been allowed to see him,—had I dared to advise him, I would have said to him:—"It is too late, your ruin is unavoidable; but at least avoid disgrace, and wait not until a woman turns you out of your own house. A repudiated wife is often in the eyes of the public a victim only, whom opinion is eager to console; but a man expelled by her who bears his name, whom he has overwhelmed with benefits, will always appear more deserving of contempt than of pity." How many times was I tempted to write to him again! Shall I confess to you, my dear child, from what sentiment I was withheld, when to this very day I cannot account for it to myself? No, I never considered as legal the union between your father and my rival; and yet I should have thought myself guilty of a crime if I had intervened to dissolve that union, even at the moment when I foresaw the rupture was inevitable.

In the mean time the new company, of which Mr. Dormeuil was a partner, was forced to stop payment; and the circumstance had not yet been rumoured for above

an hour, before his second wife had an execution in his house, which he was enjoined to give up, besides the intimation of her suing for a divorce, on account of the incompatibility of tempers.

This event, which I had foreseen, stunned me: notwithstanding I was avenged, I was far from feeling happy! What was to become of your father? Was I to expect his return only from the ingratitude of the woman whom he had preferred to me? The most gloomy reflections assaulted me! I appointed several persons to watch and observe my husband, and thought of following only the dictates of my reason, whilst I yielded to the suggestions of the most tender affection.

I was informed that he had left his house without the least representation, and I approved of his having done so: the more fortitude he would display, the more I was inclined to esteem him. I felt apprehensive, however, lest he would go bewailing his hard fate from door to door; but he had good sense enough to know, that situated as he was, no friends were to be relied upon; perhaps, also, he was conscious, that from his behaviour he had no right to complain. He took refuge in an hotel. Unfortunate wretch! Husband to two wives, both alive! Father of two children, by different wives,—so lately in affluence, now forlorn, and reduced to seek an asylum in a house open for the reception of wanderers! What a situation! What pangs had he to endure!

The only servant who had followed him was the man so devoted to me, whom I have already mentioned. I sent ten times in the course of the day to enquire after Mr. Dormeuil. I would have willingly given half of what I was worth to find out a pretence for flying to assist him. Yet how many considerations kept me from him? I was afraid lest too much eagerness should appear troublesome to him: if he had been in distress only, I should not have hesitated one single moment; but he was so culpable towards me that I was obliged to use great caution to render my presence supportable. Was I even certain whether he did not still love the woman who had betrayed him? The passion with which she had inspired him was so opposite to all the ideas I had conceived of love,

that I was at a loss to divine whether so much ingratitude had dried up the source of his desires or of his weakness.

I was informed by his servant that the fortitude which he had displayed upon leaving his home, forsook him since he was left solitary. Subsequently to violent agitation, he had gone to bed, and a burning thirst denoted a feverish state. I sent for my physician, to whom I imparted in what manner he might gain access; but Mr. Dormeuil refused admitting him. This piece of intelligence stung me to the quick. Was it on account of my having solicited the doctor's attendance that he had been refused admittance?

Be it as it may, the fever increased, and my apprehensions knew no bounds. Too deeply alarmed to listen to any consideration, in company with a confidential female servant, I repaired to the hotel where your father had taken up his residence. So long as he continued delirious I did not leave his bedside; and by the excess of my grief I was made acquainted with my own weakness. I was proud in the idea of discharging a duty; I thought I had triumphed over all my just resentment; but whilst viewing Dormeuil, I trembled for his life; I became but too sensible that I had never ceased loving him, therefore, when he was out of danger I could not determine to withdraw. When he saw me, he looked as if annihilated by my presence. Too weak to be able to speak, he seemed fearful of turning his eyes towards me: I seized one of his hands, which I pressed within mine as a token of reconciliation, without his returning any kind of answer, even by a slight motion. My tears then began afresh to flow abundantly. "Dormeuil," said I, "do you command me to leave you?"—"Julia!" exclaimed he, "do you wish to kill me?"

Alas! I could feel that life within me was nearly extinct. Your father had just been speaking to me; it was three years since I had heard his voice, that voice whose sound had never reached my ears without causing my heart to beat. My name was the first word which he had uttered; he had called me Julia, the same as he was wont to do during the days of our happiness. He therefore had not forgotten my name. That name, so sweet in the

mouth of your father, removed at once all my fears, and restored me to all my rights. My former courage returned; I forbade him to speak, and exacted obedience to my commands, both concerning him and in his name. By degrees he grew accustomed to my attendance, and was obliged to use violence to force me to hear, that for a second time he was indebted to me for his life. No other avowal relative to our cruel separation would I ever allow him to utter.

As soon as I thought it, and that it was found practicable, I had him conveyed to my house. I had previously requested, that never in your presence, my dear child, the least word should be mentioned tending to let you into the secret of your father's past conduct. When he saw you, he bathed you with his tears, and recommended your never ceasing to love me. You were surprised at the intimation, because you could not be aware at the time of what passed within his mind. To have restored your father to health would have been but a secondary consideration, if his character remained not unimpeached. My agent was in possession of my entire confidence, and most deservedly so. I invited Mr. Dormeuil to give him his power of attorney, and the trusty man attended to the liquidation of the engagements entered into by the company to which your father belonged.

The firm, notwithstanding apparent embarrassments, had, in fact, sustained but very inconsiderable loss; my signature removed many difficulties, yet I never would give it but with a certainty of risking only what I was willing to lose. My duty towards your father never induced me to forget what I owed to you.

The day on which his divorce from Mademoiselle Olivier was pronounced, was for me a day of happiness; methought he was more strongly bound to me. Though he had retained for her the least partiality, the behaviour of which she made a parade, would alone have sufficed to cure him. Could you believe, that overloaded with the spoils of Mr. Dormeuil, she carried her effrontery so far as to claim a pension for her daughter, unless he preferred taking the child with him? I invited him to claim her as his own; but I never hinted even at the possibility of the girl being admitted

into my family. She was taken to a boarding-school, without my having seen her. I felt chagrined at seeing your father reduced so low in his own estimation as not to presume soliciting in behalf of his other daughter; but it was above my power to act otherwise. The illusion which I had entertained for a while had already vanished. The laws, my dear child, had much more authority than I had supposed: Dormeuil was no longer my husband; and in spite of myself I was no longer the wife of Dormeuil! It is this horrid truth that has hurried me to my grave.

The contract, by virtue of which our property had been made common, was annulled; and fruitless were all my endeavours to persuade your father that he was the only master in the house: my very efforts to convince him that I wished to consider him as such, made him sensible that he had once ceased being so. Nay, his submission also brought it back to my own mind. How severely did I suffer to be reckoned every thing, and Mr. Dormeuil nothing! Wherefore did that unfortunate divorce ever take place?

Most undoubtedly he had renounced his former errors, loved me as I deserved, and as I had ever wished to be beloved; but could he speak to me of virtuous and disinterested love whilst a dependent on me? What claim had I to those caresses which intimacy renders so familiarly welcome between man and wife? Was he mine husband?—Yes,—in the bottom of his heart he had never ceased being so; and yet, in the name of the laws I appeared to keep a criminal intercourse with a man who was——! who was no longer my husband! Cruel, dreadful situation! Both his tears and mine warned us, upon many occasions, that those laws had decreed us strangers to each other.

Devoted by fate a victim to the varying passions of Dormeuil, it was when he sincerely and wholly returned to me that my misfortunes became irremediable. What I had hitherto suffered was trifling in com-

parison to what I had now to endure. Incapable of upbraiding him with his past conduct that he lamented,—not daring to enjoy the present,—without hopes with regard to the future,—every thought of mine [being coupled with sorrow,—every desire attended with remorse! I could not but delight in that grief which shortened the period of my existence. In this respect I so far proved successful,—my constitution was impaired.

I had been told that I might marry my husband a second time. Alas! the need of linking anew his existence to mine, whispered it more loudly still than the laws, and my tortures increased in proportion. Was I, by a second marriage, to consent to render legal my divorce, and Dormeuil's sacrilegious union with my rival?—No; never. Although the voice of my conscience had not spoken louder than my desires, know, your mother, my beloved child, felt in her bosom an inexpressible delicacy, which warned her that a second marriage would put an end to the esteem she entertained for herself, and, perchance, to the affection which your father had inspired me with.

It is now all over; the blow has proved mortal. The attention of Dormeuil, and his grief increase my despair: however, I feel great satisfaction from the certainty that he loves me, and that he will never cease regretting me. Be you his comforter when I am no more. I am well assured that he will often speak of me to you. When you have attained that age at which I intend this present writing to be given to you, you may then let him know how much I doated on him. I alone knew it, and my dissolution even is inadequate to the task of manifesting the liveliness of the attachment that I had vowed to him.

Farewel, my dear child! at some future period your tears will mingle on this paper with those that shower from my eyes in this last adieu.

Adieu then! sacrifice every thing to your duty; love your father, and watch over her whom he has made your sister.

NADIR.—A TALE OF FORMER TIMES.

(Continued from Page 127.)

On the following day our hero was rejoicing at his metamorphoses, when the consort of a noble Lord sent to propose a mysterious interview, and he appointed the hour of their meeting. Another messenger presents him with a note from a lady of ton, informing him of the time she was to begin her toilet, and he promised to be punctual. Now comes a third deputy, bearer of an epistle: the tenth muse invited him to dinner, after which she proposed to read a poem of her composition, in twelve cantos. Nadir, however, recollecting his former situation, shuddered, and declined the invitation. Once more his door is opened; a letter, with at least fifty erasures, contained an hardly legible summons to tea from the wife of an army contractor, which Nadir engages to obey. It was reported, but we vouch not for the truth of the assertion, that he supped, uninvited, with an operadancer.

Such was the rage amongst the fair of the metropolis, that they thought themselves disgraced who could not boast of having made a conquest of him. Two caskets can hardly contain the declarations, bracelets, and other pledges of love that are sent to him, besides those that he procures by stealth. One female alone is doomed to resist him, and what a woman! She, who in him loves but him alone; she, who rejects his declarations to remain faithful to him—Elma.

In consequence of the treacherous schemes of Phanor, in excuse of which he might indeed have urged the bad principles of his education, and the influence of bad example, Elma had repaired to the capital. Notwithstanding Phanor had never seen Elma, the wit and feelings he had observed in her correspondence, the idea of possessing a woman who was indebted for her attractions to nature alone, and I blush as I repeat it, the secret pleasure he expected to derive in seducing her from his friend, had induced him to execute a most abominable project. In the beginning he was satisfied with adding a few tender and witty

sentences to what Nadir had been writing. By this means he had made himself known to Elma, and had gained her confidence. But it was necessary for him to inspire Nadir with suspicions, so as to cool his ardour; and Phanor had accordingly intercepted the correspondence between the two lovers. Elma then determined to enquire of Phanor wherefore she was thus neglected; the traitor expected as much; he wrote to her that Nadir had been severely wounded in an affair of honour. "I would have wished," added he in his letter, "to conceal that accident from you; but he refuses every assistance, will not even allow me to be near him, but is continually calling after, and will see no other than Elma. If love and compassion still prevail in your heart, come to—, and restore to us both our unfortunate friend."

It was subsequent to his having dispatched that letter that Phanor had parted from Nadir to repair to the place he had appointed; where he had not long to wait. Elma, notwithstanding she had to bewail the recent loss of her mother, could not bear the mere idea of losing Nadir. She hesitated not, but set off immediately, and, without stopping on the road, met her false friend on the second day. The first words she spoke were to enquire after the only man on whose account she considered life as a boon; she wished to be introduced to him, she begs, she entreats, and wonders at the pretences under which her solicitations are not granted. Phanor at last produces, apparently with regret, the paper on which the dying Nadir had written a last adieu, and conjured Elma to give her hand to—. Elma had read enough,—she surmised the treachery, and shed abundance of tears. Beauteous as she was, those tears added to her natural beauty. Phanor could no longer moderate his transports. After having tried means of persuasion, he presumed to have recourse to violence: but nothing is equal to the powers of defence of a true lover. She disengaged herself from the grasp of the ruffian, threw a window open

and made her escape. The god of love protected her, secured her flight, and directed her course towards the metropolis.

She arrived exactly at the time when Nadir experienced his sad disgrace, which rendered him still dearer to her. She determined to continue in town until she could find out her lover; but all her researches proved fruitless.

One day as Nadir was crossing a solitary walk he descried a female seated on a bench of turf, and who appeared plunged in deep reverie. He approached her without being able to discover her features, accosted, under the most frivolous pretexts, all who passed near her, till at last he recognised her to be Elma.

His first idea prompted him to accost her, but curiosity and vanity, which so frequently misguide us contrary to our real interest, suggested the thought of trying whether the aspect of the adorable Adonis should not eclipse the distant remote image of the once candid Nadir. Compliments, declarations, indifference, rage, all that may be calculated to awaken tenderness, or provoke jealousy, is put in practice, but with not the least success. Elma remains inflexible. Ah! Nadir, with one single word you might have made her happy, whereas—. But become the sport of a wild error, are you still deserving of appreciating and enjoying real happiness?

An elderly woman approaching Elma, whispered something in her ear, and they soon after withdrew together. Nadir piqued at his ill success, thought not of following them, till such time as they were gone a great distance, and entirely out of sight.

A thousand new triumphs soon afforded him consolation, and made him forget what he considered as an affront. Tired, in some respect, of his high reputation, he endeavoured to persuade himself that he was much to be envied, when he was informed all at once, that an extravagant nymph had forsaken him for a favourite of Plutus; that another *belle*, who thought he had neglected her, had just stabbed herself, after having exposed all his infidelity; that a third, incensed at his inconstancy, had bribed his cook; that a jealous husband had procured bravos to murder him; and that many disappointed lovers contended

with each other who should have the honour first of running him through.

The intelligence was more than sufficient to induce our hero to renounce the hazardous career he had chosen. He had no time to lose he knew; he therefore hastened to carry off his most precious effects, and the lock of Elma's hair; he threw the two caskets into the fire, made his escape through a private back door, and sought an obscure asylum.

There he was at leisure to enquire of himself of what use had been to him the fatal present that had been granted him in consequence only of his inconsiderate desires. He even was engaged for a time in reflection that would have induced any other besides himself to return the book to Alzor, and to sue for the restoration of Elma to his embrace.

But after having hesitated for some time, Nadir, however, drew a very different event from those that had lately occurred. "Wherefore have I been miserable?" said he to himself. "Because I had not chosen a situation in life that might have made me otherwise. I could only shine in academical assemblies, or in voluptuous boudoirs; whilst, whenever I chanced to meet with men of great property, I always found that gold served them as a substitute for accomplishments and merit. Is it not in behalf, and for the sake of the rich, that wisdom occasionally forgets itself, and that justice even will slumber? The whole of nature pays a tribute to the rich: to gratify the rich, does not the poet sit up all night by the light of a half replenished lamp; the mariner brave the stormy seas, and the pale miner dig the bowels of his mother earth? The rich man is every thing: men, therefore, use craft, and submit to cringe with a view of obtaining riches. When, by pronouncing a single word, I may become rich; wherefore should I hesitate?"—*Opulence!* repeated Nadir at three different times. He had scarcely uttered the word when an individual, whose features were entirely unknown to him, came forward, and addressing him in the most respectful manner, said:—"My Lord, I have just been paying the price of the rich mansion that you approved of." Next presenting his hand to support the amazed Nadir, he ushered him into an elegant car,

drawn by a pair of coursers, whose bits are whitened by impatient foam; they start with emulous ardour, and soon reached the assigned spot. Thirty attendants have been contending for the honour of receiving their master in their arms. They conducted him to an apartment equally elegant and sumptuous. In the twinkling of an eye, his plain tunic is soon replaced by a costly flowing robe. Half a score pier glasses reflect his image, and he smiles with proud satisfaction at his splendid appearance.

The clock had just struck six, when company was announced. Successively were introduced ladies, men of letters, and monied men. Some among the former, by dint of art, concealed the ravages of years: others, young and lively, laughed at the pretensions of their grand-mothers; each of them, in a whisper to Nadir, would alternately censure her most amiable companions, and extol her own merit and graces. The financiers would speak of the stocks and bankruptcies, or yawn insignificantly; finally, the wits worried the whole company with a display of their erudition and profound knowledge; the poets alone made themselves agreeable, by reading lines in praise of my lord, although it might be observed that one word was used to mean a whole sentence, or that sometimes also, the thoughts and ideas were the quintessence of wit. In the mean time a gorgeous dinner had been served, to which all the guests eagerly sat down; Nadir alone, feeding upon the mere smoke of opulence, hardly tasted any of the dishes. The moment the repast was ended, the literati, without exception, sneak off unperceived. Nadir and the rest sat down to cards. "Cards," said an ancient sage, "dispense from being witty such as are unqualified to converse. Gold pieces in plenty roll on the table, and some among the ladies, by dint of stolen glances, secure their success. Nadir was in a run of bad luck, but as he shewed not the least ill humour, he was universally complimented on account of his equanimity. The play being over, sorbets and ice creams were brought up; but dull silence prevailed, not even a word of scandal was uttered. On a sudden a concert of lyres, harps, flutes, and the most enchanting voices began. Then it was that

the company began chattering aloud, and burst out a laughing. During the concert many a wife and husband, negligently lolling on a couch at a great distance from each other, received or gave an assignation for the next day. When at last the music ceased, all present gave in their opinion, according to custom. The curtain, at the farther extremity of the room, is instantly drawn up, when a company of dancers are discovered, who perform a luxurious pantomime. Now the conversation is at an end; all the eyes are fixed on the stage, all feelings are alive. The imaginations of the youthful virgins were in a blaze, married women even take lessons of voluptuousness. The financiers shake their purses, and the young men plan contrivances to dupe the seniors.

After the pantomime was concluded, Nadir's high taste was extolled to the skies; but the party were hardly out of the portico when they made game of him: "He shows all the stupid haughtiness of an upstart," said one; "true," interrupted another, "but his steward and his cook are wonderful clever fellows:" and our hero, who had only heard the flattering encomiums, fancied he had procured numbers of friends in consequence of the elegant entertainment he had given them. Extended on a down bed, he soon fell asleep. "What!" thought he, "is that all that is required from a man of fortune?"

When he awoke he did not think proper to ring the bell for his servants to wait upon him. He was desirous of inspecting privately the whole range of his apartments, in order the better to enjoy the splendid furniture. By mere chance, or perhaps Alzor, brought him to the window of a library filled with thousands of volumes, which the bookseller alone had ever opened. From that same window he could look into a lonely street. Was it a dream?—Close to a window he saw seated in a plain modest undress, but still enchanting—. It was she—and he cried out, "It is she!"—she heard his voice turned round her head, but not recognising him, immediately let down the blinds.

What is Nadir to do? He thinks of going to throw himself at her feet. Would it not be humbling himself too much? He would lay his fortune at her feet;—but are

riches thus to be parted with? No: he would offer her his hand:—he! could he thus inconsiderately resign himself to eternal bondage? A thousand confused thoughts agitated his mind, when his steward, who had entered the library on tip-toe, expressed great surprize at seeing him, at that early hour, in that solitude and in such an emotion. Nadir told him what had happened,—and the other smiled: “My Lord,” said he, “that house appears to be the abode of honest mediocrity; but perhaps exposed to want. I agree with your Lordship,—you must not forsake Elma; but it would be unbecoming in you to speak to her before you have sent her presents, unquestionable pledges of your affection, and of which I offer to be the bearer.”

Nadir was no longer the man he had been; pride and haughtiness, with a mixture of licentious bluntness had taken possession of his soul. He dispatched the complaisant messenger, and, notwithstanding he expected his return with some degree of impatience, he doubted not but Elma would be flattered at sight of his gifts, and would repay him in proportion to the high value of the presents. The Ambassador, however, did not appear to be satisfied with the result of his mission: “My Lord,” said he, “the young woman, I confess, is handsome enough, but she behaved in the most ridiculous manner. I addressed her most courteously, but she did not even lift up her eyes from her tambour frame. When I mentioned your name, together with all the titles that were best calculated to please her vanity, and produced your costly presents, I could see her tears flow on the letters she was embroidering; the name most likely of some of her village sweethearts.”—“Don’t you say that Elma was embroidering?”—“She had just finished, my Lord; but, would you believe it, she threatened to leave the room, if I would not withdraw myself.”—“Tell me what letters had Elma been working?”—“I did not pay great attention, my Lord; I think however, I read NAD.”—“Oh! my good friend, how happy I am! come, take me immediately to Elma.”—“Will you, my Lord, have patience enough to hear me to the end? I took very little notice of the lady’s menaces, but deposited my valuables

on the mantle-piece. You may easily judge of my surprise, when on turning round I found that the bird was flown. I ran down stairs, and hallooed out with all my might; an old woman now making her appearance, I caught hold of her arm, and put several questions to her.—‘Alas! my kind gentleman,’ answered she to me, ‘the dear child is labouring under some secret affliction that makes her seek solitude; but she is so good natured, and so virtuous, pray do not attempt to seduce her.’

“I replied to the old woman that I had been commissioned by a friend, on his death bed, to return those jewels and the money to their right owner. The good woman, delighted at the idea of Elma getting rich, promised to seek after her, wherever she might be, and to bring her to reason; so that I left the whole in the possession of the old dame.” (This part of the story was not very correct, but a steward is no more bound to speak the truth than to be disinterested.) “My Lord,” continued he, “I doubt not but we shall find out Elma. Keep up your spirits, and wait for the event. A crowd of people are waiting to pay their respects to you. Allow me to introduce them, some may be bearers of agreeable tidings. For my part I consider gold as the principal of all enjoyments, since it can purchase them all, and is the real antidote to the sorrows of love.” This said, the fellow retired, and the visitors were admitted.

The first who made his appearance was a projector, who proposed to Nadir’s acceptance a scheme, in consequence of which he might derive immense riches without being one single *taël* out of pocket. A second brought him bonds to a large amount, as a compliment for not having crossed him in a certain financial operation. The third was a young nobleman, over head and ears in debt, who, for a trifling sum in ready money, offered to make a transfer of a considerable patrimony. Next comes an agent to inform him that his ship *Fortune* is arrived, bringing in with her several rich prizes. Now enters another agent, to let him know that some articles of merchandize which he had put up to sale, were claimed by a broker; and that one of his creditors is a bankrupt. Last of all he is addressed, in a mysterious way, by a cer-

tain go-between, who presents him with a list of such men in power whose interest he may purchase, with a statement of the compliment each of them expects, and of the services he can render. Nadir had framed a code of laws for himself. Not for the whole empire would he have wronged one single individual of a *denarium*; but in imitation of many a Right Hon. Gentleman, and in consequence of the corrupt morals of the age, he thought himself authorised to plunder the revenues of the state, that is to say, the mass of his fellow subjects. Impudence alone was requisite, in those days, for a man who was entrusted with the management of public affairs, to acquire wealth, and Nadir soon amassed immense treasures: but his steward had taken it in his head to share in the spoils of the nation, and determined to succeed, either by hook or by crook, he commenced his operations in the following manner:—

One morning, as his master was taking his morning walk in his garden, he went up to him with the intelligence, that notwithstanding all his researches, and the enormous expence he had been at, Elma was not to be found: in vain had he sent emissaries all over the whole extent of the empire. Were it not for his unlimited zeal, he never could have been prevailed upon to speak the fatal truth; but although Elma is lost for ever, it is no reason why my Lord should renounce a world wherein success awaits him in all quarters. My Lord cannot dispense keeping a mistress, who will outshine and eclipse all the wives and mistresses of his most liberal friends.

The steward having met with very slight resistance from his master, introduced him the next day to a cyprian, whom Venus herself could not have seen without feeling jealous. The artful coquette knew how to flatter Nadir, soon captivated him, and behold him now become tributary to all her whims and caprices. He had a house furnished for her, close to that he himself inhabited. A certain door joined both their apartments; but one, more secret still, opened into the chamber of Mr. Steward. Nadir imagined that Daphne sought only to please him; she was so condescending! Oh! Daphne was a true, downright mistress! In order the better to fleece him,

she had entered into a conspiracy with the craftysteward, who was to become her husband. With a view of bringing their projects to a speedy issue, they persuaded him to solicit the lucrative and honourable post of banker to the court. Nadir could not, with any propriety, refuse the means of increasing his wealth. He therefore began canvassing, even among the clerks, who took particular care to mortify him, sometimes at his own table; but, however, he succeeded, and prepared to dispose of the riches of the empire, as his fancy, or rather that of the two accomplices should direct. They acted so very incautiously, that certain officious hints caused Nadir first to suspect, and finally to discover their perfidious manœuvres. Without the least hesitation he determined to remove them. Yet, in order to accomplish this measure, some length of time, much artfulness, and especially great sacrifices were required! He had entrusted them with so many critical secrets! Nadir, besides, was apprehensive lest they should find imitators, leave many behind them, and began to mistrust all who surrounded him; in short, he thought it indispensable to stand himself sentinel over his strong box. If, for a moment excessive fatigue weighs his eyelids down, he dreams he hears the grating of the file. Amusements, repose, the very shadow of happiness have deserted him. "Where then does happiness reside?" said Nadir, one day; "is it in those elevated ranks from whence imperious orders are issued; whence one of your smiles, equally powerful as those of the Great Being, conveys satisfaction and joy through every heart? Withheld by a morality that was not applicable to myself, have I misinterpreted the sense of Alzor's present? The last term of his book is *Grandeur*. Did he not mean to reveal to me the summit of human felicity? Alas! I have hitherto crept through the rugged path that leads to it; however, I have acquired experience, and I plainly discover that grandeur alone can suit Nadir.—*Grandeur!* fly, come and crown my brow with wreaths of immortal glory!

(To be concluded in our next.)

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MOST CELEBRATED ANCIENT POETS.

HESIOD, the first of the poets, was of a very illustrious lineage, being descended from Orpheus, and a near kinsman of the celebrated Homer. It is reported that the family of Hesiod was very rich, but his father, having been rather prodigal, so entangled his affairs, that not being able to live at the expence he was accustomed to, he left Cuma, where he formerly dwelt, and went into Bœotia, Hesiod had a brother named Perses, who differed very much from him. Hesiod was a great writer, and Perses a most wretched poet. Dius, the father of Hesiod, had contracted a particular friendship with an eminent priest of the Muses at Mount Helicon, which being peculiarly consecrated to them and Apollo, all the considerable people in Greece used to go thither once in their lives. The fabulous part of Hesiod's history says, that on his visit to Mount Helicon, he had an extraordinary vision, wherein the muse Calliope appeared to him, and foretold to him his future greatness.

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The Orchomenians having consulted an oracle, were promised much felicity if they could get the body of Hesiod into their power; but the place of his sepulchre was so carefully concealed from strangers, that it could never be discovered.

Homer was so poor that he subsisted a long time by begging. Some seamen once refusing to take him in a vessel as far as Chios, a violent storm arose, which they thought was a chastisement from heaven for their unkindness; they returned to take him in, and had a pleasant and successful voyage. Homer, after this event, married, and had two daughters. He first composed his famous *Odyssey*, and afterwards his *Iliad*; in the *Odyssey* he highly celebrates his father-in-law, Phineus, and also his friend Mentor.

The famous Sappho of Mitylene, has been celebrated through all ages; she was a brown woman, and had no pretensions to

beauty. Her style was amorous and passionate, but inimitable: she invented the use of the bow belonging to the harp, which has been of great advantage to its tone. She fell a victim to her unrequited love for Phaon. She has been universally styled the tenth muse.

Thespis was a composer of tragedies, and was much famed for works of that kind.

The Odes of Pindar were so sweet, that it was fabled of him, that while he was an infant in his cradle, the bees made honey on his mouth. He was a poet of the first order, and obtained immortal glory and honour, even from every other poet who came after him. The sublimity of his style was very difficult to imitate: lofty, pure, and chaste, he generally employed it in the entertainment of Kings and Princes; and he chiefly sang the praises of those who had been victors in the Olympic Games. He was justly styled the wonder of his age. He died without a pang, as he was reclining on a friend at a public spectacle. When Alexander conquered Thebes he requested to be shewn the house where Pindar dwelt, to secure it from being pillaged, and preserved the goods of another Pindar, in honour of his name.

Anacreon was the poet of joy and feasts: his poems were witty, delicate, and natural; and his odes are likely to last as long as the empire of letters shall endure. He invented those verses which bear his name, styled *Anacreontics*. He made also some very fine *elegies*. His favourite mistress was named Euripile, whom he highly celebrates. He invented a kind of lyre with one-and-twenty strings. He died at a feast, by swallowing a grape stone, at the age of four-score and five years.

Eschylus, the Athenian, was the first who published his tragedies, and he added much to the ornaments of the theatres: he was the first to establish that maxim, that too many deaths and murders in a tragedy, destroy its effect. He composed four-score and ten tragedies. Though he lived to a great age, he was outdone by Sophocles in the very spring of his youth; which so grieved him that he retired into Sicily.

Eschylus was sublime, dignified, and grave in his expressions, and sometimes rather rude and unpolished; while the style of Sophocles was so flowery as to obtain for him the name of the Bee; others called him the Syren, as the mind was insensibly allured and charmed by his writings. In his extreme old age, when he began entirely to neglect his domestic affairs, Sophocles was accused by one of his children of dotage; but when this unnatural son was about to deprive him of the management of his estate, Sophocles shewed his judges a work he was then composing, which was so exquisite, that the accuser was dismissed with a reprimand. Become decrepid with extreme age, he preserved his wit to the very last. A friend telling him that he was unhappy in no longer owning the dominion of love, Sophocles replied, "I esteem myself happy in being delivered from his tyranny; I always found him an insolent and imperious master."

Euripides had every disadvantage attending low birth; but his merit bore him out: he was first only a successful prize-fighter; but he composed a great number of tragedies, twelve of which were satirical. He was of a very serious disposition, and was never known to laugh: his conduct and behaviour were of the most uniform kind; several persons having requested him to alter one verse in a tragedy, he told them he wrote to teach the people, not to be taught by them. He wrote, though well, with slowness and difficulty. He had the misfortune to discover his wife's infidelity towards him, with a low comedian, on which he retired into Macedonia, where, though he became the favourite of King Archelaus, he died miserably, being torn in pieces by the dogs of that monarch as he was hunting.

Menander has obtained immortal fame, by his refinement of comedies, and divesting them of that insolent and immodest satire, with which they were before replete: his works were remarkable for the delicacy and purity of their style, while he preserved a domestic description of the manners of the age, taking care never to confound the tragic style with the comic. He composed an hundred and nine comedies: when, but in the flower of his age, he was drown-

ed as he was swimming in the port of Piræus,

Aristophanes acquired great popularity by his sharp, subtle, and elegant style: he was of low birth, but was the favourite of the multitude, as he never scrupled to lash the vices of the great, and was bold in his censures on all classes. He once wrote so sharply against a tribune, that he could not find a player who would dare to undertake the part, on which he acted it himself, and was condemned to pay a weighty fine. He injured his reputation by writing a comedy against Socrates.

Callimachus was a writer of elegies and epigrams: his poem on the *Hair of Berenice*, was sufficient to give him the reputation of an excellent poet.

Theocritus, was born in Syracuse, and was also a writer of elegies: happening to speak ill of Hiero, the tyrant of his country, he pardoned him the first time, but on a second imprudence of the kind, the unhappy poet was put to death.

Amongst the Roman poets, the first of greatest note is Plautus, of low parentage, a famous writer of comedies, which, when wrote, he used to sell; he then turned merchant, but failed, and poverty pressing very heavily upon him, he was obliged to work at very low trades, during which time he composed some of his best works. His comedies were witty, but not very delicate; but, nevertheless, they abounded in beautiful thoughts, and the satire they contained was very neatly couched.

Terence, so famous by his comedies, was an African, and brought up as a slave at Rome, by a senator, who had him educated with much care, and gave him his freedom, when he arrived at manhood. He was particularly esteemed by men of great eminence in Rome, and formed a friendship with the illustrious Scipio. The writings of Terence were pure, noble, and delicate; and his comedies were said to be better at the hundredth time of reading than at the first: only six of them have been transmitted to posterity; and it is said that Terence died with sorrow, as he went from Greece to Rome, having been shipwrecked, and losing thereby an hundred and eight of his comedies, and some incomparable satires.

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beauty. Her style was amorous and passionate, but inimitable: she invented the use of the bow belonging to the harp, which has been of great advantage to its tone. She fell a victim to her unrequited love for Phaon. She has been universally styled the tenth muse.

Thespis was a composer of tragedies, and was much famed for works of that kind.

The Odes of Pindar were so sweet, that it was fabled of him, that while he was an infant in his cradle, the bees made honey on his mouth. He was a poet of the first order, and obtained immortal glory and honour, even from every other poet who came after him. The sublimity of his style was very difficult to imitate: lofty, pure, and chaste, he generally employed it in the entertainment of Kings and Princes; and he chiefly sang the praises of those who had been victors in the Olympic Games. He was justly styled the wonder of his age. He died without a pang, as he was reclining on a friend at a public spectacle. When Alexander conquered Thebes he requested to be shewn the house where Pindar dwelt, to secure it from being pillaged, and preserved the goods of another Pindar, in honour of his name.

Anacreon was the poet of joy and feasts: his poems were witty, delicate, and natural; and his odes are likely to last as long as the empire of letters shall endure. He invented those verses which bear his name, styled *Anacreontics*. He made also some very fine *elegies*. His favourite mistress was named Euripile, whom he highly celebrates. He invented a kind of lyre with one-and-twenty strings. He died at a feast, by swallowing a grape stone, at the age of four-score and five years.

Eschylus, the Athenian, was the first who published his tragedies, and he added much to the ornaments of the theatres: he was the first to establish that maxim, that too many deaths and murders in a tragedy, destroy its effect. He composed four-score and ten tragedies. Though he lived to a great age, he was outdone by Sophocles in the very spring of his youth; which so grieved him that he retired into Sicily.

Eschylus was sublime, dignified, and grave in his expressions, and sometimes rather rude and unpolished; while the style of Sophocles was so flowery as to obtain for him the name of the Bee; others called him the Syren, as the mind was insensibly allured and charmed by his writings. In his extreme old age, when he began entirely to neglect his domestic affairs, Sophocles was accused by one of his children of dotage; but when this unnatural son was about to deprive him of the management of his estate, Sophocles shewed his judges a work he was then composing, which was so exquisite, that the accuser was dismissed with a reprimand. Become decrepid with extreme age, he preserved his wit to the very last. A friend telling him that he was unhappy in no longer owning the dominion of love, Sophocles replied, "I esteem myself happy in being delivered from his tyranny; I always found him an insolent and imperious master."

Euripides had every disadvantage attending low birth; but his merit bore him out: he was first only a successful prize-fighter; but he composed a great number of tragedies, twelve of which were satirical. He was of a very serious disposition, and was never known to laugh: his conduct and behaviour were of the most uniform kind; several persons having requested him to alter one verse in a tragedy, he told them he wrote to teach the people, not to be taught by them. He wrote, though well, with slowness and difficulty. He had the misfortune to discover his wife's infidelity towards him, with a low comedian, on which he retired into Macedonia, where, though he became the favourite of King Archelaus, he died miserably, being torn in pieces by the dogs of that monarch as he was hunting.

Menander has obtained immortal fame, by his refinement of comedies, and divesting them of that insolent and immodest satire, with which they were before replete: his works were remarkable for the delicacy and purity of their style, while he preserved a domestic description of the manners of the age, taking care never to confound the tragic style with the comic. He composed an hundred and nine comedies: when, but in the flower of his age, he was drown-

ed as he was swimming in the port of Piræus,

Aristophanes acquired great popularity by his sharp, subtle, and elegant style: he was of low birth, but was the favourite of the multitude, as he never scrupled to lash the vices of the great, and was bold in his censures on all classes. He once wrote so sharply against a tribune, that he could not find a player who would dare to undertake the part, on which he acted it himself, and was condemned to pay a weighty fine. He injured his reputation by writing a comedy against Socrates.

Callimachus was a writer of elegies and epigrams: his poem on the *Hair of Berenice*, was sufficient to give him the reputation of an excellent poet.

Theocritus, was born in Syracuse, and was also a writer of elegies: happening to speak ill of Hiero, the tyrant of his country, he pardoned him the first time, but on a second imprudence of the kind, the unhappy poet was put to death.

Amongst the Roman poets, the first of greatest note is Plautus, of low parentage, a famous writer of comedies, which, when wrote, he used to sell; he then turned merchant, but failed, and poverty pressing very heavily upon him, he was obliged to work at very low trades, during which time he composed some of his best works. His comedies were witty, but not very delicate; but, nevertheless, they abounded in beautiful thoughts, and the satire they contained was very neatly couched.

Terence, so famous by his comedies, was an African, and brought up as a slave at Rome, by a senator, who had him educated with much care, and gave him his freedom, when he arrived at manhood. He was particularly esteemed by men of great eminence in Rome, and formed a friendship with the illustrious Scipio. The writings of Terence were pure, noble, and delicate; and his comedies were said to be better at the hundredth time of reading than at the first: only six of them have been transmitted to posterity; and it is said that Terence died with sorrow, as he went from Greece to Rome, having been shipwrecked, and losing thereby an hundred and eight of his comedies, and some incomparable satires.

Lucretius was a man of admirable genius, but his works are tinctured with rudeness and impoliteness; yet the greatest poet in the world will never be able to equal him. He died mad, in consequence of a love potion administered to him by his mistress, who fancied he did not love her with an equal affection to her own.

Quintus Catullus was ranked among the first poets, only for writing two exquisite epigrams.

Another poet by the name of Catullus, was born in Verona, and his epigrams have constantly borne the epithet of divine: their sweetness, gallantry, and gracefulness have never yet been equalled.

Virgil was the son of a potter, near Mantua. When his mother was pregnant with him, she dreamed she was brought to bed of a laurel, which spread to an amazing distance; it was the custom among the Italians, at that time, to set a strip of poplar in the ground, when a child was born: the slip planted at Virgil's birth grew to an immense tree, was venerated by the people, and obtained the name of Virgil's tree. Virgil addicted himself to the study of natural philosophy, mathematics, and physic: he gained, by his great worth, the favour of Augustus, and that of his favourite Mecenas, the great encourager of learned men. Amiable, virtuous, free from vanity, Virgil was as honest in his principles, as he was admirable for his wit. The *Eclogues* he composed are charming, and his *Georgics* are a masterpiece of poetry. But his greatest glory is his *Eneid*, which some think surpasses the *Iliad* of Homer. Virgil died in the midst of his renown, at Brundisium, when he went to meet Augustus on his return from the East. Thinking his *Eneid* imperfect, he requested, at his death, that it might be burnt; but on his friends assuring him that Augustus would never permit it, he consented to its being preserved.

Horace was the son of a freed man, in the village of Apuleia, and was educated with great care. He was choleric, very voluptuous, and was one of the disciples of Epicurus, though he disclaimed the libertinism of those principles before he died; he loved liberty above all things, and, determining to live absolutely independent, he resided almost entirely in the country. He composed two different kind of works,

divine odes and poignant satires, and an excellent discourse on the *Art of Poetry*. In his works are to be found a happy boldness, gallant conceits, and noble and natural expressions; while his satires teem with the most exquisite morality, accompanied with sterling wit and raillery. He died at the age of fifty-seven, after acquiring a glory which time cannot destroy.

Tibullus was a Roman knight, handsome, well made, but soon ran through a large fortune: he was in love with almost every female he saw. He died in a voyage at sea, after having obtained the fame of being the first author of Latin elegy. His verses are amorous, soft, easy, clear, and of extreme sweetness and elegance.

Ovid was also a Roman knight. He was born at Salmo, and was designed by his father for the law; but having an invincible inclination to poetry, he renounced that profession to give himself up to it: he was three times married, and divorced from his two first wives. He was banished by Augustus, for having made love to the Princess Julia, his daughter. The place of his exile was Pontus, a province in Asia. He composed many works, the most famous of which was his *Metamorphosis*, and also gained a great reputation by his *Art of Love*, and his *Remedy of Love*; he had much wit, facility, and copiousness in his writings, with all the ornaments of nature, devoid of art.

Seneca was born at Corduba, in Spain: he displayed much wit, but it savoured rather of the gravity of his nation. He was bled to death by the orders of Nero.

Lucan was born in the same city, and had many admirers: he was accused by Nero of conspiring against the state, and was put to death.

Juvenal's satires are full of wit and spirit, but less delicate than those of Horace; and the satiric spirit of Juvenal is often ill-natured and angry. He lived in the reign of Domitian, and was the son of a freed man. At the age of sixty, he was sent by the government on a commission to the farthest part of Egypt, and died in a kind of exile.

Martial was a famous author of epigrams, and the first in that line: his raillery was quick, piquant, subtle, and not devoid of elegance. He was born in Spain, and lived under the reign of Domitian, in Rome.

THE NEW SYSTEM OF BOTANY;

WITH PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLORA, &c. &c. &c.

AGREEABLE to the concluding part of our preceding lecture, there only remains for us, whilst upon the subject of

MUSCUS,

to take a general view of the internal and external conformation, to give a slight sketch of the botanical uses of the plant, and to record such anecdotes as are connected with the plant and its various habits.

The scientific delineation has been given in a former lecture; but we may add here a fact stated by Sprengel, that all the parts of the plant are composed of one form only, which is the cellular; though he could not discover the slightest trace of spiral vessels, either in the stalk or in any other part, even when subject to the highest magnifying powers.

So far, this plant appears imperfect: yet its deficiency is amply made up, agreeable to the rules of vegetable economy, by the softness, delicacy, and ductility of the cellular texture, whose beauty and elegance of form is more particularly exhibited in those humble offerings of vegetable nature, than in any other plant known to the botanist.

With respect to the roots, they are nearly of the same nature in all the varieties, being, without exception, fibrous, and never producing either tubes or less roots, so common to all other vegetables; yet it is observed, that the power of elongation, which is very remarkable in many of the perennial mosses, does not belong so much to the root as to the stalk and its creeping branches. It is further worthy of notice, that the original roots decay in a short time; but then new ones are put forth in their stead.

Sprengel says, that it is still uncertain whether any of the mosses are annual, and propagated by means of seeds only; but that uncertainty is completely done away by an experiment of an English botanist, in Jamaica, Mr. Lindsay, who sowed the fine dust from the fructification of several species, which grew very rapidly; nay, he

also raised other species from the fine elastic filaments and small globules taken from the male parts. But perhaps the most curious fact, connected with their propagation, is that as far back as the year 1779, an honest journeyman weaver at Norwich cultivated several species of the mosses, by means of seeds, at the very period when all the learned botanists of Europe were declaring the thing to be impossible!

It is, however, to be acknowledged, that the greatest number of the mosses propagate themselves by putting forth roots from the extremities of the shoots and the points of the leaves; one species, in particular, pushing forth the new root from the rib of the leaf, whilst in another, which has no rib, fibrils of roots are prolonged from the cellular texture: so that nature, even in her apparent deficiencies, actually displays more strongly her various powers!

These observations may seem in some measure contradicted, by the very rapid growth of mosses, which, apparently, can only be accounted for by supposing that they shed an infinite number of seeds; but then it must be recollected, that in many of the creeping mosses, the tendency of the stalks to strike root is so great, that not unfrequently nearly the whole of it is clothed with fibrils, issuing from all the axils of the leaves, insomuch that to a casual observer the plant appears tomentose or woolly.

It is deserving of botanical notice, that no mosses are yet known to be provided with petiolated leaves; these being always sessile, and very often embracing the stem, so that the leaves never drop off until the stalks decay.

The extreme porosity of those minute leaves, renders them apt to collect and to retain moisture, to a degree almost incredible, but which has been wisely provided by a bounteous Providence, whose goodness clothes the desert. The interior structure of the leaves, is in itself extremely simple, being nothing more than a loose cellular texture between two lamellæ, the

pores of which are almost invisible; and that is all that can be discovered, even by the assistance of the most powerful microscopes. The epidermis of these leaves is so extremely delicate, that it is scarcely possible to detach it from the parenchymatous substance below it; but if any of our fair readers wish to try a simple, yet curious experiment, they will see that on placing a fresh segment of a leaf under water, the fluid will soon be seen to enter it at all points, and yet, strange to tell, the pores which admit the water are so infinitely minute, that they are not discoverable by the best magnifiers, so that we only know their existence from their effects.

Minute as these plants are, yet they are the habitations of living animals; for it is now well ascertained, that in the species called *Barbula*, in the autumn, when the young shoots contain the male-flower buds, there are found within them a number of insects, perfectly resembling those curious animalculæ called *Vibriones*, which are discovered during the fermentation of paste and vinegar.

The peduncle of some species have the property of being hygrometrical; for in the *Barbula* and *Funaria*, these peduncles will twist up on the application of moisture, and untwist again as soon as they become dry; and this property has been found to continue even after the capsules had perished and dropped off. These capsules contain the seed, which, until ripe, is confined by a lid, beneath which is a ring consisting of a delicate disk with succulent processes; and it is a curious fact, in the almost mechanical formation of these curious and minute works of nature's hand, that the nearer this part arrives towards maturity, the more those succulent processes give way, until, upon some change in the atmosphere, the ring bursts, and the lid adhering to it is lifted and thrown off; an effect which is particularly promoted by the moisture of the atmosphere: for on removing the lid from a completely ripe and dry capsule, and placing it in a drop of water, under the microscope, then the small jointed ring may be distinctly seen to twist off in the manner described.

Though the seeds are extremely minute, yet they are entirely covered with fine bristles to make them adhere to various

substances, and the force with which they are thrown from the capsules even to considerable distances, is truly astonishing; this has been discovered to arise from the inner membranes of the capsule being specifically sensible to the moisture of the atmosphere, so as to contract with an impetus scarcely credible in substances so minute and delicate.

One botanical fact is related by Sprengel which is too curious to be omitted, but yet may fail of obtaining belief. He says that he has constantly observed that before the flower-pots in hot-houses were covered by the moss, so apt to spring up in them, a great number of small green spots appeared; these, when subjected to the microscope, so exactly resembled *conferva* that they could be taken for nothing else. In the midst of this congeries of delicate silk-like threads, he soon after discovered the seedling plants of several mosses; but the *conferva* were so closely applied to the tender mosses, and so entangled them, that it was easy to imagine that both constituted but one body. This intimate connection even subsisted after the young plants were considerably advanced. In the beginning, when the moss has scarcely two leaves, he says that the *conferva* is likewise simple; but in proportion as the one grows up the other becomes more branched, till, ultimately, when the moss commences flowering and bearing fruit, the *conferva* entirely disappears!

This seems indeed to be quite a vegetable nursery, and which, had it been known to the poetical Darwin, would certainly have afforded him fine scope for his inventive genius. We cannot contradict the fact as stated; but, if true, we must acknowledge that it displays a volition, a sentiment in plants that places them higher in the scale of sensitive creation than the world hitherto has been in the habit of allotting to them. We certainly are not materialists to the extent of supposing vegetable matter to be possessed of *mind*; and yet this is one of those inexplicable facts which can scarcely be accounted for upon any other principle. Here, indeed, we can have little hope of ever understanding it; but we trust there is a school where this, and many more surprising effects of God's good providence will be fully explained to us. In short, if

This little satire concludes with the following ludicrous lines:—

“ Now cease the revels while the Jew’s harps ring,
And bagpipes play, Long live the Queen and King.”

And thou, O favour’d and Imperial Isle,
Long grac’d with worth and beauty, may thou smile,
Remote from fortune’s frown, and faction’s rage,
‘ The Eldorado of this happy age!’”

F A S H I O N S

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1814.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—A RUSSIAN MANTLE, PELISSE, AND BONNET.

THIS walking or carriage dress, is perfectly new, highly appropriate to the season, and will most probably be the prevailing morning dress for November. There is great ingenuity in the mantl; it is the most elegant and novel thing introduced, and is ornamented with a trimming never before seen in this country, far more beautiful than fur, both in point of elegance as well as effect; it is expected to be universally worn this winter for muffs, &c. Mrs. Bell has the merit of having first introduced this elegant substitute for fur. The pelisse is made of rose colour satin for the carriage dress, and for walking, velvets and kerseymeres are most approved of; it is made in a most novel and tasteful style; the lower part of it is made tight to the shape, and is cut in points of better than a nail in depth; the remainder of the body, which is high, is put full into these points, which are edged with a rose colour silk trimming to correspond. The fullness of the body is confined by byas gagings, which has a very pretty effect: a double row of lace to fall over finishes it at the throat. A plain long sleeve, rather full, and confined at the wrist with the new invented fur trimming. The bonnet which accompanies this dress is one of the happiest inventions of Mrs. Bell; the bonnet always corresponds in colours with the mantle; the shape is perfectly novel and becoming in the highest degree; it fastens under the chin by a satin ribband, and a bunch of winter flowers ornaments it in front.

No. 2.—A BALL DRESS.

French rose colour silk slip, made tight to the shape and very short in the waist. French gauze frock, open behind, the bosom embroidered to correspond with the slip, and the bottom fancifully decorated with artificial wreaths of roses fancifully placed. A very short sleeve of French gauze drawn in full compartments, each of which are ornamented with pearl; a double row of pearl goes across the sleeve about an inch from the end. Hair dressed full on the temples and low on each side in front, hind hair *à-la-Grecque*. Head-dress roses fancifully disposed to the side. White satin sandals, and white kid gloves. Necklace, earrings, and bracelets of pearl. This dress is also much and deservedly admired in white lace; we understand, indeed, that either in gauze or white lace it is universally adopted in the highest circles of fashion; but though we are ourselves amongst its admirers, yet we must own that the simplicity of its form induces us to think that Mrs. Bell has introduced it on purpose to display the superior elegance of her Circassian corsets: if this was the case the object has been most fully answered, and the natural beauties of the shape displayed in the most easy and graceful manner. It is certain that however eminent the British fair always were for elegance of proportion and symmetry of shape, these beauties were never seen to so much advantage as since the introduction of the Circassian corset.

The above dresses were invented by Mrs. Bell, Inventress of the Ladies’ *Chapeau Bras*, and of whom only they can be had, at her *Magazin des Modes*, No. 26, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

The approach of winter compels our fair readers to exchange the light drapery of one of the finest autumns we remember for some years, for garments better suited to defend their forms from the damp and cold of our uncertain climate. Since our last Number a very considerable alteration has taken place in the walking costume. Cloth mantles and pelisses are now universal: the slipper, or jane boot, has given place to leather half-boots or strong walking shoes, and velvet hats and bonnets have superseded straw, silk, &c.

A considerable alteration has taken place in the form of pelisses since our last Number, but we must own we do not think it at all for the better; the fashionable pelisse is not yet distinguished by any name, but were we to be its sponsors we should think that of *coachman's coat* very appropriate, and it must be owned that it bears a very near resemblance to one, the large cape with three or four false ones, the heavy collar, loose body, and, in short, the *tout ensemble* can be compared to nothing else; Mrs. Bell, indeed, whose elegant taste can improve even the most unbecoming fashions, has made a few in green kersey-mere, trimmed with the new invented trimming, which, by a slight alteration in the cape and collar, are much more feminine and becoming than any other that we have seen.

The Princess Charlotte of Wales mantle, and the cottage cloak, are at present the highest in request amongst our fair pedestrians. The first is made in green, Spanish brown, or purple cloth, lined with white sarsnet; it is a three quarter length mantle: the form is extremely pretty and novel, a large piece is cut out at the top, and a full back substituted, which is brought in a point to the bottom of the waist. The mantle is plaited to the back on the shoulders, and hangs very gracefully; a small cape resembling a diamond in shape, and a full collar; the trimming is swansdown; and we should not forget to observe that a narrow edging of swansdown goes up the back at each side, that round the cloak is considerably broader.

The cottage mantle is a simple round

wrapping long cloak; it is generally worn in brown or green, and lined, if in the former, with pink, if the latter, with white sarsnet; it is made with a hood, and edged round with seal skin.

The Princess Charlotte's mantle is, we must observe, admirably adapted to display to advantage a graceful form, and when the weather is not intensely cold may be thought sufficiently warm, particularly by juvenile *belles*; but the cottage mantle, though not so shewy or attractive, is in point of comfort infinitely superior, and its form, though very plain, is by no means inelegant, it is particularly calculated for those fair ones who are rather tall, and who do not incline to what the French term *en bon point*; to such ladies it cannot be otherwise than becoming, and would, we think, be particularly elegant in scarlet, though we have not yet seen any in that colour.

Velvet hats and bonnets are in the highest request at present amongst our fair pedestrians; the forms are various, but the small French hat is, we think, the most prevalent; but small slouch bonnets, slouch hats, helmet hats and bonnets, are most admired.

Apropos of French hats, Mrs Bell finished one the other day for a lady of distinction, which was composed of the newly invented silk mole skin, a bright purple with white feathers, it was intended for the carriage costume, but might be worn for the promenade, the crown was something lower than they are in general, and the hat altogether had that *jauntée* air which characterises, or rather, we ought to say, which used to characterise the French fashions, when in the reign of the martyred Louis the habillements of his enchanting Queen were copied all over Europe. From the death of Marie Antoinette to the present time, our country has maintained a decided superiority of taste over their former elegant neighbours, and we are not a little proud of the partiality which the amiable Duchess d'Angoulême displays on all occasions for the English fashions: but, to return to the French hat, of which we were speaking, we have to observe, that it is not only strikingly *jauntée*, but also infinitely becoming, and from the novelty and elegance both of the hat and its materials, it

will, we have no doubt, become a very great favourite.

French pelisses, in satin and kerseymere, continue to be worn occasionally by a few *elegantés*. Silk mole skin muffs and tippets are from their novelty and elegance in the highest estimation, swansdown are next to them.

In morning dresses chintz is the highest in estimation, washing silks are still worn, but not so generally, and a few of our juvenile *elegantés* have not yet given up muslin, though it has, it must be confessed, a cold and comfortless appearance for the time of year: we believe, indeed, the principal reason which induces ladies to prefer it, is their fondness for lace, which is not worn on other things. The most fashionable high dress at present is the D'Angouleme wrapper, which is made either in muslin, chintz, or washing silk; but as chintz is, as we have observed, the most in request, we shall describe it in that; it is made a walking length, and nearly up to the throat, but not quite; it is very short in the waist, in fact the waist is formed by a full band about a nail in breadth, to which the back, which is made with very little fullness, and the fronts are joined; a piece of chintz is laid in very full up the front at each side, and goes all round to the middle of the back, where it is joined, the dress meets a few inches below the throat, the bottom of the skirt is ornamented in a similar manner, and at each edge of the fullness there is either a narrow flat silk trimming, or else a narrow quilling of ribbon to correspond with the ground of the chintz. Plain long sleeve with a broad wristband, edged in a similar manner to the fullness of the gown. Those ladies who chuse to display their throats wear this dress with a small white lace handkerchief put on inside the dress: those who do not, wear a lace shirt, but either way it is extremely tasteful, novel, and becoming. When made in washing silks it is similar, but if in muslin it is indeed a most expensive dishabille, as few ladies content themselves with a letting-in of muslin, and where it is of lace, as is generally the case, the breadth of it, the quantity that is used, and the fine Valenciennes edging which is put on at each side, renders it amazingly expensive; it certainly looks very elegant and striking in muslin when trim-

med in this expensive way, but it is not by any means so appropriate to the season as in silk or chintz.

For dinner dresses, cloths, sarsnets, poplins, and satins, are worn, but the first is, we think, the highest in request. Frocks are still universal, and the bosom and shoulders are by some fair votarists of fashion as much as ever exposed; others, but we regret to say they are the fewest in number, shade their bosoms with a long white lace tippet, the form of which is extremely simple, but very pretty, it is composed of two pieces of broad white lace joined together, and it is formed to the shape of the neck by a little fullness being thrown behind, the lace is not cut at all, it is gathered at the ends and a silk tassel affixed to each; we cannot help wishing that this fashion was more general, it is certainly extremely becoming, and equally delicate and appropriate to the time of year.

For dinner dress the most fashionable form is a plain frock, made in a style that we are puzzled to describe, it just meets at the bottom of the waist behind, from whence it goes up in a gradual slope to the shoulder-strap, and from the shoulder-strap it is also sloped gradually downwards till the body ends in a point at the middle of the waist; there is of course a body underneath, which, if the dress is cloth, is white sarsnet in general; if silk poplin, it is of white lace, and the sleeves of the dress correspond; they are now made, if possible, shorter than ever, the highest in estimation are those which are drawn in three byas festoons; for trimming for lace sleeves, we must observe, is Valenciennes edging, that of silk or cloth ones is regulated in a great measure by fancy, either silk, mole skin, swansdown, or silk trimming, ribband trimming is not quite exploded, but we must observe that it is worn but by a very few *elegantés*.

The corset frock which laces all the way up the front, is also a favourite; this dress is pretty and tasteful; at each side of the lacing up the front is a piece of the same materials of which the dress is composed, about half a quarter in breadth, and scoloped, as is also the bottom of the dress, which is edged with silk fancy trimming, narrow swansdown, &c.; as to the body, we need not describe it, as it is simply a

corset, the sleeve to this dress is generally *à-la-chemise*, and very short and full.

The Circassian corset has now become so universal a favourite, that no lady of taste will wear any thing else; our fair fashionables are astonished how they could so long have submitted to the torture of steel, whalebone, &c, from a mistaken idea of improving their shapes, a purpose which the Circassian corset answers most admirably, while at the same time it gives to the figure that perfect ease which is the soul of grace and elegance: the only class whom we should expect to find fault with the Circassian corset, is the physicians, who certainly lose many a fair patient by its beneficial effects upon the health; joking apart, we are authorised in saying, that many of those complaints of the stomach to which it is so difficult to give a name, certainly proceeded from improper stays, and such ladies as have adopted the Circassian corset, have no hesitation in saying, that the use of it has entirely removed the spasms, &c. which they found so troublesome before.

French gauze over white satin is highest in estimation for full dress; white lace over white satin has, however, many partisans, and we think on the whole is more elegant, though not quite so tonish. The trimmings for lace dresses are generally broad lace, but sometimes quillings of net are substituted in its stead; this kind of trimming is, however, too inconsequential for full dress. Dresses of French gauze are variously trimmed with embroidery, artificial flowers, beads, &c.; but the most tasteful and the highest in estimation is the trimming which we have given in our Print; the dress itself is indeed so elegant and becoming, that we are not surprised at its being a favourite.

Full dress offers very little novelty; its form is a simple frock, or a plain round dress ornamented with a drapery; and as we had once before occasion to observe, every thing depends on the manner of putting those draperies on, some ladies will throw a white lace veil over their dress, and adjust it in a manner so fanciful and picturesque that it will appear a perfect novelty; others prefer a drapery to cor-

respond with the dress, but as the manner of wearing them cannot be described, we can only assure our fair readers that it depends on taste.

In half dress, lace caps are universal; there is much variety in the form but they are all small, and ornamented with winter flowers, generally speaking; some ladies prefer rosettes of lace, and we have seen a few trimmed with ribband, but the latter are not general.

In full dress, pearl sprigs and artificial winter flowers for our juvenile *belles*, are very general. Tiaras of diamond, emerald, &c. seem to be coming into favour with matronly ladies; and turbans ornamented with precious stones are at present in very high estimation.

A slight alteration has taken place in the manner of wearing the hair since our last Number, a part of the front hair is now brought down behind each ear, and forms a loose bunch of full curls in the neck; the hind hair is still worn *à-la-Grecque*, and bands of hair are occasionally intermixed with the curls in front.

In undress jewellery, red cornelian is at present in the highest estimation, but we have seen some necklaces, &c. composed of small dead gold beads fastened together by very small chains of the same metal, which had a very elegant effect.

For full dress, diamonds, &c. set in the form of olives, are still very prevalent, but we may expect a change in jewellery in the course of a few weeks.

Full dress slippers continue to be made too low over the instep; they are as usual of white kid or satin, if the latter they are richly embroidered.

Nun's veils are now worn as draperies only; but we had forgotten to observe, in speaking of the walking costume, that small squares, both in white and black lace, which have been so much worn, begin to give place to veils in either white or black, of about three quarters in length; *belles* of high *ton* sport French lace veils, but the extravagant price of foreign lace makes our bobbin net more generally worn, and it looks as well.

Plain ivory French fans something smaller than they were worn last month.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL

THE THEATRES.

COVENT-GARDEN.—A very pleasing Melo-Drama has been produced at this theatre, with all the magnificence of which its extent makes it capable, and with all that defiance of expence which marks the liberal character of its conductors. The name of the piece is the *Forest of Bondy*; it is imported from the French stage, and is certainly improved by its passage. It is, perhaps, with Melo-Dramas as with wines, a sea voyage does them good.

The main feature of the above piece is derived from a very singular circumstance, which St. Foix, in his *History of Paris*, and several other French historians, allege to have taken place during the reign of Charles V. It is related, that Aubri de Mondedier, travelling, accompanied by a favourite dog, through the forest of Bondy, was murdered, and buried by the assassin on the spot where he fell. The faithful animal, who witnessed his fate, never quitted the grave of his unfortunate master, till compelled by hunger. He then proceeded to Paris—and, having gained admission to the house of one of Aubri's friends, he, by his cries and extraordinary motions, induced some of the family to follow him to the forest—and he finally conducted them to the place in which the body of Aubri was deposited. No clue presented itself for the detection of the assassin, till three or four days afterwards, when the dog happened to meet the Chevalier Macaire in the streets—and immediately attacked him with the utmost fury. This was so often repeated, that the King at length heard of it, and expressed a strong desire to see the animal. He found him perfectly tractable, until Macaire entered the room, whom he instantly selected from a company of twenty persons, and commenced a ferocious attack on him. This circumstance, coupled with the fact, that Macaire had often expressed his hatred of Aubri, determined the King to order a combat between the Chevalier and the dog. The island of Notre Dame was the place appointed for the fight. Macaire was armed with a bludgeon—an empty cask was allotted as a place of retreat for the dog. The combat was speedily concluded. The dog ran round his opponent, and avoided his blows; at length, watching his opportunity, he seized him by the throat, and threw him to the earth. Macaire then confessed the murder—and, on that confession, was executed. The effigies of the dog ornamented, for a long period afterwards, the chimney-piece of the grand hall in the Castle of Montargis.

The author of this Melo-Drama has not ad-

hered to the original story; his deviations are in quest of stage effect, and are therefore pardonable. But it would be to anticipate the pleasure of the spectator to detail the incidents as they arise,—suffice it to say, that this Melo-Drama is one of the best of its kind; that the interest is well sustained throughout, and the eye and ear amply compensated for attention. Farley, who is the stage contriver of this piece, is well known to the town for his talents. He possesses a very rare faculty this way; and infuses more of the rational in this species of entertainment than any similar composer we ever knew. The attraction of this piece has been very considerable.

A young lady of the name of O'Neill has appeared at this theatre, and obtained a degree of success in the characters of *Juliet* and *Belvidera*, which is without parallel since the days of Mrs. Siddons. A success, let us add, not founded in caprice, but fully justified by extraordinary merit, and therefore sure of being permanent. It is between thirty and forty years since Mrs. Siddons first appeared on the London boards. Those who remember the rapture with which this genuine child of nature was received; those who recollect the predominant influence which she at once established over the feelings of the audience, and the electrical touches of her magical art, will, perhaps, only recall the same ideas when they see Miss O'Neill. But those to whom the first appearance of Mrs. Siddons at London is only history, will derive the same pleasure, and form the same conceptions, from the performances of Miss O'Neill, which seemed hitherto exclusive and peculiar to Mrs. Siddons.

It would be unjust to institute a comparison between powers ripened by age and long experience, and powers just developing and forming. We shall not therefore compare Mrs. Siddons, as she was, when concluding her dramatic life, with Miss O'Neill, just entering upon her's. But, undoubtedly, both seem of a kindred genius, and of the strictest affinity in natural powers. Both possess the rare secret of touching the heart; both have been conducted into those recesses of nature, where the bolder and more venerable mysteries are taught; by the aid of which, we learn to dress fiction in the garb of truth; to lay our hands upon that Promethean brand which kindles the statue into life; and to create, where in fact we are expected only to imitate.

But that we may not appear to pronounce a panegyric only, we must hasten to describe this young lady. Miss O'Neill seems to be about twenty years of age—Her person is above the middle size; her countenance is handsome and expressive; but she has not that bold and marked contour of features, which impairs the softness,

that is the characteristic of beauty—Her form is graceful and well proportioned; all her attitudes are models of elegance; her arms are peculiarly well formed; her hair and complexion are light, and her eyes, we believe, blue—She is more than a pretty woman; she is elegant and handsome—Her voice is clear and articulate, sound in all its notes, and filling with ease the whole compass of the theatre. In the ordinary dialogue she is audible in her whispers, and when her voice swells with passion, she is perfectly capable of animating her audience, without rant or disagreeable harshness. She does not here, indeed, like Mrs. Siddons, astonish; she is not gifted with those sublime and overpowering notes, which Mrs. Siddons occasionally produced, but she excels her in the whole scale of harmony, in the sounds of sweetness, tenderness, and sensibility, which melt and harrow up the soul. Nothing can be conceived more affectingly tender than her voice, in those scenes in which the passions require it to soothe and console. This lady, moreover, seems to possess the master principle of all excellence—an admirable sense of propriety and decorum in all she does,—what we call common sense in ordinary life, a faculty similar to this in the performances of the stage is possessed by Miss O'Neill. With such powers, natural and acquired, with such a combination of excellence, Miss O'Neill first appeared in the character of *Juliet*, and has since performed the character of *Belvidera*. It is unnecessary to analyse the separate scenes; our judgment must be formed by the general effect.—From her first entrance to her departure she fully possessed her audience—They seemed perfectly absorbed by her performance—There was nothing superabundant or defective—She was the true romantic heroine which Shakespeare drew; full of the enterprize of love, chastened with virgin modesty—Timid in her advance, courageous in her affection; condensing and summing up every thing, as it were, in one passion, which she exhibited with the utmost vivacity and truth, and in those glowing colours in which the poet has delineated it.—There are two scenes which we are particularly called upon to point out; the scene in which she coaxes the nurse—Nothing could be more natural and artless.—In this scene she discovered the seeds of different powers, which, we doubt not, will one day render her the ornament of the other province of the drama.—The next scene was that in which she takes the poison—Here she seemed to sway at will the feelings of the house, and to force her passage, without difficulty, to every heart.—Mrs. Siddons, in her youthful days, never displayed greater powers.—But we must now leave her *Juliet*.

Her performance of *Belvidera* was fully equal to her *Juliet*.—It had the same truth and forcible marking;—the same strain of natural feeling. We never saw an audience more deeply interested, or sympathy more generally excited, even from her delivery of passages, which have hi-

therio passed off without attention in the mouth of other performers. A more beautiful example of conjugal tenderness, of modest, but bold affection, we never witnessed. There was an irresistible softness in her manner, a captivating grace which stole upon the heart; a force of affection which seemed to break through every selfish feeling, and a matchless fidelity which crowned the whole character.—In short, the illusion was perfect; she pronounced in the most touching manner the lines—

“ Accuse me to the world,
“ But pr'ythee, don't in poverty forsake me.”

The audience rewarded her with more tears than applause.—Again, where she breaks from the conspirators, and throws herself into her husband's arms, the notes of her voice, which seemed to gush from her throat, but are suffocated by the force of her passion, pierced the heart of the hearer, and bedewed every cheek with sorrow. But the scene, in which her virtue triumphs over the oath of her husband to the conspirators, and in which she leads him captive in the bonds of duty, swaying his infirm passions, as much by superiority of virtue, as conjugal tenderness, was, perhaps, her master-piece. It is in this scene that the character of *Belvidera* expands and ennobles itself, and takes a loftier flight—she is not only the faithful wife, but the preserver of her country—Her character is no longer distinguished for domestic qualities only, but assumes the traits of sublimer virtues. The scene in which she parts from *Jaffier* was the next in dignity and feeling; and was only surpassed by the dying scene, in which madness was most admirably delineated: she did not disgust the eye of the audience, as we have sometimes seen other actresses do, by ungraceful personal contortions, or by affecting a sort of unnatural extravagance, which would indicate that every thing human, together with reason, had left the body of the poor maniac.—Her madness was still the delirium of the faithful wife, of the noble-minded daughter of *Priuli*; of one, whose magnanimity had preserved her native city, at the expence of her husband's fidelity. In short, it was the ecstasy of a human creature. The shriek which she gave when she thought she beheld the ghost of her husband, was most affectingly tender; and the manner in which she died upon the stage has never, we think, been surpassed.

It is needless to say, after this, that the audience testified their approbation by the loudest shouts of applause, and that the house has been crowded every night of her performance. It would be unjust to omit a remark upon Young's *Pierre* and Conway's *Jaffier*. *Pierre*, by the former was a noble exhibition; it had all that bold and vigorous painting in which Young excels—he was nervous and impressive in every scene. Conway's *Jaffier* is the best of his exhibitions: he has the materials of an excellent actor, but is much in want of discipline.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

LETTERS ON THE WRITINGS AND CHARACTER OF ROUSSEAU.

By Madame de Stael. Colburn. London.

THIS justly celebrated lady's name is a sure passport to every thing excellent in the wide field of literature; we were led to expect praise on the works of Rousseau from Madame de Stael, whose own mind, ardent and enthusiastic as it is refined, must naturally admire the fine sentiments of nature and feeling which run through every line of this celebrated author's productions, and we were not disappointed. Madame de Stael, by her persuasive eloquence, leads every one to think with her: and the above work, being chiefly an indulgent critique on Rousseau's various writings, we shall present our readers with a few extracts, the fine language, and correctness of which, will, we make no doubt, render them highly acceptable to our readers.

LETTER I.—ON THE STYLE OF ROUSSEAU.

"Rousseau was forty years of age when he composed his first work. He could not devote himself to study until his heart and mind were calm; and while most men stand in need of the first fire of youth to supply the want of a real warmth of imagination, the mind of Rousseau was agitated by a flame to which it had long been a prey, without receiving its light. His feelings were too strong to permit him to think, and he knew not how to live and reflect at the same time. He wrote not rapidly nor with much facility. His sentiments, in fact, are so profound, and his ideas so vast, that his slow and majestic progress is such as it might have been wished. Order produced from chaos, and the creation of the world, present the idea of a work the consequence of a long series of ages, yet the power of the Creator does not appear less awful.

"All his writings bear the marks of a passion for nature, and a hatred for every thing added to it by men. And for the purpose of explaining to himself the mixture of good and evil, he seems to have distributed it in this manner. He wished to bring men back to a kind of state of which nothing but the golden age of fable gives an idea, equally removed from the inconveniences of savage life and the vices of civilization.

"The discourse of Rousseau which has most struck me, is that against the establishment of public spectacles at Geneva. There is in it an astonishing union of the means of persuasion, of logic and eloquence, of passion and reason. The author never appeared with so much dignity: the love of his country, the enthusiasm of liberty, and an attachment to morality, guide and animate his thoughts. The cause he supports, especially when applied to Geneva, is perfectly just; all the wit he sometimes employs to maintain a paradox, he brings forward in this work in aid of truth: not one of his efforts is in vain; none

of the impulsions he gives miss the object at which they are aimed. He has all the ideas to which his subject can give birth, with all the elevation and warmth it ought to excite."

ON THE NOVEL OF *ELOISA*.

"A novel may be a description of the manners of the moment, the play of imagination, which brings into a narrow compass several extraordinary events to captivate the interest of curiosity, or a great moral idea put into action and rendered dramatic. In this class *Eloisa* is intitled to a place. The author's aim seems to have been to encourage to repentance, by the example of the virtue of Julia, women guilty of the same crime with her. I begin by admitting all the objections which may be made to the plan. It will be thought dangerous to be concerned for Julia; that it is giving a charm to crimes, and that the injury this novel may do to young girls, yet in a state of innocence, is more certain than the utility of which it may be to such who are not. This criticism is just. I wish Rousseau had described Julia culpable by the passion of her heart only. I am also of opinion that it is for none but pure hearts that moral discourses ought to be written. Pity can have its source in nothing but the interest inspired by the guilty person; morality ought to be severe in itself, but its application should be tempered with goodness. If, after reading *Eloisa*, we feel ourselves more animated with the love of virtue, if we be more exact in the discharge of our duties, and if beneficence, retirement, and a simplicity of manners have more attraction for us, let us pardon the author, and cease to condemn the novel.

"The intention of Rousseau was to write a moral work; and in order to do this he gave it the form of a novel. But if it be true that men are not to be moved without the aid of a passion; if the language of angels have ceased to have an effect upon them, ought not even an angel to decline the attempt? If, so to speak, it be necessary to drag men to virtue; if, to interest them, their imperfection requires the eloquence of a passion, is Rousseau to be blamed for having made choice of that of love? What other passion would have approached nearer to virtue?

"In the first ages of the world men were, perhaps, unacquainted with all the virtues which do not arise from love. This passion may sometimes produce all those which religion and morality prescribe. The origin is less celestial, but it is possible to mistake them one for the other.

"I must, however, confess, that I am often displeased at discovering Rousseau in Julia; I could wish to find in her the ideas but not the character of a man. Propriety, female modesty, that even of a guilty woman, are wanting in several of her letters. Modesty still exists after crimes, when the commission of these has arisen from the passion of love. I likewise think her continual sermons to Saint Preux are ill-judged: a guilty woman may still love virtue, but cannot

be permitted to preach it. I would not in any respect retrench the morality of Julia, but I could wish her to address it to herself. I cannot bear the love of superiority she preserves with Saint Preux. A woman is beneath her lover when once he has rendered her culpable; the charms of her sex remain to her, but her rights are lost; she may lead the heart, but she ought no longer to command.

"There is one letter less noticed than the others, but which I have not been able to read without being inexpressibly affected; I mean the letter Julia writes to St. Preux when she is dying. Julia, whom I had believed cured, discovering to me an heart more deeply wounded than ever. The sad and melancholy words, "Adieu! for ever adieu!" mingling with the expressions of a sentiment created for the happiness of life; the certainty of dying, which gives to all her words so solemn and true a character. With what regret we come to the end of this novel, which has interested us in the same manner as if it had related an event of our own lives, and without afflicting our hearts has given a lively impulse to our reflections and our feelings."

ON THE CHARACTER OF ROUSSEAU.

"I did not begin by describing the character of Rousseau. He himself wrote not his Confessions until he had finished his other works; he did not solicit the attention of men for himself, until he had merited their gratitude by consecrating to their service his genius for twenty years. I have followed the track he has marked out, and by the admiration which his writings must inspire, have prepared myself to judge his character, often calumniated, and perhaps not unfrequently too justly blamed.

"Rousseau must have had a figure not remarkable on a transient view, but which could never be forgotten when once he had been observed speaking. He had little eyes, which had no expression in themselves, but successively received that of the different impulsions of the mind. His eyebrows were very prominent, and seemed proper to serve his moroseness, and hide him from the sight of men. His head was for the most part hung down; but it was neither flattery nor fear that had lowered it: meditation and melancholy had weighed it down like a flower bent by the storm or its own weight. When he was silent his physiognomy had no expression; neither his thoughts nor affections were apparent in his visage, except when he took part in conversation. He resembled the gods which Ovid describes to us, sometimes quitting by degrees their terrestrial disguise, and at length discovering themselves by the brilliant rays emanating from their countenance.

"His mind was slow, but his soul was ardent, and by thinking he became impassioned. I am of opinion that imagination was his greatest faculty, and absorbed all the rest.

"Rousseau avoided what we call society, but he loved the peasants; and the motion which the appearance of men causes in the country was agreeable to him. He shewed an extreme fondness for children: it was so necessary for him to love, that his heart abandoned itself to that passion whenever the object made no opposition.

"Rousseau reinforced by reflection all the ideas which afflicted him; and the look or gesture of a man he met, or a child who withdrew from him, became, in his imagination, new proofs of the universal hatred of which he believed himself to be the object; but, notwithstanding this cruel distrust, he remained until his death the best of men.

"Ah! Rousseau, how pleasing an effort would it have been to have inspired thee with a new attachment to life, to have accompanied thy steps in thy solitary walks, to have followed thy thoughts, and by degrees to have directed them to more cheering hopes! How seldom do we know how to console the unhappy, and how rarely it happens that we consider the state of their minds and act accordingly! We oppose reason to their disordered faculties, and our calmness to their agitation; their confidence stops short, and the grief they feel sinks still deeper into their hearts."

The Rev. F. A. Cox, of Hackney, is preparing for the press, a *Life of Philip Melancthon*, the intimate friend and distinguished coadjutor of Martin Luther.

Mr. J. D. Patison is preparing to publish, *Illustrations of London*, in three octavo volumes, with numerous engravings.

Lucien Bonaparte's poem of *Charlemagne*, both in French and in English, will soon appear, each in a quarto volume; the translation into English rhyme by the Rev. Dr. S. Butler and the Rev. F. Hodgson.

W. Blair, Esq. is preparing for the press, an enlarged *Correspondence between Protestants and Roman Catholics*, on the translation, dispersion, and free use of the Scriptures; with select notes from the Rheims Testament and Douay Bible.

Lieut. W. E. Parry, R. N. speedily will publish, *Nautical Astronomy by Night*, illustrated by engravings; intended chiefly for the use of the navy, and calculated to render more familiar the knowledge of the stars.

Captain Tuckey, R. N. has in great forwardness, a work on *Maritime Geography*, in four octavo volumes.

A gentleman well known in the literary world has in considerable forwardness for the press, a complete Version of the *Sonnets, Odes, and Pageants of Petrarch*, with a copious commentary. He published a specimen in an octavo volume in 1808.

The Rev. J. Nightingale is preparing for publication, *Theomania*, or *Historical Anecdotes of Religious Insanity and Delusion*, from the earli-

est time of Christianity to the recent imposture of Joanna Southcott.

Miss Jane Harvey will soon publish the *Records of a Noble Family*, a novel in four volumes.

The *Military Adventures of Johnny Newcombe*, a humorous poetical work written by a Field Officer, and embellished with twelve coloured caricatures by Rowlandson, will appear in the course of next month.

The Rev. T. Kidd, author of *Family and Village Sermons*, has in the press a second volume of similar discourses.

Medico-chirurgical Transactions, Vol. V. published by the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London will soon appear.

The Rev. T. Vaughan is preparing for the press, *Some Account of the Life, with original Letters, of the late Rev. T. Robinson, of Leicester*.

Mr. Rich. Woodhouse has an English, French, Italian, and Portuguese Vocabulary nearly ready for publication.

Dr. Montucci is now proceeding with alacrity toward the completion of his *Chinese Dictionary*; at the beginning of last month he had reached the syllable *Lew*, and the characters engraven were 14,900; and by the latter end of next year he hopes to see the engravings finished, when the number of characters will exceed 24,000.

MANNERS OF THE FRENCH.

(Continued from our last.)

THE MEMORANDUM BOOK OF A MAN OF FASHION.

STERNE'S *Sentimental Journey* resembles, in some degree, those notes, without connection or conclusion, which we read in memorandum books; wherein there reigns an incoherency of ideas, of sentiments, and of observations, which in part made the fortune of the author. I think I should be very apt, with some restrictions, to write travels after this manner: it seems, as one may say, in the unshackled manner in which it is written, to describe every thing the same as if it was really passing before one's eyes. I recollect having been much interested in perusing a voyage to Prussia, by M. de Guibert, composed only of simple memorandums, thrown together without form, but which, nevertheless, proved the writer a man of profound thinking and observation.

I have always thought that the memorandums of a man of genius, must be the most valuable of all his works. A few words traced by a pencil, from the recollections of a Newton, or a Montesquieu, might contain the first ideas of the most sublime conceptions. Unhappily these are a species of hieroglyphics, which are generally unintelligible to those into whose hands they may chance to fall, and even may sometimes be no longer understood by those who traced them.

Thus it is that several of those fragments which have been very improperly published, under the title of *Thoughts of Pascal* (and which, in effect, are only extracts from his memorandums), often fatigue the penetration of the reader, and might even puzzle the author himself to explain.

These reflections presented themselves to my mind after having skimmed over the recollections of my friend M. Clenord, who shewed it to me as a model of ambiguity, which he defied me to make out. I tried to do so; as I looked on it as so many *bouts rimes* which I had to fill up, or like the romance of *Acajou*, that Duclos composed on the drawings of Boncher. The following is my commentary, I put the text in italics:—

Since the last four months, pamphlets 1473-6.

Amidst the number of pamphlets with which we have been overwhelmed for four months past, there are about six which are fit to read, and which prove that folly, brutality, and meanness, are not such a general disorder, but that a few good constitutions have been able to escape the infection: the six pamphlets are—"The Allies and the Bourbons;"—"Account of Moreau;"—"On the Liberty of Pamphlets and Journals;"—"Letters on the Liberty of the Press;"—"Remonstrances from the Pit;"—"Reflections of a Royalist;"

English,—outrageous talk without reason,—conduct of the French in opposition,—easy vengeance,—Royal Family of England,—Lord Cochrane,—reception of the Northern Potentates, &c.

Peace is made; the English who have obtained every advantage, have given us the most valuable security. The best understanding ought to reign between the two nations; whence then that species of warfare, by which the English journalists take care to maintain their opinions? Why those daily attacks of the *Courier*?—those perfidious insinuations of *M. Cobbet*? Our neighbours across the water evince too proud a triumph at the silly and interested admiration of their partisans, and at the silence that sentiment and convenience impose on the rest of the nation. If we do not answer these provocations,—if our journalists in their turn do not make themselves merry at their expence, it is not because subjects fail us; we may defy the most bitter in scandalous invective, the most fertile in ridicule, to create more finished models than those which present themselves in England, from the throne to the footstool. With a tolerable dose of humour, might not some good jest be made on one of the first constituted corps of a state, which claims, with so much earnestness, the honour of giving a seat again to an *honourable member* just escaped the pillory?

The reception given to some foreign Generals, in presence of those monarchs who were then in England, was it not of a nature to give birth to more than one saucy reflection on the politeness and good policy of the ancient Britons?

A lady of superior endowments, to whom we are indebted for one of the most agreeable romances which has appeared for many years, my Lady Mary Hamilton, made, in my presence, a reflection which struck me as much by its justness, as by the manner in which she expressed herself: it was as follows:—

We are often deceived in our judgment on characters; by thinking we ought to wait till some great occasion offers whereby to judge of them: that is an error, many circumstances change the natural disposition. A coward in despair has his moments of courage; nor is there a miser but what has his prodigal hour. It is by trifles we must judge of characters. When we wish to know which way the wind is, it is not a stone we throw in the air but a feather.

There are five or six women in Paris, who seem to possess all the gaiety, all the grace, and all the wit of the nation put together.

Mademoiselle Bercheron, embroidery warehouse, rue de R—, No. 135, on the second floor.

I can guess at this, for this direction cannot be found in the Directory.

Boxers!!!

Have not been successful at Paris; I am astonished at it; I expected to see our old fashionables running in crowds after this delectable sight, of two men knocking out each other's teeth, and bruising each other to a jelly for the moderate sum of twentypence. We must yet have a little more time to root out the old Parisian prejudice of preferring a tragedy of Racine's to the brawny exertions of a couple of porters. However, I have heard of two young men who are taking lessons of British pugilism, at ten franks a set-to: there is a duel also about to take place by fists, upon the boulevard of Coblenz, and which has been only put off till instructions arrive from London of the way in which they are to proceed.

Sentence made use of by Biron when he was received a Knight.

They recollected his order of nobility, but they said not a word of his services.

"There are," said he, putting his parchments on the bureau, "what dub me a nobleman;" and then placing his hand on his sword, he added, "and here is what would have made me noble if I had not been born so."

M. de St. F— has just obtained a fine situation. I perceived the air of consequence his wife's lover put on.

To which of the two, now, shall I address myself in behalf of my son? This question, in the present state of our manners and morals must be well weighed: I will think about it.

113—Fye, fye!—Circle of Foreigners—Presently.

Where is the man of gallantry who does not fear to be seen at the Palais Royale, at 113? Where is he who is not proud of appearing amongst the circle of foreigners? They never play for less than half a crown in one of these

houses, or for less than six francs in the other; we must confess that that is a great disproportion, and also that there are four livres and ten sous difference, in the respect shewn to those who frequent these two places.

Ask for peace with your arms in your hands, as Hésiod advised the good husbandmen to pray, with their hand on the plough. (Maxim fit for the use of children.)

M. Le Duc de N— is as quick of speech as he is slow of thought.

If any one will be at the trouble of hearing him to the end, they will sometimes find a flash of wit at the end of a phrase most foolishly began!

There are venomous insects, who save themselves by the disgust they inspire; the mind shudders, when we are about to tread them under foot.

At the last fête at Vauxhall, a crowd gathered round Madame N—, and they admired unceasingly the courage with which she displayed her charms at fifty-three.

There are two kinds of men which cannot be dispensed with; those possessed of the qualities of the heart, and others of those of the head: if not;—no!

There are certain political circumstances, which absolutely render it requisite to employ only those who are eminent either for the qualifications of the heart or the head; one to support the Government, the other to take care of themselves: the worst thing of this present moment is, there are a number of fools who think themselves capable of undertaking any thing, and cowards who dare do nothing.

Sculpture in coloured wax, by Zumbo, Palais Royale, No. 107.

The Nativity, and the Descent from the Cross; these two little exquisite pieces of workmanship, patience, and industry, have been taken notice of in a very handsome manner by Depiles and Moreri. The former has given a particular description of his progress in painting. Amongst the various objects offered to the public curiosity, nothing has more excited the attention of the artist and the connoisseur. I admired, in the same cabinet, a portrait of Christopher Columbus, painted by Sebastian del Piombo; the execution of this portrait is admirable, and is the only authentic monument which transmits to posterity the features of this extraordinary man, who discovered the new world.

February 25,—to write to Lussan, that he cannot dine with me to-morrow.

July 18th,—not to forget to pass the day to-morrow, for the third time, with the Marquis de Lussan!!

The two notes of admiration which terminate this memorandum, give the reader the true explanation. Lussan lived four months ago in the closest intimacy with M. de Clenord, in the country, where he passed the greatest part of the year: during the winter he dined continually

with Clenord three times a week at least. But now M. de Lussan does not go near his friends; he lets them, when they call on him, wait in the anti-chamber, and obliges them to come three times before he can see them: it is not because he is richer than before, but he has recovered his title; he goes to court, he dines at the Prince's second table, it is thought that he has interest, and he gives himself airs.

Commarioux et Moulins.—The truest history of the Revolution.

Perhaps there is some commission to be made: in that case, in the place of Clenord, I will send to M. de Commarioux the *Index of the Moniteur*. It is the best history that was ever published on the Revolution, and it proves, as my friend A— says, "That no one can write a history who composes it."

A FREE SPEAKER.

LETTER FROM A FRENCH LADY TO HER COUSIN,

SOLICITING PLACES UNDER GOVERNMENT.

How rejoiced I am, my dear friend, at the chain of events which have at length seated our illustrious monarch on the throne of his ancestors! You can form no idea of the respect I receive on this account, which is augmented by your sojournment at Paris. The prefect is afraid of me; and his wife, who never used to speak to me, has invited me twice to dinner.

But there is no time to be lost, and my hopes rest all in you. Will you believe that my husband has not taken a single step to get himself reinstated in his former place? He pretends that the situation is now dispensed with, and that his charge was never paid but in assignats. He is one of the most apathetic men in all France.

My brother-in-law is again invested with the cross of St. Louis; he wanted only nine years to obtain that order, when the revolution first broke out; it would not certainly have been right to refuse the honour due to his services during the twenty years of sorrow and misfortune, which he passed in the country: he reckons on your friendship to get his brevet as speedily as possible.

I send with this letter a memorial in favour of S. F—, my eldest son; he has a right to the inheritance of his uncle, and it will be easy for you to obtain it for him. I wish his brother, the Chevalier, to enter into the navy, but in a rank worthy of his title and the ancient services of his family. As to my grandson, G—, he is of an age to be one of the pages, and I hope you will speak a word to get him so situated.

We shall set off for Paris the beginning of next month; and I shall take my daughter with me: I wish to place her at court; this is a favour, which if you ask, I am sure will not be refused, if you unite perseverance with willingness.

Think on poor F—; certainly he distinguished himself during the revolution; but I assure you, for this month past he has quite changed his opinions. You know he is not worth a penny, and is ready to sacrifice every thing to his new masters; his loyalty entitles him to the place of prefect, and he is well able to fill it. Do you remember the pretty sonnet he made on me?

M. de B—, the son of the former intendant of the province, means to pay you a visit; he is a friend of our family; and if he could be re-established in the intendancies, he would be very well contented with the place of Receiver-General: it is the least they can do for a man devoted to his Prince, and who was imprisoned six months during the reign of terror.

I ought not to forget to recommend B— to you. He is reproached with having served both parties, because he has been employed by every different government which have succeeded each other in France for twenty years: but he is a clever fellow, you may believe me; he was the first here who mounted the white cockade. Besides, he only wishes to keep his place of post-master-general; *a-propos*, be so good as to direct to me under cover to him.

I send you herewith the papers of my father-in-law: the states of Languedoc are indebted to him forty-five thousand francs; I hope you will not let him wait for the re-imbursement of them; and he begs you will not scruple to make use of these funds if you are in want of ready money: but that is not likely to be the case in your situation.

Adieu, my dear cousin, I embrace you, as does all my family; hoping soon to have the pleasure of seeing you in Paris.

J. DE V—.

REPLY TO THE FOREGOING LETTER.

Paris, 15th May, 1814.

You cannot imagine, my dear cousin, the interest I felt on reading your letter, which you did me the honour of writing; nor the zeal which I have employed in setting forth the value of such just and legitimate pretensions as I found in those persons whom you specified. You cannot be more surprised than I was at the objections which were made to them, but which you will judge insurmountable, when you know, as well as I do, what sort of people we have to deal with.

When I spoke of your eldest son, whom I always intended to serve, and whom I recommended for a place, as the commander of a brigade, in a regiment of which his father had served, they made this most weighty objection, that peace being signed, before they could think of placing M. de S. F— in such a situation, they must provide for twenty-five thousand officers, some of whom, would you believe it, have been in every campaign, others have been wounded severely, and even make the battles they have been

engaged in a title to reward. Others more closely united to the Royal Family, have returned with them to France, without any other fortune than the friendship and promises of the King. I asked, with some degree of acrimony, what then was to be done for your son, and a number of other brave royalists, who had wept in secret over the misfortunes of the kingdom, and whose prayers were daily offered up in private for the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of their ancestors? They only replied, that they were rejoiced to see those prayers accepted in the termination of their misfortunes.

Your husband is a very singular man, and I well conceive, my dear cousin, what you must have suffered from his incredible apathy. At the age of only sixty-five or six, reduced to a fortune of forty thousand livres per annum, he secludes himself in his chateau, and thinks it time to renounce the career of ambition; as if a father owed nothing to his children! as if a gentleman ought not to die standing.

I am sorry your brother-in-law affected to take again the cross of St. Louis, before he was ever invested with it; for it might so happen that the King might not chuse to give up the right of bestowing this decoration himself; and he might not approve of certain people taking upon themselves in such a hurry what they might think they were entitled to. You will doubtless see plainly, that it is much better not to have a cross of St. Louis, than after having taken it to be obliged to give it up.

I have not neglected to set forth the claims of your son, the chevalier, and I do not yet despair of his passing the examination of the royal marine; then I will try to make him pass that of an hundred officers, who are extremely proud of their valour, and their ancient renown for loyalty, of which they gave ample proofs at Quiberon.

Your grandson G— is put on the list of the pages, but I cannot tell you for certain, my dear cousin, when he will be received, as your application came rather late: and there are 3775 other gentlemen's sons, and those of officers who fell in the field of battle, foremost on the list, without giving any preference for services rendered to the Prince or the kingdom.

You have judged very well to think of placing your daughter at court, and that will not be difficult, if you can find for her an husband whose rank and title may enable him to present her there; till then I do not know what she could do there, or what situation she could fill, so old as she now is.

I presented a petition in favour of F—, at the end of which I prefixed the little sonnet that he composed on you; but such talents, they say, are not requisite for the place of a prefect. I must tell you also, that they do not think much of your *protégé*, nor of the sacrifices he is willing to make. His enemies obstinately declare that he is a dangerous man. Time will shew. I am only sure that if he would employ but half the

zeal to support the right cause, which he made use of for the triumph of the bad, his talents would be of infinite service; but they have not sense enough to make the trial.

It is not yet known whether the intendancies will be re-established; but there is reason to believe that the general receipts will be diminished: if it is only the number of those which exist in the separate departments of our territory; and this makes me fear that M. de B— must be satisfied with the immense fortune that his father made as a farmer-general, and which he found means to shelter safe against the storms of the revolution. He must amuse himself with philosophy.

Be easy as to the fate of B—, I know him well; he is of a pliable character, and his principles turn any way: for twenty years he has wound himself round every party, and been received warmly by them all. He is a man of wonderful address, and no one can serve him half so well as he can serve himself. He is no longer post-master general, but has obtained a lucrative place under the new administration.

I send you back, my dear cousin, the paper relative to what is owing to your father-in-law on his estates in Languedoc; there is no prospect at present of their liquidation. How just soever may be your claims, it is decided that the arrears of the army, the national debt, military pensions, and a crowd of other objects, are to be the very first which are to be taken into consideration. This measure is evidently the fruit of intrigue. You had better tell F— to write a good pamphlet on the urgent calls of the state, and persuade him to place this debt of your father-in-law on the first page. You cannot imagine how much the government is influenced by these little pamphlets which pretended fealty, folly, and hunger produce every day, with such noble emulation.

In the way that things are going on, you see, my dear cousin, that you must arm yourself with patience; I could even tell you that the journey you propose taking to Paris will not in the least forward your business. On a moderate computation, and by the police list, there are at this moment in the capital, 123,000 provincials, of each sex and of all ages, who are also here to reclaim what they have lost, whose titles are almost as indisputable as yours; and who would have over you, even to obtain a refusal, the advantage of anteriority in their proceedings. To conclude, as I know you to be possessed of a philosophic turn of mind, and of a taste for the *belles lettres*, I would advise you to peruse a treatise in the *Spectator*, on the justice of the pretensions of those who ask for employments; it is the thirty-second number of the seventh volume. The same events are to be found in every age.

Be pleased to accept, my dear cousin, of the assurances of my most tender and respectful affection.

BR. DE L—.

EXTRAORDINARY GENIUS.

About the year 1785, Dr. Hornsby of Oxford, gave out a mathematical question in a Magazine, of such magnitude that he thought it could not be easily answered: it did not fall to the lot of any of the mathematical schools, nor to any man of known science therein, nor did the Doctor think it an easy task. To his great surprise, however, the question was answered (dated Weston Turvel).

On seeing it answered he made inquiries, and found that there were Weston Turvels in several counties in England, but could not learn where the answer to his question originated. A gentleman out of Buckinghamshire dining with the Doctor and other friends, it occurred to him that there was a Weston Turvel in his neighbourhood, and he enquired of him if he knew of any person conversant with mathematics? The gentleman answered that he knew of no one that had a genius the least tending to the knowledge either of mathematics or astronomy. Dr. Hornsby, on his friend's departure, gave him a copy of the question, and begged he would make enquiry.

The gentleman alluded to one day called at a watchmaker's shop in Wendover, Buckinghamshire, to have something done to his watch: he asked the man if he knew of any one who understood mathematics in the neighbourhood; to which he replied, that a plough boy, of the name of Anderson, at Weston Green, was an uncommon genius, although he could neither read nor write. The gentleman took his morning lounge that way: on entering the green he saw the lad coming from plough, and asking him if his name was Anderson, the boy replied "Yes."—"Do you read or understand astronomy?" to which the boy answered "I do not know;" but having Dr. Hornsby's question in his pocket, he presented it to the boy, asking him if he could answer it; who replied, "I's have;" and taking a pencil from the gentleman, resolved the question.

The above history was related to Dr. Hornsby, and the question presented as answered in the Magazine. The Doctor, animated at the success, and astonished with surprize, exclaimed, "For God's sake do not let the boy be lost, he has a genius equal to Sir Isaac Newton."—"What age is he?"—"About sixteen."—"My dear K—g," replied Dr. Hornsby, "do what you can, and let him come to Oxford;" which was put into execution in a masterly manner. A subscription was set on foot, which succeeded; and, patronized by some great characters in the county, he was sent to Christ Church school, where he went through an education of the classics, &c. &c. and afterwards was entered at Wadham College, where, pursuing the studies of his genius, which were highly satisfactory to the University, he was considered as a national prodigy.

Soon after Mr. P—tt came into administration, he much wanted to strengthen his power, and

sent for the Hon. Mr. G—lle (now Lord G—lle), as a man of ability at that time leaving Oxford; who finding Mr. P—tt was destitute of plodding characters, and that the clever men of that sort had deserted him, thought of Mr. Anderson, the youth alluded to, and so solicited him to become his secretary, who being equal to all their wants, was employed to form the budget yearly, and was likewise appointed public auditor to the East India Company, under Mr. D—as (afterwards Lord M—lle). In the above capacity he discharged his duty with faithfulness, and to the wonder of all who knew him, which were very few, as his employers, knowing his value, took care to preserve such merit to themselves. The late Mr. B—ke, in conversation, said to me, he was astonished how Mr. P—tt, and the men in power, got through the public business, as most of the clever men in that department had deserted them; to which I replied, that it was easily accounted for, they having such aid as no statesmen ever had before. I then related the history of Mr. Anderson, as stated above, which, on enquiry Mr. P—tt

came from an Original Painting. (Deferred till next

to

like in a FULL DRESS.

PURE in an OPERA; THEATRE, EVENING

WORK.

he says, "The loss of Mr. Anderson to me is a distressing circumstance, yet more so in a public capacity; I here enclose to Mrs. Anderson a note for one hundred pounds, which I hope will be a relief in case of need, until I can see her." And, to the credit of his Lordship, he procured for her two hundred a-year for life. He died without issue, and was interred in Upper Marylebone church-yard: where I believe a stone is erected to his memory.

I have been given to understand, that Dr. Hornsby wished much for his continuing in Oxford, in order to display his talents to the world as a Professor.

It is much to be regretted that a genius, a similar one to which a whole century has not produced, should have been so little known.

K—G.

MARRIED.

At Thames Ditton, Surrey, Mr. John Townes, of Cheapside, to Susannah, youngest daughter of the late Jacob Hansler, Esq. of that place.

At St. Ann's, Soho, T. Colman, Esq. of Highwood, Herefordshire, to Mrs. Elizabeth Bailey, late of Walmsley.

BIRTHS.

In Gloucester-place, the lady of Col. Hughes, M. P. of a daughter.

Mrs. G. A. Denne, of Boot-alley, near the General Post-Office, of a son.

DIED.

At Brighton, in the 75th year of her age, Sarah, Countess of Denbigh, widow of the late Basil, 6th Earl of Denbigh and Desmond, grandfather of the present Earl, a minor. Her Ladyship was sister of Edward Farnham, Esq. of Quordon, and was married first to the late Sir Charles Halford, Bart. of Weston, in Leicestershire, by whose will that property devolves to Sir Henry Halford, Bart. M.D.

At Birmingham, Samuel Jackson Pratt. This gentleman, who has long been known in the literary world, closed his earthly career on the 11th inst. He descended from a very respectable family, and his father, we believe, was High Sheriff of Huntingdonshire. He commenced his literary course very early in life, under the name of Courteney Melmoth.

At Mannheim, his Highness Henry, 42d Prince of Reuss Plauen, aged 62.

again the cross of St. Louis, before he was ever invested with it; for it might so happen that the King might not choose to give up the right of bestowing this decoration himself; and he might not approve of certain people taking upon themselves in such a hurry what they might think they were entitled to. You will doubtless see plainly, that it is much better not to have a cross

At Bala, the Rev. Thomas Charles, B. A. aged 59 years, whose extensive and gratuitous ministerial labours in both North and South Wales during the last 30 years, had justly endeared him to the religious public. He was the reviver of the Circulating Charity Schools; and the most active promoter of Sunday Schools, both for children and adults; the happy effects of which he had lived to witness in their moral benefits to society at large, and the promotion of vital religion throughout the principality.

At his seat at Heaton-house, near Manchester, in the 66th year of his age, the Right Hon. the Earl of Wilton, Viscount and Baron Grey de Wilton, and Baronet. His Lordship married Eleanor, one of the daughters and co-heiress of Sir Ralph Assheton, of Middleton, in the county of Lancaster, Bart. Their only surviving issue is a daughter, married to the Right Hon. the Earl Grosvenor, whose second son, the Hon. Thomas Grosvenor, a minor, succeeds to the titles of the deceased Earl.

At Flower-Hill, in the county of Galway, Lord Riverston; he is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son the Hon. W. T. Nugent.

This is one of the six Irish titles granted by James II. in 1689, after his abdication.

At West End, Hampstead, Caroline Ann, daughter of Francis Pothonier, Esq. Old-street, St. Luke's, aged 22 months.

At Zarskoe Silo, after a long illness, General Count Armfeldt, so well known for the share he formerly had in political affairs in Sweden. In the campaign of 1812, he attended the Emperor as Adjutant-General, and was since President of the Committee for the Organization and Government of Finland. He was interred with all the honours due to his rank.

At Shrewsbury, Ann Peters, aged twelve years, daughter of Edward Peters, nailor of the Abbey Forgate. Her coffin measured five feet long by two feet wide in body. This child had been remarkably corpulent from her birth; but her obesity increased until she became a remarkable spectacle, and her case has been pronounced the "Fat dropsy." She had eaten a hearty supper, and about three o'clock in the morning breathed two sighs and expired.

At his house, at Edmonton, John Whitbread, Esq. aged 44 years; a most severe and lamentable loss to his family, and much regretted by his numerous friends.

In Gray's Inn, after a short illness, aged 74, Edward Van Harthales, Esq. a gentleman of great eminence as a merchant, whose loss will be long felt and regretted in his domestic circle, and by those who experienced his benevolence, as well as by his relations and a numerous class of most respectable friends.

Mr. Charles Edmund Hull, late of the Finsbury Repository, deeply lamented by his afflicted sister; his premature death, at the age of 38, affords another admonition to survivors, to be always ready, for in the midst of life we are in death.

At Gray's Alms House, Taunton, Hannah Murton, aged 82. The deceased was a maiden lady, who, with a delicate prejudice peculiar to that resolute portion of the fair sex to which she belonged, vowed, several years ago, that no he fellow should ever touch her living or dead. In pursuance of this notable resolution, about ten years since, she purchased for herself a coffin, in which, whenever she felt serious illness, she immediately deposited herself; thus abridging, in case of her dissolution, the labours of those sable mimics, the undertakers, and ensuring the gratification of her peculiar sensibility. The old lady's coffin was not, however, exclusively appropriated to the reception of her mortal remains, but served also as her wardrobe, and the usual depository of her bread and cheese.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BEING

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FOR NOVEMBER, 1814.

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TO OUR READERS.

THE Portrait intended for the present Number, nor the Biography adapted to it, could be finished in time for this Month's Publication—the Memoirs of MRS. JORDAN is therefore given, by anticipation, in the present Number, and her PORTRAIT, most beautifully executed, in the Character of EUPHROSINE, after the original Picture in the possession of his Royal Highness the DUKE of CLARENCE, will be given in our next Number, in addition to the Portrait intended for the present Number. The series of Portraits for the present Year will then be completed.

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DECEMBER 1, 1814.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For NOVEMBER, 1814.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

The Sixty-Fourth Number.

MRS. JORDAN.

In the biography of the celebrated characters, whether professional or otherwise, which has occasionally appeared in *La Belle Assemblée*, our object has invariably been to lead attention, and confine it merely to those subjects of inquiry in which public interest is excited. The character of a public person is to be delineated with a strict reference to its object; and whilst we endeavour, in the present instance, to give a short sketch of a celebrated actress, we shall comprehend our observations within those limits which are suited to the nature of the subject. We shall consider Mrs. Jordan as one who has long adorned her profession, by a display of talents, rare in their separate excellence, and wonderful in their combination.

The subject of our present biography has long shone as a mother, nay, almost as a wife, the virtues of which latter state she deserves the more credit for displaying, since the necessary policy of state has interdicted nearer ties; ties which the strictest morality may regret to see broken, particularly as such a circumstance necessarily obstructs the active exercise of those virtues to which we have given a due share of praise.

Without touching further, therefore, on points which could be productive of plea-

sure to none to whom we wish to render this short memoir acceptable, we shall merely proceed to state, that Mrs. Dorothea Jordan was born in the lap of Thespis, and perhaps cradled in a buskin; for her mother, although the elegantly educated daughter of a dignified clergyman in the principality, was long fain to tread the mimic boards for the support of a large family of nine children in marriage with the man of her choice, with whom, indeed, she imprudently eloped whilst he was on duty with his regiment in Wales.

Captain Bland, we believe, was a native of the sister island, where he possessed some property, and was also of a most respectable family. To that country the young refugees retired, where they were married, but where necessity obliged them to have recourse to their histrionic abilities, a measure which unhappily widened the breach between Captain Bland and his relatives; who, at length, by means with which we are unacquainted, procured the dissolution, or rather annulment of the ceremony; thus leaving Mrs. Bland with her numerous family of infants, dependant on herself for support. Miss Dorothy Bland being now advancing towards womanhood, determined with pious filial affection to aid her deserted mother in this arduous task; and accordingly, at a very early age, pro-

cured an engagement with Ryder, the Dublin manager, when she made her first appearance as *Phæbe*, in Shakespeare's well-known comedy of *As You Like It*.

The same feeling heart which prompted her to exert herself for the support of her mother and infant relatives, also induced her to avoid any step which might inflict disgrace, as it was called, on the family of her father, of the man who had deserted them: to a generous sense of feeling, she perhaps added the dictates of propriety, as it is not improbable that she still hoped that justice would be done to her injured mother, and she accordingly took the *nom de guerre* of *Francis*, a name which she would have retained, had not some illiberal notion of her praise-worthy exertions induced her with a becoming spirit to resume her real name; which, however, she afterwards laid down when a new engagement placed her on the Crow-street boards, under the management of Mr. Daly. Her efforts hitherto had not been much noticed; but now she attracted great attention by her performance of *Adelaide*, in the *Comte de Narbonne*, and was rising fast to the summit of public favour, when some impertinence on the part of the Manager induced her to leave the Hibernian theatres and proceed to Leeds, where the veteran Tate Wilkinson was then performing with his Yorkshire company.

On her first introduction the Manager naturally put the question, as to what line she professed to adopt, running through all the changes from heroic tragedy down to the lowest point of low comedy, when with her accustomed vivacity the youthful adventuress boldly answered, "all!"

In order then to ascertain her talents at once, in the two extremes, she was immediately announced, under the appellation of "Mrs. Jordan," to perform *Calista*, in the *Fair Penitent*, together with *Lucy*, in the *Virgin Unmasked*, to which she was to add some songs, &c. between the performances.

It is needless to say that applause was unbounded, and that an engagement immediately followed; but she was still under an embarrassment, for her change of name did not prevent her being traced by Daly the Dublin manager, who threatened her with a suit for the penalty in her articles,

she having left him before the term of their expiration. There is no doubt that the ill-conduct of the Manager would have lost him a verdict; however, it was still fortunate for the juvenile heroine that a disinterested friend stepped forward, and by the advance of two hundred and fifty pounds, prevented the enraged Manager from interfering with her recent engagements. On the York stage, and in the summer excursions of the company, she remained for a period of nearly three years, when her increasing fame soon reached the ears of the London Managers; and so strongly were they persuaded by Mr. Smith, of Drury-Lane theatre, who had witnessed her performance in the race week at York, that they immediately engaged her at that house, at a salary of four pounds per week.

It was intended that she should have been *second* to the modern *Melpomene*; but her well-placed confidence in her own powers prompted her to attempt to shine as *first* in whatever walk she should adopt, she therefore chose Comedy, preferring the buskin to the sock, and accordingly made her first appearance before a London audience in *Peggy*, in the *Country Girl*, which was then revived for the display of her abilities. It is needless to state that her reception was in the highest degree flattering, and that she has ever since been most deservedly the favourite of London audiences at both houses; for at Covent-Garden she has several times appeared, whenever she thought her exertions would be beneficial to the deserving, but perhaps unfortunate sons and daughters of Thespis.

To mark how much her talents were appreciated by the Drury-Lane Managers, it is only necessary to state, that her salary was immediately *doubled*, and soon after *trebled*, in addition to two benefits every season, and for a long period she continued in the receipt of the highest salary at that theatre.

Soon after her settlement in the metropolis she lost her mother, but she has still most unceasingly continued to share the reward of her personal exertions, with such branches of her family as have been in want of her assistance. This too she has generously done even whilst having a family of her own; but these circumstances we shall wave, and merely proceed to state,

that her summers have generally been filled up by provincial excursions, as well as by professional trips to Richmond, Margate, &c.

In 1798, a Mrs. Mills, from the York stage, came up to London, as her rival in *Little Pickle*, but in this she did not succeed; for although some circumstances of personal appearance might have been in her favour, yet that sweetness of voice, Mrs. Jordan's greatest charm, was wanting.

The circumstances which induced Mrs. Jordan to adopt a temporary retirement from the stage are well known; however, in 1800, she returned again to Drury-Lane, and was as warmly received, in *Peggy*, as on the night of her metropolitan debut.—She had intended to speak an Address upon this occasion, but her feelings prevented her, and it was, perhaps judiciously, omitted.

In 1802, she still continued her exertions, and so versatile are her powers, that on the 8th of June in that year, she actually performed, for the first and only time, the character of *Bridget*, in the *Chapter of Accidents*, for Mrs. Mountain's benefit. In the same year she was engaged at Margate for six nights, at thirty pounds per night and a benefit, and she had there nearly met with a serious injury, as her dress caught fire in the last act of the *Country Girl*, which caused considerable alarm, but was happily extinguished.

During one of her former excursions to Margate, a pleasant anecdote is told of her appearing on that stage with a new performer, a native of the sister island, and when he was about to kiss her, she turned away her head so as to present little more than her ear to his enraptured lips, when the honest, but highly offended, Hibernian exclaimed, "Och, by J—, I'll be d—d if I kiss you at all at all: if you won't let me play my part as a man should, you may do it all yourself," and then walked off amidst loud bursts of laughter equal to any of those

which have ever graced the *entree* of the renowned Cock-a-doodle.

In the same year, Mrs. Jordan attempted *Mrs. Sullen*, but was not very successful; in fact the character is not equal to her powers; and shortly after she retired from public life, to which she did not return until 1807, when she made a third *debut* in the same character of *Peggy*.

During that year, her exertions had been nearly fatal to her, for whilst performing *Lady Contest*, in the *Wedding Day*, which she was doing in a style almost inimitable, she was taken suddenly ill, and it was feared that she had ruptured a blood-vessel in her chest.

Circumstances have, however, still induced her to persevere in her personal exertions; she has since performed at Dublin, and on several of the provincial stages.—Even to name the characters in which Mrs. Jordan has so often charmed an admiring audience, would fill a page. The *Country Girl* was the basis of her fame; her *Beatrice* is too well known to require praise; and her *Corinna*, in the *Confederacy*, has always been esteemed most excellent. Perhaps her *Miranda*, in the *Busy Body*, is one of her happiest efforts in the histrionic art; some critics indeed have found fault with this, in parts, whilst they have still been forced to confess that the whole was inimitable. If she displays too much of *Nelly* in *Lady Loverule's* fine clothes, whilst performing *Lady Teazle*, it must still be acknowledged that she exhibits all of sentiment, of humour, and of *naïveté*, that can be expected, in her *Letitia*, in the *Belle's Stratagem*.

If time has in some measure diminished, or rather altered her personal appearance in those youthful characters, it must not be denied that one charm remains untouched. Her voice is as simple and harmonious as ever, and, as has been justly said, "in singing, her wood notes wild have a grace beyond the reach of art!"

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE DUMB LOVER.—A TRUE STORY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME M.—

In ancient times people would believe in sorcerers and ghosts; dreams even acted an eminent part in the drama of human life; and from the days of Joseph down to those of the hero whose history I am going to relate, many a dream has determined the fate of the dreamer. In proportion as the human mind became enlightened, the dreams and ghosts have become the topics of grand dames and nursery maids' conversations; the former have ceased prophesying future events, and are only considered as the effects of preceding sensations. Whether we are right or wrong, I will not pretend to determine; the very interesting discussion might carry me too far, I shall leave it to the sagacity, argumentation, and experience of my readers, and proceed to recount the history of a youth of former times, whose happiness was occasioned by a dream; wishing the same result may attend all who will be endowed with sufficient patience to read it. In case any one should question the truth of my narrative, let them go to Bremen, there every inhabitant will be found ready to tell the story over and over again, with all the faith and veneration that ancient traditions are entitled to.

In the city of Bremen lived an old merchant, surnamed the rich Melchior; he had been so successful, and altogether so well conversant in commercial transactions, that he had amassed an immense fortune; which his only enjoyment consisted in increasing. However, this very avaricious man, who denied himself all manner of amusement, or of expence, indulged two very extraordinary whims of luxury, to the great surprize of every one. On the skirts of the city he had purchased a little garden, whither he sometimes resorted to refresh himself after his fatigues, and had ornamented it, at great cost, in the most fantastical manner, with a quantity of little silver gilt statues of monsters, which were encircled by a strong net-work of silver gilt likewise. His other whim he had gratified in his town residence, by having the

floor of his dining-room all chequered with crown-pieces. His friends were amazed, at first, at seeing a man, who was so well acquainted with the value of money, and who knew how to turn it to advantage, thus trample under foot so considerable a sum that brought him no interest. But Melchior knew what he was about; that money, apparently dead, that floor which caught the eye of all who called upon him about business, gave such an opinion of his wealth, and was so conducive to augment his credit, that the capital which he had laid out was soon replaced with more than an hundred fold interest. Death alone could put an end to his lucrative speculations, and a stop to the millions of money that poured upon him from all sides. He died suddenly of an apoplectic fit, without being allowed time to converse about pecuniary concerns with his only beloved son. In the mean time he left him to inherit an immense unincumbered income, besides the monsters in the little garden, and the floor chequered with crown-pieces.

Frank Melchior was a very promising young man, and of a very recommending person; he had suffered too much from his father's avarice not to hold that vice in abomination; and accordingly plunged so deep into the opposite excess, that within a few years time he saw the bottom of those coffers, so full of late, but out of which he had been daily fishing, without even replenishing; he then was forced to borrow, and the reputation of old Melchior, of his silver gilt monsters, and of his floor chequered with crown-pieces, was so well established, that the young man easily procured loans at very heavy interest. When the bills became due, the garden was stopped to honour the debt; the monsters all disappeared successively, and finally the garden itself. Frank, however, still kept up, till on a sudden it was rumoured that the crown-pieces of the floor had also disappeared, and were replaced by an elegant wooden inlay. The creditors instantly came forward to ascertain the fact; the

metamorphosis had really taken place, and the dining-room, though not so rich, looked much better. Frank protested that his good taste alone had suggested the alteration, that a floor of crown-pieces and silver gilt monsters were too hideous to be retained; the creditors shammed belief, but the illusion had ceased; they no sooner left the inlaid saloon than they thought of procuring an execution on the whole property, movables and immovables of the young profligate. The whole, indeed, were confiscated and brought to the hammer, so that out of all his riches, he had nothing left now except some jewels that had belonged to his mother, and a good stock of philosophy, or rather of thoughtlessness, by dint of which he could bear his present situation with resignation, and even with a kind of gaiety: he thought within himself that since he had no money left, he would no longer be at a loss how to spend it. He made up his mind at once, retired to the extremity of the town, and in the narrowest street hired the smallest room, which the rays of the sun had never illumined, and modestly boarded with his landlady, a very poor and frugal woman.

Now what was Frank doing while all the day long within the walls of his very circumscribed lodgings? All that he had ever known was to spend his money, and now he had none. In truth, he had been taught to read; which in those days was reckoned a refined education; but he had no books, because at that time very few were published; theological discussions, or romances on chivalry were the only subjects which authors would write upon, and Frank was neither a divine nor a knight: his only occupation, therefore, consisted in the recollection of his former amusements, in thrumming a lute which he had saved from the wreck, and in making meteorological observations at his window, from which he could hardly see the sky: this employment, however, soon brought on another that engrossed his whole attention, and left no room for either sorrow or *ennui*.

In the same narrow street where Frank lived, and exactly opposite, lived also a poor old widow named Brigitte, with her only daughter, called Meta, as beautiful as an angel, and equally innocent and pure. She had never left her mother for one

single moment, and had scarce ever spoken to any one else. Both of them earned their living by spinning all the day long; their assiduity was so much the more praiseworthy, as dame Brigitte, at least, had seen better days. Her husband, Meta's father, had once been rich enough to purchase and fit out a ship, with which he carried on a considerable trade: however, his ruin was completed by that which ought to have procured him a competence; a violent storm arose one day, when the waves swallowed up the vessel, the cargo, and the owner. His wife was informed that she had lost her all, and she, most undoubtedly, would have died broken-hearted, had she not been a mother: Meta, still at her breast, claimed her assistance, and she determined to live for the sake of her child; yet too proud to accept of what compassion might have afforded her, she wished to provide for herself and child, without laying under an obligation to any one; she could spin, and to her wheel she heartily applied. She hired a small room in the aforesaid narrow street, and there she spun so much and so well, that by dint of assiduity and economy, she was enabled to provide for her little family. In those days the education of the most distinguished young ladies consisted in being taught the use of their needle, to sew, and to cook a few plain dishes. Dame Brigitte had no elegant repasts to prepare, still less linen to sew; she, therefore, had leisure enough to attend to her spinning-wheel; she would begin at day-break, and only left off to enjoy some few hours sleep. As soon as little Meta could reach the spindle, her mother taught her how to use it, and their two wheels turned unceasingly by the side of each other: constant practice made them more perfect, so that dame Brigitte, besides their work, was enabled to begin dealing in hemp.

This good woman entertained some hopes of not being reduced to spin all her lifetime, but in her old age, to be restored to her past affluence; when her maternal glance fixed upon her Meta, blooming with youth and beauty, more luxuriant than the budding rose, she doubted not but the last season of her existence would be blessed with prosperity; she thought it was impossible that the graces and virtues of her

daughter should not induce the addresses of some wealthy pretender. In those remote ages, virtue and beauty were as valuable in the estimation of young bachelors, as birth and riches are sought after now-a-days; in truth, a young maiden had more chance of getting married: every parent, from his own experience, would repeat to his son, that a good and handsome wife was the most essential piece of furniture he could procure; every mother evinced the truth of the assertion, the same as every young woman strived to confirm it, and to become, as King Solomon expressed it, "A pearl of rich value that decorates the mansion of her lord."

Dame Brigitte accordingly continually watched over her jewel, and denied herself every thing, that she might bestow a good education on her daughter, and deck her out to the best advantage. Convinced, as all good mothers were in those days of yore, that the best,—that nothing better could be done than to teach a girl to love her work and retirement; and in conformity to those principles, she gave Meta plenty of work to do, but never allowed her to leave her home unless it was to go to hear mass every day in a church not far distant.

Frank was engaged at observing the heavens from his window, when he chanced to see the young girl, who made such an impression upon him as he had never experienced before; never had he to that day viewed a female with a sensation of love; but the innocent and beauteous Meta developed within him the most ardent passion: he no longer dwelt on any other idea, he renounced every other wish, and knew of no other occupation but of gazing on her whilst she sat spinning in her little room, when she occasionally came to her window for the benefit of a little fresh air, or when she was going out in pursuit of her usual devotion. Ah! how severely would he then lament having squandered away his fortune! How happy he would have been to offer it to Meta,—in sharing it with Meta! But now, what hopes might he be allowed to indulge? Could he presume to propose her partaking of his dis-

tress?—No. He therefore must be satisfied with admiring and adoring her silently.

In the mean time Frank was not the only observer of what passed amongst his neighbours; dame Brigitte likewise would make her observations, and rightly understood from what motives her young neighbour was stationary at his window for whole days together; she had heard of him,—she had been informed that he had spent the princely fortune that his father had left him; and the young man's character, of course, was enough to cause so prudent a mother as Brigitte was, to tremble from head to foot: he was not the son-in-law duly qualified to set her spinning-wheel to rest; he consequently was excluded from co-operating in her schemes. In the mean time, as she was well read in the human heart, and as she knew that forbidden fruit is, and ever will be, thought the most palatable to a youthful girl, she held her tongue, and took particular care to keep her discovery and reflections to herself, but determined to counteract whatever her gay neighbour might put in practice to be noticed by Meta.

In consequence of Brigitte's plans, when Frank one morning approached his window, he had the mortification to see that of his opposite neighbours veiled with a thick curtain of white cloth, through which the hundred eyes of Argus would have tried in vain to pierce. Thinking that the curtain would be drawn open a little later, he sat patiently for some time; during the whole blessed day he remained at his post, but the fatal curtain was not removed; on the day following he found it still as immovable as if it were a stone wall. However, he had the consolation of seeing Meta as she was going to church, but her mother followed her close, and besides, her sweet face was covered over with a veil as thick nearly as the curtain; he saw the veiled beauty and her barbarous mother enter the temple, come out of it, and hasten back home, the sooner to get secreted behind their curtain.

(To be continued.)

A TOUR THROUGH FRANCE.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A LADY TO HER COUSIN IN LONDON, IN 1814.

LETTER IV.

Paris.

DEAR HARRIET,

You kindly tell me that, convinced of my unchanging regard, you require no professions of affection, either at the commencement or end of my letters; but that you wish me to go on, traveller like, telling you all I have seen in, and all I think of this country. *Allons donc*, especially as you tack a compliment to the above assurance, that you are amused with my remarks, &c.

Henry is fully determined, not only for the better observing of men and manners through a proper medium, but also that he will not always be that desirable pigeon for Gallic plucking, a *Milord Anglois*, to take sometimes the manners and habit of a *bon bourgeois*, and mingle amongst the *tiers etat*. By these means, he says, he shall acquire the true character of the people; which he maintains is always best discovered amongst the middling and lower classes. He is just now returned from dining at the *table d'hote*, delighted with his companions: there were present two French Marshals, though he says they were the least intelligent of the set; a few of the old noblesse made amends; there were also some of the legislative body, and almost one inhabitant of every nation.

I was interrupted just now by a friendly visit from the Marchioness of S—, your great favourite amongst the emigrants in London: she called in her way to the theatre *Lyri Comique*, where she actually goes to murder that great foe to beauty—Time. She assured me that comedies were performed there which made her weep instead of laughing; and tragedies where her risible faculties have been so excited that she was absolutely ashamed of the peals of laughter she found impossible to suppress.

You call earnestly upon me to perform my promise of giving you a list of French coins and of the different theatres. I shall visit all the spectacles; and there are so many different *Guides to Paris* published in London, that I am sure for five or seven

shillings you may learn all about the money, and also where you may go and find the readiest way to get rid of it: allow me then, at present, to retract that promise, and only describe to you the theatres after I have visited them. I expect not, however, to be so easily pardoned should I omit to give you some account of the exquisite sculpture and paintings at the Louvre.

The Hall of the Seasons is particularly fine, the rural deities admirably represented, and in the *Salle des Romains*, the head of Cornelius Scipio is beautiful beyond compare; but the Hall of Laocoon is most admired by the scientific connoisseur. Here, indeed, seems to be collected all that is admirable and exquisite in sculpture. Here is that statue lately transferred from the Hall of Apollo, the celebrity of which has been diffused through the whole universe, that wonderful combination of modesty, elegance, and proportioned beauty, the Medicean Venus; before which the most rigid prude stands transfixed in admiration, and can behold it, though destitute of all covering, without a blush. So looked, I figure to my mind, our general mother, when in unsullied, native, and unveiled innocence.

After beholding the Venus de Medicis, even the Apollo of Belvidere and the Heracles of Farnese, fine as they are, lose their interest, though there is not a statue or bust in this vast collection but what is exquisite in the rules of proportion, and classically just in its unrivalled workmanship: yet the Venus and the Apollo so bear away the palm, that few, except such who are well skilled in sculpture, will cast more than a cursory glance on them, after having dwelt for a time on those two *chefs d'œuvres* of the art.

But paintings chiefly excite my admiration. Those in the Louvre are very fine; and the productions of Poussin, when at the age of fifty-six, prove that the genius of that immortal painter was far from being then on the decline. *Our* Rigaud, as I always call him, has some pretty specimens

here of his skill. There is a very good portrait, in the German school, of Charles I. just such a countenance as I have always, in idea, given to that unfortunate monarch. But I heard, with much disgust, two young Frenchmen descanting on English cruelty, as they stood before this picture; and I heard with astonishment, that they were themselves children of the revolution. Oh! martyred Louis! even Charles, in all his misfortunes, never felt the indignities which thy subjects heaped on thee and thine.

My favourite, Gerard Dow, shines here with peculiar lustre; Dow's *Mother reading to her Husband*, the *Country Grocer's Wife*, and *An old Female Miser*, are among his best productions. Vandyck, whose style of dressing his figures had always much charms for me, has been eminently successful in the portrait of a lady, whose neck is adorned with a string of pearls; the hollow of her hand, as she raises it to her necklace to take hold of it, is inimitably executed. *Christ bearing his Cross*, is one of the best pictures of this artist; and the mournful look he casts on St. Veronica, is never to be forgotten.

The *Works of Mercy*, by another Vandyck, is an exquisite painting; and a portrait of the famous Rabelais, the Dean Swift of the French, has often been covered closely over with gold coin, to mark the adequate price of its value.

There are some good portraits by Hans Holbein; but portraits convey not the interest of general subjects; though we could not look on that of Sir Thomas More without being affected.

The works of Rembrandt merit a considerable portion of attention; his own picture, and that of his wife, are *chefs d'œuvres* of the art; but *An old Man's Head* wants only speech to give it life: the *Wood Cutter's Family* is one of those pleasing and familiar subjects which detains the eye for a length of time, and in which, at every glance, some new beauty is distinguishable.

Reubens shines pre-eminent; yet I think all his women, though beautiful, are on too large a scale. He must have been a very partial husband, or else his wife was the handsomest of any woman created before or since.

Teniers' *Card Players*, his *Knife Grinder*, and *An old Man in a fur Cap*, are excellent.

There is a fine picture in the Italian school, by Carrici, of *Hercules between Virtue and Vice*; but the *Infant Hercules*, by the same hand, is exquisite. A French Marshal, who stood near me, said it resembled very much the King of Rome. I passed, I believe, a full hour before the paintings of Guido. What heads! nothing in nature was ever seen like them, except the head of the lovely Miss P——. Surely the artist had been favoured with a vision of angels when he drew them. His subjects consist chiefly of sacred and profane history; and his pencil is best employed when adapting itself either to the Christian's or the poet's heaven.

Among the paintings of Murillo, in the Spanish school, there is a very affecting piece representing the contrition of Peter for having denied his master. He kneels at the feet of the Saviour, whose tender and forgiving countenance is finely contrasted with the deep remorse imprinted on the Apostle's visage.

Paulo Veronese has some good paintings, but they consist mostly of the prevalent subjects of the Italians, the religion of their church. There is, however, an excellent piece from the pencil of this artist, of a *Child frightened by a Dog*. You must recollect how fond I am of all these natural scenes in painting; which, though sometimes degraded with the title of only *pettinesses* in the artist, nevertheless always serve to evince both his skill and feeling.

Raphael's *Holy Family* is known and justly appreciated by all who have seen it from the different quarters of the globe; it is needless for me to say any thing on that subject: the air of the heads, however, and the expression of countenance given by this renowned artist to his subjects, remind me much of Angelica Kauffman; they are all alike, but they are all celestial. I plainly see, that in colouring and size of figures, the late Sir Joshua Reynolds took this accomplished painter for his model.

The *Witch of Endor raising the Ghost of Samuel*, is well executed by Salvator Rosa. There is a curious picture from Titiano of Venice, of the *Holy Virgin* sitting on the ground, holding a white rabbit. However domestic the idea, I find a *petitesse* in the subject, for which I can trace no clue in any popish legend. The Virgin and her

little nursery, however, which no doubt has become consecrated in the eyes of all good Catholics, are both well executed; and I saw a poor old woman, apparently seventy years of age, make twice the sign of the cross as she stood before this picture; certainly one was for the rabbit!

I have, I am sure, detained you too long at the Louvre; blame only my love of the art of painting, and not me; you know I am apt to be somewhat prolix on the subject.

Nothing can exceed the style in which all these public buildings are finished, nor the excellent light in which they have contrived to place every picture. Indeed every private building is fitted up in a high degree of taste, as far as taste goes; but yet the work wants a certain durable neatness, which English workmen seem exclusively to possess. When I hazard this remark, my brother calls me partial, national, and almost contracted. I really thought we should have quarrelled yesterday, for he said he was actually ashamed of his countrywomen: stiff, inanimate, awkward, and void of all grace, they were not, he declared, fit to be in the same society with Frenchwomen, who diffused an irresistible charm over every assembly wherein they appeared; while they were skilled to converse on every subject, from the most abstruse science to the placing of a flower or a ribbon; at the same time their intelligent and truly feminine manners, divested their knowledge of all pedantry, and their elegance of expression and tasteful precision gave importance to trifles. "And then how delightful is it," added he, "to see a pair of sparkling and meaning eyes fixed politely upon one, with delicate attention, till one has done speaking; whereas an Englishwoman sits looking like an absent fool while one is addressing a discourse to her, perhaps of not a minute's length, or else while one is talking she is eagerly listening to what is said at another part of the room. Then my countrywomen are so insufferably serious——"

"You surely, Henry," said my good aunt, "will not find fault with your sister's want of vivacity! I find her too lively sometimes."

"No," replied he, kindly taking me by the hand, as he saw I looked rather *boudeuse*; "Emily is very well: nay, indeed,

she has been complimented with having been taken for a French girl. I sincerely wish all my dear countrywomen were like her, and then I should not blush as I often do for them. In fact, what I most complain of are those English ladies of a certain age—"And then," interrupted my aunt, "levity is truly unbecoming."—"Granted," said Henry; "but that easy cheerfulness possessed by Frenchwomen is pleasing at every period. And why is it that they, even in the very decline of life, yet retain the power of charming?"

"Because," said I, "their minds are better cultivated; they are placed more on an equality with your sex; they are allowed more influence: many women in England are entirely shut out from those paths of learning and of public life which every Frenchwoman is allowed freely to explore. Are there not now three hundred thousand women, as well as children and old men, employed in the public works in Paris? But how are women provided for in England?"

"*Paix, ma petite*," said he, kissing my forehead; "I would not have my dear countrywomen intrinsically otherwise than what they are; but why cannot they unite outward grace with the principles of strict virtue? I grant that the French character, both in males and females, has become in many instances very corrupt and depraved, and personal interest actuates both sexes."

"Ah! indeed," said my aunt; "and this outward grace, Henry, which you so much admire, proceeds often from refinement in coquetry, and the unbounded desire of the empire over men's hearts."

Henry laughed; and rattling on in his usual strain, from one subject to another, he finished with the *sublime* observation of "No women, you must allow, walk better, or have prettier little feet!"

The carriage stood at the door, and we drove off to the theatre *Feydeau*. The Parisian ladies seem to display a different style of dress at every different spectacle; I really, at this pleasant little theatre, fancied myself in England; the ladies wore no other ornament on their heads than their own hair, parted on the forehead with a comb, and a few stray ringlets on the cheek. This theatre is much resorted

to by people of the first fashion, and seems more in favour with them than many of the larger theatres.

To-morrow we shall take an excursion to Versailles, when you shall again hear from your

EMILY.

P. S. I have purchased an excellent caricature for old Mrs. F——, who delights so much in artificial flowers; it is called the *Animated Flower Basket*. Three women are most ingeniously grouped together, their heads forming a basket full of flowers, and their feet and ankles the base.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

SOPHIA DOROTHEA, THE UNACKNOWLEDGED ELECTRESS OF HANOVER, WIFE OF GEORGE I.

Few are unacquainted with the jealousy of George I. excited by Count Koningsmark and this lady. Over the romantic transaction a veil of mystery has been drawn; and, as Lord Byron remarks in his *Lara*,

"Seal'd are now those lips which could have told."

The court of Hanover, at the time that Sophia Dorothea, Princess of Zell, added to it an additional lustre, was most splendid, polished, and gallant. The conduct of the Princess, after her marriage, has been censured even by her most zealous partizans, as very imprudent in a wife and mother. She was accustomed, two or three times a week, to feign sickness and retire to her apartment. Koningsmark was then admitted; he supped with her, and remained often till two or three in the morning, retiring by a little private staircase to the great gate of the ducal palace. But there is this to be said in favour of the Princess, that she never received him alone; she was always accompanied by one or more of her ladies, who remained with her till the Count took his leave.

Whether the Count fell a victim to either private vengeance or to the jealousy of a husband, she knew not, but Sophia abandoned herself to the most immoderate transports of grief and indignation: she declared she would no longer live with barbarians and murderers. And after this scandalous breach a separation, indeed, was absolutely requisite; but no divorce ever took place, and neither party were allowed to marry. Indeed it is said that George I. was so convinced of her virtue, that he generously

offered to bury all past resentments in oblivion. He was proved to have had no hand in the assassination of Koningsmark; it was either the act of a jealous mistress, or of the uncle of George, tenacious of the honour of her who was now his niece. She rejected, however, all offers of reconciliation, and again declared she would not live in a family of assassins.

When George was called to ascend the throne of England, he again renewed his generous offers. Her answer is worth recording, as it shews that even the splendour of a crown could not shake the natural firmness of her mind. "If," said she, "I am guilty of the crime imputed to me, I am unworthy to be your Queen. If I am innocent, the King is unworthy to be my husband."

In the Castle of Ahlden, where she was confined for life, she was treated with every mark of respect due to her rank. Artificers and tradesmen had free access to her, but no man or woman of distinction was allowed any intercourse with her: she was allowed to take an airing of about a league's distance in her coach every day.

As often as she received the sacrament, which was very frequently, she solemnly protested her innocence, and confirmed it at her dying hour.

MARIA THERESA.

On the day of her coronation as Empress, the crown was so large that she was obliged to bind rollers round her head to prevent it from falling over her face; and its weight was so insupportable that she was allowed, when she sat down to dine in public, to take it off. Her agitation had brought a glow into her countenance which

added to its natural beauty; her fine hair disarranged, floated in ringlets over her well-turned shoulders, and her whole figure was peculiarly charming. Towards the decline of her life the small-pox ruined her beauty, and her person grew large and unwieldy. As she was travelling once from Vienna to Presburg, she fell from an open carriage, and bruised her face so violently that she seemed threatened for some time with the loss of sight. Her features, from this fatal accident, became quite unrecognisable to those who had known her in the meridian of her former charms.

She never wore any other dress after the death of the Emperor, but widow's weeds; and on no occasion would she put on diamonds. She wore constantly gaiters, as she found them a support, she used to say, in walking.

There is no model of past ages which could furnish such conjugal grief and affection as that which was displayed by the Empress Maria Theresa. In the most rigorous season she would visit the vault of the Capucins, where the remains of her husband reposed, press the urn which held his ashes to her bosom, and pray, kneeling, for the repose of his soul.

But her devotion degenerated into bigotry, for she firmly believed that every heretic was excluded from divine mercy. She used to say that the English were almost all Deists, Infidels, and Free-thinkers.

It is strange that with a soul that was the very essence of liberality and munificence, her religious notions should have been so very contracted. As she used to pass along the road leading to Schoenbrunn, her favourite country residence, she would throw ducats and other coin out of her carriage window to the populace and guards. Genius and talent always flourished under her protection.

ELIZABETH MARIA, PRINCESS OF PARMA.

THIS lady was born the same year as her husband, the Arch-Duke Joseph of Austria. With an understanding highly accomplished, she was peculiarly skilled in music; but her favourite amusement was playing on the violin, on which she performed in a masterly manner.

A pensive melancholy, which had in it something mysterious, interested and awakened the curiosity of all around her: no pleasures, no endearments from those she loved, could ever dissipate the saddened gloom which overshadowed her countenance. When the commissioners from the court of Vienna arrived at Parma to demand her in marriage for the Arch-Duke, she addressed herself to them with energy; and after politely thanking them for the preference shewn her, she added:—"I have only to regret that the trouble which they have given themselves will be entirely ineffectual, since I am well convinced that I shall not live long enough to answer the views designed by my marriage."

From the day of her quitting Parma to that of her death, she constantly persisted in saying that her life would be short.

Whenever she went to the theatre her husband never failed to accompany her, carrying her cloak under his arm, and manifesting in all his actions the tenderest affection towards her. She, on her part, behaved with every external appearance of regard to him, and endeavoured in public to be cheerful; but no sooner was she retired than she sunk into her former dejection, while her favourite topic of conversation was death.

She was delivered of a daughter in the year 1761; but neither maternal feeling, the fondness of her husband, nor the prospect of her own elevation, could dissipate her profound melancholy. When the Arch-Duke was about to be elected King of the Romans, "These things," said she, frequently, "regard not me. I shall never live to be Queen of the Romans."

One day a lady said to her, "Is it possible that your Highness can forget the little daughter whom you so fondly love? Can you quit her with so much coldness and indifference?"

"Do you believe then," replied the Princess, "that I shall leave my little one long with you? No, indeed, she will not remain with you above seven years at most." The child died at that very age.

She laid a bet with the Arch-Duchess Christina, of whom she was very fond, that she should die before the end of the year 1768. This circumstance was publicly

known. Returning at the fall of the year, from Luxembourg to Vienna, when the carriage had attained the summit of the hill, which commands a view of the city, she was seized with a shivering, which she declared the forerunner of her immediate death.

She lived, however, till November, when on the eighteenth, as she was sitting in her room in the evening, an alarm clock, which was placed there, struck several times beyond the hour it ought to have told. She turned pale, and addressing herself to one of her ladies, she said, "There is the signal which calls me away!" She continued, notwithstanding, in good health till the next day, when she completed her twenty-second year. In the morning the Arch-Duchess Christina rallied her on her predictions; but in the evening, as she was walking across her chamber, she suddenly fell, or rather sunk down on her knees. Shortly after the small-pox appeared; she was very delirious during her disorder, and she expired on the 27th November, 1763.

THE PRINCESS OF MONOCA.

WHEN this illustrious stranger was released from the captivity she had endured in one of the revolutionary prisons, to be led to the scaffold, she turned towards the jailor who was dragging her to the fatal cart which was to convey her away, and drawing from her bosom a small paper, wherein was a lock of her hair, she intreated him to convey it to her son, whose address was written on the paper. "I trust," said she, "that I may implore this favour from your mercy. I request it in my own name, and in the name of all who now hear me. Swear to me in the presence of these worthy and afflicted people, who are about to suffer with myself, that you will fulfil what I ask." The jailor promised faithfully to acquit himself of this commission. She then drew near the funeral cart, and turning towards one of her women, who was a partaker of her sad fate, but who, almost lifeless with terror, seemed as if unable to arrive at the place of execution before she expired, "Take courage, my dear friend," said the Princess, "pray take courage; it is guilt alone which ought to fear."

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

MADAME LA MARECHALE DE LUXEMBOURG.

SUPPORTED by a great name, by much confidence, and by her illustrious family, a conduct more than what results from imprudence, became pardonable in the Marechale de Luxembourg; and not only so, but she was the sovereign standard of elegance, fashion, and those rules which are the basis of true politeness. Her empire over the opinions of both sexes in early youth, was absolute; she set bounds to the follies of young women, and compelled the young men to observe a correct and respectful behaviour.

Whatever satirical wit the Marechale might outwardly display, her heart had no share in it; she was incapable of an unkind action, even in jest: she was sometimes serious, but without the least ill humour; and her outward forms of ceremony were more talkative than dull; she was even ready to render any one a friendly service, after having been rather violent with them. Nature and frankness formed

her disposition, and they excuse a multitude of errors.

She united to a sound judgment that quickness of understanding, without which the artist is imperfect, and the soldier's valour is vain. Her grand-daughter, the Duchess de Biron, had given her for a new year's gift, the portraits of La Fontaine and Moliere, her two favourite authors.—"Which of these men do you think was the greatest?" said one present. "This," replied she, without hesitation, shewing La Fontaine, "is the *most* perfect, in a style the *most* imperfect."

MADAME D'ANGIVILLIERS.

POSSESSED in a peculiar degree with the charms of conversation, this lady assembled at her house all the learned and *bels esprits* of Versailles. At an advanced age she was remarkable for her grotesque manner of dressing herself. She was never possessed of any outward charm but a remarkably fine head of hair, which touched the ground; it is true that was not very

extraordinary, since she was very short of stature : this fine hair, however, she took particular care to display, adorning it with feathers and flowers, so that she rendered the wrinkles of age yet more conspicuous. At first sight her manners seemed as whimsical as her attire ; she was ceremonious to excess, and though all her life she had kept company with courtiers, there was a degree of meanness apparent in her : her first husband had been one of the King's valets.

Under this ridiculous exterior was soon discovered a very superior mind ; a sound and lively understanding ; warmth of heart without enthusiasm, wit without acrimony, knowledge without pedantry ; in short, a steady equality of mind and temper. When a conversation became interesting, she was all animation ; and spoke on every subject with elegance, justice, and clearness. She did not want to borrow the wit of others to make her conversation delightful, but her memory furnished her with appropriate anecdotes, that she recounted with a grace and charm peculiar to herself.

THE DUCHESS DE POLIGNAC.

THE favour of Marie Antoinette for this beautiful and unfortunate female was but of short duration : sensible, however, of her worth, she appointed her governess to the royal children of France, although the wishes of the King and those of the public also, were for placing a certain Duchess, more fitted by her age, for the important charge.

The countenance of the Duchess de Polignac, had in it an expression almost celestial ; her look, her smile, her features, were all angelic : she had one of those heads which Raphael would have taken for

a model, where sense and sweetness united play over the visage. Many beauties have excited more surprise and admiration, but on Madame de Polignac the eye delighted long to dwell. Her character corresponded with her figure ; always equal, mild, and serene ; she seemed pleased in any situation, and with every one with whom she found herself in company ; her conversation was not remarkable for its brilliancy, but it was rational and sprightly ; malignity was a stranger to her tongue ; she was mild without being insipid, and amiable without being striking. The world, in general, reproached her with coldness ; which, perhaps, took its rise from her not paying sufficient attention to those people who crowded to pay their respects to her every Sunday ; it was not the result of pride ; but she had not art sufficient to conceal the weariness that these visits of etiquette caused her, wherein she knew friendship had no part. All the rest of the week she lived like the recluse of a castle : a dozen of friends, with her own family, formed her society ; where an amiable and happy freedom might be said to reign.

Madame de Polignac was in possession of the gifts of fortune, it is true ; but it was much against her inclination that she was kept at Versailles ; and she would willingly have sacrificed the greatest part of her riches, to have lived in quiet retirement at Paris.

At the epocha of the revolution, it is well known that the Queen became the unfortunate object of general animadversion. The people yet imagined that the Duchess de Polignac was her favourite ; and attributed the evils which then hung over France to her extravagant counsels. She was obliged to save herself by flight, from the popular fury, and she died shortly after in exile.

SELECT ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

BEFORE Alexander, whom we may justly style the great, visited England, he used to say, that the man within whose reach Heaven has placed the greatest materials for making life happy, was, in his opinion, an English country gentleman.

His associate and playmate from earliest years, was a very amiable and respectable English gentleman : when placed at an immeasurable distance from each other, Alexander yet retained the firmest friendship for the companion of his boyish days. A short time before Paul issued his decree against the English, the then Grand Duke

had formed another friendly acquaintance with one of our countrymen, and who used to play duets with Alexander on the flute. When his friend was compelled to quit Russia, he took up the instrument, and thus addressed it, as he held it in his hand, and bade the gentleman farewell. "Adieu, sweet instrument! You have charmed away many an hour of care; often and deeply shall I regret the absence of your charming sounds. But you are going to breathe them in the happiest country in the world."

However trifling the above anecdote may appear, it discovers the heart of the illustrious person: and trivial circumstances like these, evince the finer feelings of the soul; it is, by touches such as these, that a minute observer of mankind can trace the colourings of feeling and sensibility.

ANECDOTE OF MORLAND, THE PAINTER.

MORLAND once took it in his head to serve the office of constable gratis; but he soon was weary of it. At the time he undertook to wield the staff of civic power, the weather was favourable, the days long, and he was not much employed; but he soon found that he could not exercise his authority when, and how he pleased. When he has been busily employed in finishing a picture, and in urgent need of money, an order would arrive from the high constable to send him on business that would take up the whole day. If he had to serve a summons for a jury, he was always behind-hand in executing it, and exhausted the patience of the coroner, from whom he experienced a severe reprimand.

His admirable picture, however, of the *Deserter*, owes its masterly strokes of nature, for which he was so eminent, to his having served in this office; for just as he had begun it, a serjeant, drummer, and private, in their way to Dover, in pursuit of deserters, came into the house where Morland was, as usual, drinking, for a billet; Morland accompanied them to the Britannia, treated them plentifully, and questioned them particularly on the trials of deserters by court-martial, with their punishment. He provided these, his new acquaintance, with ale, wine, and tobacco, took them to his house, and while he seemed to be carousing

with them, he was sketching down all which might serve his purpose. The next day, being Sunday, he detained them nearly the whole day in his painting-room, and availed himself of every advantage this occasion afforded.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SITTINGS OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL SAFETY DURING THE REIGN OF ROBERSPIERRE.

In order to gain admittance into the anti-chambers, we were obliged to grope our way through a long corridor, lighted only by a lamp at each end. Every avenue which led to the apartment where the committee for public safety held their sittings, was dark, gloomy, and horrible, and formed a striking contrast with the halls wherein the Decemvirs were collected together: those who obtained the favour of being admitted into their presence, were dazzled at the sudden change. The finest tapestry from the Gobelins covered the floor. Marble, gilt bronze, and pier glasses ornamented in profusion the vast apartment; the most beautiful time-pieces and sumptuous girandoles adorned the chimnypieces; in the various recesses were placed superb arm-chairs, and voluptuous ottomans for the use of those republicans, who displayed in public the manners and language of the Lacedemonians. In small closets were side-boards laid out with the choicest food and wines, so that the members of the committee might satisfy their appetites without being obliged to quit the apartment.

Seated round a large oval table, covered with green baize, and loaded with papers containing the decrees of death, were the Decemvirs who were weighing in their impure hands the destiny of France and of all Europe.

The Decemvirs were not all collected together till about ten o'clock at night; when they arrived, though not absolutely drunk, yet they were stimulated by wine and good cheer, and heated by liquors.

It was here that they organized the conspiracy of the prisons, and laid down the plan of depopulation during fifteen months. A map of France was always spread before the Decemvirs, with the population of each commune.

If walls were possessed of the faculty of hearing, what horrible blasphemies against humanity would they have heard. The Decemvirs resembled a company of butchers, the proprietors of twenty-five million of heads.

When Robespierre assisted at their deliberations, they took a darker tint; they laughed less, and committed evil with less gaiety.

PARTICULARS OF THE DEATH OF THE EMPEROR FRANCIS, FATHER OF JOSEPH THE SECOND.

THE Emperor was in his private box at the theatre, when he received the final summons which called him to eternity. He made signs to the Princess of Auresberg that he felt unwell, and pointed to his head. His indisposition became more violent; yet, unwilling to prevent the performance from going on, he sat some time longer, till finding himself threatened with total loss of sense, he rose up and went out followed by three noblemen. When the Emperor got into the air he staggered; but on one of his attendants asking him if he was not well, he said in German, "A man of spirit is not affected by a small matter."

These were the last words he was heard to utter.

He attempted at endeavouring to gain his own apartment; in his way to which, he was obliged first to descend a flight of wooden steps; when he came to the top his head turned giddy, and he laid hold on the sentinel who was stationed there: as he tried to advance, he fell forward at the first or second step. He was immediately conveyed to an anti-chamber, where they laid him on a common bed, belonging to one of the lacqueys about the court. While the surgeons were sent for, the King of the Romans was called out from the theatre. Nothing could equal the demonstrations of his filial affliction, as he took his dying father in his arms. The Emperor's veins were opened, his temples scarified, and every method made use of for his recovery, but all in vain. He gave no longer signs of sense or life.

Count Hatzfeldt, minister of state for the interior, entered the chamber about two hours after. He found the royal corpse yet stretched on the miserable pallet, alone, without one attendant near him, while two or three lingering drops of blood were yet oozing from the veins which the surgeons had opened.

NADIR.—A TALE OF FORMER TIMES.

(Concluded from Page 171.)

NADIR had already assumed a haughty arrogant air, when the private secretary to the Prime Minister was announced. In consequence of the essential services which the privateer *Fortune* had rendered to the state, by annoying the commerce of the enemy, Nadir had been appointed commander of the naval forces. Our hero, suddenly inflamed with military ardour, swore he would conquer, and thought himself certain of success. Under a false conception that he must superintend in person the management of every branch of his department, he enquired into the minutest details, which caused him to lose sight of the main object.

Now again he was assailed with visitants: the one recommended a younger brother,

who had just left the college of the Pontiff; the other his son; a third, a relation of his mother, or of his mistress; and more than one married lady solicited employment for her husband, who stood in the way of a paramour. Nadir thought of doing right, whilst, listening only to persons in high favour, he neglected meritorious officers who had no friends to patronize them. He granted commissions to individuals, who indeed were not deficient in courage, but had never seen manœuvres but on paper or in painting. Sails, rigging, ammunition, and provisions were wanted, and Nadir had recourse to public leeches, to supply the admiralty by contract: so that the national coffers were empty, and the fleet was but very indif-

ferently equipped, when Nadir was ordered out for an expedition of great importance. The enemy, who had received previous intelligence of the intended expedition, had already put to sea, and had taken the advantage of the wind. His line, not being well formed, was cut through; his signals were not rightly interpreted; nay, the mariners were at a loss to execute manœuvres which they had never been taught how to perform. Some few galleys acted most wonderfully; others, being disabled, went to the bottom, their commanders refusing to strike their colours: these heroical achievements, however, prevented not a compleat defeat; and Nadir, after having several times been in danger of his life, escaped with great difficulty, and returned into port with the wrecks of a squadron that had been the pride and the hope of the empire.

Some few envious malecontents were in expectation that Nadir would be removed from his high station. By no means. Too many individuals were interested in supporting him, in order to secure themselves against public vengeance. A most ingenious report was circulated, in which all the blame was attached to those who had been sunk. Nay, it was farther urged, that our hero was entitled to a reward for his undaunted bravery, or, at least, an indemnification for the glory which he had been maliciously prevented from acquiring. So that whilst another squadron was getting ready, he was appointed to command a powerful army, intended to chastise a neighbouring Prince. Nadir this time was accompanied by a host of flatterers, who were unceasingly praising his magnanimity and liberal disposition. In his name they levied heavy contributions, of which they reaped the whole advantage; they even preyed on the allowance of their own men.

In the mean time the enemy took a bad position. A skilful tactician soon perceived it, and the whole of Nadir's force was instantly marched to encounter the weakened foe. The corps, scattered here and there, were attacked successively, and Nadir's troops displayed such intrepidity, that they obtained a complete victory. Several fortified towns opened their gates to the conqueror, and Nadir was proclaimed

the saviour of the empire. No dignity was now reckoned above his merits. The prime minister, who had recently ventured to disapprove of a plan he had proposed, was dismissed, when our hero was put in possession of the seals of office, and appointed Premier.

It is said that, in imitation of his predecessors, he caressed such as were in circumstances to supply his extravagance, and that he removed them as soon as their resources were exhausted; that when a handsome woman had a memorial to present him, the rest were obliged to dance attendance for a long time in his anti-chamber; that he promoted his clients only: thus collecting round him those men who might be subservient to his purposes; but that he dispersed all whose talents or disposition occasioned him alarm.

The monarch had only one child, a daughter; but according to the fundamental laws of the country, females were excluded from the throne. The ambitious Nadir thought it not impossible, therefore, for him to succeed to the Emperor. Did his heart partake of the suggestion of his mind? Did that heart at least pay Elma the tribute of a tear? Perhaps it did,—but to what avail? He thought not of ascertaining whether he had not been imposed upon, and whether, indeed, Elma no longer existed. He was too busily engaged in contriving the means of obtaining the hand of the Princess. Intrigue, bribery, audacity, and flattery, he alternately put in practice. The most elevated in the state, whom their degenerated souls rendered the basest; the pontiffs, the most perverse of mankind, when they cease being the most exemplary; women, who like to interfere whenever an opportunity occurs of displaying their abilities, besieged the credulous monarch, and persuaded him that the public safety, and even the glory of his name were concerned in the completion of a marriage, of which history afforded a multiplicity of precedents: so that the sovereign, tired of contending single against them all, finally yielded consent. The Princess at that time was travelling in some distant parts of the empire, when her father gave her up to Nadir, as he would have done one of his provinces; and now one of the most distinguished personages of the court was

dispatched as proxy, with a brilliant suite, to marry her in the name of our hero. The approaching Hymen, however, and the grand procession that preceded it, were all interrupted, in consequence of an event, which must have been foreseen long since:—Death broke asunder the worn-out springs of the monarch's weakened existence. Admitting that his life had been abridged, Nadir had nothing to reproach himself with on that score. The interesting news was soon whispered about the town. "Do you know the Prince is dead?—Who is to be his successor?"—"It is very immaterial indeed, since a King it will be," was the answer.—Thus it appeared, that the nation objected not to the accession of a new dynasty. In the mean time the council was assembled, and what with considerable bribes, and still more extravagant promises (which he was determined never to fulfil), Nadir was unanimously elected to fill the throne.

Now then Nadir having over his head the ethereal palace of the Being who has kingdoms at his disposal, it is to be presumed that he will think he has reached the summit of happiness. He will now behold only respectful countenances; his most extravagant wishes will be considered as oracles; the most distinguished among his subjects will solicit the honour of an audience; the fairest among the fair will sue for a mysterious *tête-à-tête*. Entertainments, however, are not to interfere with public business. Nadir himself will direct the course of national affairs; he will seek for, and be made acquainted with the real truth; he proposes to see every thing with his own eyes, to hear every transaction through his own ears. Noble destiny! but will he be adequate to the task? His hands are but weak, and his head, turned giddy, cannot withstand the too rapid progress of the imperial car: the beams of truth are intercepted by the clouds that surround it; haughty falsehood sits by the side of him, and seizes the slackened reins of the state. Nadir, in his confused state of mind, forgets the respectable, industrious manufacturer, the poor mechanic under his humble roof, and the extensive fields, that cannot supply the wants of his numerous family. The people, however, on their knees before the throne, lament their dis-

tressful situation, and call aloud for justice. Nadir's favourites look at them and bid them "suffer patiently." If the monarch enquires why the environs of his palace are so crowded? he is answered, that the people rejoice at their prosperity under so glorious a sovereign. Nadir believes them, because he wishes it to be so, and derives some consolation from the assertion, for he was far from being happy himself, being constantly engaged in settling domestic broils.

Whoever was desirous of obtaining a post, was continually harassing him with calumnies against the man who filled it. In his amours, Nadir had as many rivals as there were profligate debauchees at court; and he is at a loss to find a friend, a single mortal in whose company he might, for a moment, unburthen himself of his grandeur, or who would sympathize in his sorrows. None approach him but to offer advice suggested by selfish motives, and vile cupidity: the most humble courtiers, when in his presence, were the most tyrannical in his absence, and trampled under foot the lower orders.

Nadir suffered great distress already, when he was informed that the daughter of the late King refused to give him her hand; also that she had sought the protection of a foreign despot. Notwithstanding his resources were exhausted, the members of his privy council, who expected to derive great profit from it, advised our hero to go to war; and war he accordingly declared, which, it is well known, is always attended with a long train of calamitous disasters. The enemy soon overpowered an undisciplined army, of which the sovereign had not been allowed to take the command. Whole provinces were invaded; the rest being oppressed, dissatisfaction soon assumed a most serious aspect: a conspiracy was organized, and such as were determined to obtain redress, or seek revenge, had found means to carry on their plan without being exposed to detection, although some of their adherents were inmates of the sovereign's palace.

The hour of his punishment was come. As he was trying, in a sweet slumber, to steep his senses in forgetfulness, the door of his apartment was broke open, and he was

seized upon, notwithstanding his most earnest representations and intreaties.

What could equal his surprise and terror when he was carried away in a grated waggon; when he was forced to alight at the entrance of a citadel, which, in his name, his ministers had erected close to the sea shore; when he was thrown into a dungeon, impervious to the rays of the sun!

Nadir, in his fury, wished at one time to be liberated, only that he might execute the most sanguinary projects. Sometimes, in a fit of cowardly despair, he would call death to his assistance. He might, perhaps, at other times, have struggled against his adversity, had it been the mere consequence of blind fortune's sports; but it was the result of his own transactions, and that recollection alone aggravated the weight of his sorrows.

Several months had elapsed, and Nadir began to be accustomed, in some measure, to his cruel captivity, of which he could not foresee the end. He was kindly thankful for being supplied with books, which served to adorn his memory and improve his mind. He was, moreover, allowed to walk into the garden belonging to the citadel, from which his health reaped great benefit, and he received great enjoyment. He was no longer the forsaken author, who had beheld with indifference the animated scenery of nature. He no longer thought himself alone when within the narrow limits of a parterre, or of a forest of myrtle or lemon trees. Now the simple verdure, the sweet warbling of the birds created the most pleasing sensations; the harmony of the heavens raised his thoughts towards the Father of all beings, and caused him to smile contemptuously at the importance with which we view our mean projects, our insignificant contentions. By degrees he accustomed himself to pronounce with respect the name of Alzor, whom he had almost forgotten in the days of his prosperity. He could only upbraid the sprite with too much condescension, and would often repeat:—*Learn how to moderate thy wishes.* However, the recollection of Elma was constantly uppermost in his mind. An inward voice whispered to him that Elma still existed. "She very little suspects," would Nadir say,

"that I am now watering with my tears the pavement of a gloomy dungeon. Could she whom I have so grievously offended, pity me still? Alas! how could I credit that she was no longer herself? How could I hope ever to find an excuse for mine own inconstancy? She had ceased writing to me! But from whom did I hear it?—from a perfidious man, entirely destitute of principles. Has not sad experience taught me that the generality of men were deceitful? Wherefore did not I return hastily into the country? Elma could not have treated me with disregard or inattention. I ought at least, when I met her, to have cleared my doubts, confessed my errors, and have deserved being pardoned. Alas! I no longer knew how to love, I only wished to please. I have presumed to offer gold to Elma! I knew her not;—I did not even know myself:—the dangerous little book had metamorphosed my being:—let mine enemies keep it, and they will be sufficiently punished! They have left me, however, a treasure, of which I ought to have known the real value. How sweet were Elma's accents when, presenting me with a lock of her hair, she said, 'That will bring Elma back to your remembrance.' Ah! if, since I had only shewn it to Elma, it would have brought Nadir back to the remembrance of his friend. By uttering one single word I might have resumed the figure under which I had inspired an innocent, tender affection; but I was devoured with ambition, I wished to command others, and had not a sufficient command over myself. How came I to forget Elma, to offer to unite my destiny to that of another woman whom I had never seen?—because she brought me a throne for her portion! I am ruined beyond redemption. In the company of men, and in the intoxication of power, I have contracted errors, and the most odious vices. I am no longer deserving of Elma; a faithful and virtuous man alone is worthy of possessing those charms, that heart which I knew not how to appreciate.—Respectable Alzor, keep watch over her; let her be happy, and I shall die content."

At these words Nadir fell, extended on the cold pavement, into a lethargic slumber, that bore the appearance of eternal

sleep. Meanwhile, what was the loving Elma doing? Having lost all hopes of ever meeting with her lover again, and in order to avoid the disgraceful pursuit of the steward, she had returned to the rural spot where every object seemed to reflect the image of the man she adored. There she spent her days in deep melancholy and solitude. Upon the first report of Nadir's disasters, Alzor went to visit her; but, contrary to his usual habit, condescended to speak to the innocent maid. He gave her a brief account of our hero's different metamorphoses, which twice put her to the blush. He easily prevailed on her to accompany him; and it may as easily be guessed, towards what part they directed their course. Wrapped up in a cloud, they could hear whatever Nadir said: Alzor was delighted at the sensations which every word created in the agitated mind of Elma, who cast upon the sprite a glance, of which he plainly understood the meaning, and he presented her Nadir's pardon and discharge. To Love it was reserved to break off the ponderous fetters. Alzor next touched Nadir's eye-lids with

the lock of hair. Our hero started, and his eyes were scarcely opened when he met those of Elma.—How is their ecstasy to be expressed!

Alzor carried the two lovers to the spot where they had first enjoyed happiness. He united them, gave them salutary advice, and would often come to witness the felicity which was the result of their adherence to it. He intended at first to bestow on Nadir a gift to forget his own history; but upon second thoughts, he was satisfied with saying: "The experience we derive from the errors which we have committed, and the fatal consequences that have attended them, must in future guard us against either."

As soon as I had pronounced aloud the above moral sentence, I held my tongue. The company that had been listening to me, then exclaimed, in a chorus:—"You might very well have dispensed taking the trouble of translating that little work. Except Elma's fidelity, it is all as in Babylon."

And they all went away, regretting Alzor's little book.

YOUTHFUL ERRORS AMENDED, AND THE REWARD OF CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

A TALE FROM THE SPANISH.

THERE is no city more famed for the exercise of science and every liberal art than that of Toledo; there the youth of Spain receive the best instruction, and there they have an opportunity of obtaining that fine polish of manner, which enables them to shine in the first classes of society. At the same time it is a dangerous situation for those who know not how to master their passions and inclinations, as it is the abode of pleasure, as well as of learning, and it abounds with women of the most fascinating beauty and manners, who are very far from cruel.

Don Ferdinand was a nobleman of an ancient and illustrious family of Castille, and he soon became a victim to the licentiousness too much practiced at Toledo, and engaged in those scenes of excess which were held out to him by young

libertines of the same age as himself. His fortune by no means answered to his birth; and being allowed but a very moderate pension from his father during the time of his studies, he lent an ear to the dangerous advice of those by whom he was surrounded, and had recourse to gambling and other kind of arts unworthy of a gentleman, in order to satisfy his thirst for pleasure. All these vices were concealed under a fair outside, and by the most sprightly and insinuating manners, so that he was always a welcome guest among the ladies. He was very ambitious of being introduced to a young stranger, who had lately lost her father and mother, and having no other relations left, she lived at Toledo, and might be said to be entirely her own mistress.

Her extreme vivacity made her only desirous of seeing amongst her numerous ad-

mirers those who could divert her; yet in the choice of a husband she looked for a man of sensibility. Notwithstanding the libertinism of Don Ferdinand, he became constant to his amiable mistress, and spared no pains to render himself agreeable. All his little winning attentions produced the desired effect; and the lady flattered herself she could be happy with him, if his views were honourable: she was not, however, a stranger to his excesses, but she looked on them as the follies of youth, which more ripened age would reform; and self-love told her, that an union with herself might render him more correct.

Don Ferdinand soon perceived that in spite of the vivacity of Donna Juana, he should never obtain her favour, but through honourable means. He spoke, therefore, of her to all her most intimate acquaintance, as one whom he desired ardently to hail by the title of his wife, and threw out hints to her servants, that it was his intention to marry their mistress. It was then the summer season, and Donna Juana past a long part of the night at her balcony, where Don Ferdinand took care to divert her: accompanied by a party of his friends they performed burlettas, masques, and concerts under her windows, and this assiduity to please, was crowned with success; for it touched the heart of Donna Juana. Ferdinand soon drew from her the soft confession of her love, so dangerous for a female to make to one of so frivolous a character.

He knew but too well how to take advantage of the frankness and susceptibility of Juana's disposition. Since the death of his father, which took place a few months before, he depended solely on his mother, and he assured Donna Juana, that he would marry her as soon as he could obtain her consent.

For six months the love of Don Ferdinand testified no abatement, and Donna Juana, judging of his heart by her own, imagined him to be sincere. Her confidence rendered her the dupe of an Italian, with whom she had lately formed an intimacy, and this woman, though in the wane of her charms, was yet pleasing in her person, and captivating in her manners. She pretended to a knowledge in astrology, and declared she knew how to compose

talismans, and by these means she often duped the credulous.

Lucretia, for that was her name, had not with these occult sciences, found out the art of a preservative against love. Don Ferdinand appeared to her so amiable, that she conceived for him a violent passion, and she had the art to let him know it, without committing herself: she wrote to him a letter, wherein she told him, that while she thought his engagement with Juana was an honourable one, she would not think of disputing with her the conquest of his heart; but now finding it was nothing but a commerce of gallantry, which was, of course, very expensive to him, she offered to support him, and left it to his choice as a man of sense, how to decide.

Though her beauty, when in its first brilliancy, could never have been equal to that of Donna Juana, Don Ferdinand suffered himself to be led away by his natural propensity to change: his affairs were much deranged, and though he did not break entirely with Juana, he lent a willing ear to the proposals of Lucretia. His conduct raised suspicions in the breast of Juana, and she was soon convinced they were not without foundation. She reproached him with his infidelity, but seeing her reproaches were of no avail, she dissembled her grief, and waited with patience till time might bring with it a remedy for her sorrows. Don Ferdinand, covered with confusion, returned to her, and she seemed dearer to him than ever; but Lucretia perceiving this, redoubled her presents and caresses.

Donna Juana was conscious of the superiority her youth and beauty gave her over her rival; she, therefore, thought there must be something supernatural in this business, and she attributed to magic her ascendancy over the heart of Don Ferdinand; she fell dangerously ill, but her youth, and naturally good constitution, triumphed over her disorder; yet a languid melancholy remained on her spirits, and Don Ferdinand, notwithstanding his infatuation, saw her frequently, and tried by every tender attention to comfort her, while he carefully evaded the promise he had made of marrying her; and he laid plans with Lucretia, to separate himself en-

tirely from her, when Juana herself spared him the trouble. During her sickness, she had made many serious reflections on the character and conduct of Ferdinand, and she thought it was not possible for her to be happy with a man who gave himself up to such depravity of manners. She was in possession of youth and beauty; she was gay and lively to a degree of indiscretion, but her heart was excellent: that heart had rendered her miserable by its sensibility, and she determined to quit a world wherein she had been made to suffer the stings of ingratitude from the person she most loved. She sent for Don Ferdinand, and making him sit down by her couch, she told him she wished to speak with him on what interested him as well as herself; that she saw too late, how ill their sentiments agreed, and that she gave him back the promise he had made her of becoming her husband; informing him, at the same time, of her determination of ending her days in a convent.

Don Ferdinand dissembled the joy he felt on this occasion, and appeared to be penetrated with grief at this determination, and as soon as the lovely victim of his perfidy had entered her convent, he went to congratulate his Italian on their mutual deliverance.

Lucretia having got rid of her rival, left Don Ferdinand more at his liberty. He frequented the billiard tables, and other gaming societies, where his losses were prodigious, so that he borrowed immense sums, in the hopes of being soon able to reimburse them by the death of his mother, who was now very old and infirm. This good lady, hearing of his rupture with Donna Juana, resolved on his marrying, in order to render him, if possible, more steady. She cast her eyes on the daughter of a merchant of immense wealth, or reputed to be so, and Donna Clara was his only child: she was beautiful, virtuous, and sensible, but from amongst her numerous admirers she had selected a young Marquis, by whom she was tenderly beloved.

Don Ferdinand heard of all this, but he was not dismayed; he was fully persuaded of the good sense and virtue of Donna Clara, and he looked upon a marriage with her as a certain means of arranging the distracted state of his affairs: his offers were

accepted, the marriage was solemnized, and Don Ferdinand, fully persuaded of the opulence of his father-in-law, expected he would defray all his debts. The merchant not being in a situation to answer these expectations, quitted Toledo one month after the marriage of his daughter, by night, repaired to Seville, and embarked for the Indies, leaving his daughter exposed to all the fury of her husband, and his own affairs in the utmost disorder.

This young libertine had only contracted this marriage with the view of living more at his ease, and finding himself now without money and without hopes, he treated his wife extremely ill. The mother of Don Ferdinand, knowing her to be innocent of the faults of her father, behaved towards the unfortunate young lady with the greatest kindness, and was resolved to be her friend on every occasion.

Lucretia, who was furious at the marriage of Ferdinand, forbade him her house; he had no one else to whom he could apply for money, and he fell dangerously ill. Lucretia, who could not hear this news without inquietude, as soon as he was recovered sufficiently to go out, recalled him; but Donna Clara became the object of her vengeance, and she fomented the rage which Ferdinand had already conceived against his innocent wife, whom the death of Ferdinand's mother now deprived of all support.

The Marquis had always felt for Donna Clara the same sentiments; he could not hear the account of her misfortunes without being sensibly touched, and he sought every occasion to be of service to her; but she would neither see him nor receive any letters from him. Her constant virtue rendered the libertinism of her husband yet more odious, and her own conduct more deserving of applause. At length, the life he led with Lucretia was so scandalous, that the corregidor thought proper to interfere: hearing of his design, they made a precipitate flight, and under borrowed names, retired to Seville; Don Ferdinand leaving his wife with four children, without any means of supporting themselves. Clara, not knowing what was become of her husband, was obliged to part with her only servant, and to endeavour to support herself and her family by the labour of her

hands. She generally sat at work in an apartment on the ground floor, which looked into the street; and one day, Don Sancho (the name of the Marquis), as he drew near the window, was a witness of her sorrows; he tapped gently against the gate, and obliged her to enquire who was there? "Ah! Clara," said he, "I, alone, of all your lovers, have remained sensible to your sorrows; why will you carry your contempt so far as to refuse my offers of assuaging your misery?" Clara answered him from the window, "I am now married, Sir," said she; "and if I felt myself flattered by your preference when I was disengaged, I am under an obligation to be faithful to my husband to the very letter, however ill he may behave towards me. If you still regard me, the greatest proof you can give

me, is to retire immediately, and not give my neighbours cause to arraign my conduct."—"That conduct, I must ever applaud," said the Marquis; "scandal is always on the watch, and I will immediately depart: all I request of you is to accept a thousand crowns from me, and do not for a moment imagine that I offer them with a view of shaking your principles."—"I do not now want to learn the generosity of your character," said Clara. "I know also my own heart, Don Sancho: nature has given to it such a propensity to gratitude, that I, perhaps, should over-rate your benefits, did I suffer myself to accept them." So saying, she gently closed the window, and left Don Sancho in admiration of her virtue and delicacy of mind.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE PEN OF ASMODEUS.

ONE day the demon Asmodeus took a very fine pen, and made of it a secret talisman, which had the power of striking with madness every one who became possessed of it: he took care, however, that as it passed from one hand to another, he would so watch over it that it should not be destroyed. After all this was settled, he launched it forth into the world.

The first person to whose lot it fell, was a youth, who languished for the greatest beauty of all beauties, whom he could not obtain, and to whom he wrote the most extravagant protestations, as well as to her parents. It then became the property of a Prince, and turned his head for an opera-singer, for whom he had the honour of ruining himself. From him it passed to a fashionable Abbe, and inspired him to serve his best friend by carrying off his wife, after having just preached an energetic sermon on the real duties of christianity.

Thrown out of the window by Mr. Abbe in a fit of petulance, at not being able to make a rhyme, our heroine was picked up by a cobbler; and soon the poor devil became so mad, that he wanted a strait waistcoat. He deserted his poor Peggy, sang no more, affected to march with gravity, and declared war against the rich and noble. His companions imitated him; My Lady Pen extended her influ-

ence over them; all at once they were seen throwing their three-legged stools against the hotels, and beginning to destroy and overthrow every thing. The nobility, the clergy, the middle classes, all assembled to put an end to this tumult; they had some power at first, but the confounded pen got between their fingers, and all their power was at an end.

Then they accused, without any motive, the royal prerogative; next minute restored all its rights; and always inconsistent, suppressed the nobility, declared the person of the King sacred and inviolate, then conducted him to prison, and brought him to judgment. After this great stroke, the safety of persons and property was proclaimed; and the next moment all the rich were declared, guilty and the nobles were sent out of the country. France became a republic, and two or three little rulers were installed, each one more imperious than the other. Liberty was unlimited, yet every one was put to death that dared to maintain an opinion.

To watch over the general safety, the beneficent pen established a committee; immediately the prisons became crowded with people of each sex and of all ages; and the greatest part of these free people were suspected. At length the committee for public safety took the most salutary

FUGITIVE POETRY.

GASK's TOWER ; OR, THE HEADLESS SPECTRE.

A ROMANTIC TALE, FROM "HENRY THE SCOTTISH MINSTREL."

Trust right wele that all this be sooth indeed

Supposing it be no point of the creed.—The WALLACE, BOOK V.

DARK the storm begins to lour,
Now the shades of night fall fast,
Furious o'er the barren moor,
Sweeps the rising tempest's blast.

Hark! the thunder rolls along,
See, that light'ning's vivid blaze,
Gleams upon an armed throng;
Helm and nodding plume displays.

Who is he, that martial knight,
Leader of this little band,
Cas'd in panoply so bright,
Arm'd with spear, and shield, and brand?

Know ye not that hero's name,
Lives it not in minstrel's lay?
Wallace bold, of deathless fame,
Never will his praise decay.

Ask you why these warriors brave
All the dangers of the night?
Though the tempest round them rave,
Onward why they urge their flight?

But that forky flash so blue,
Which yon nitrons clouds swift pour,
Has disclosed to their view
Gask's lone ruin'd mould'ring tower.

Now they reach the postern gate,
Cross in haste the fosse profound,
Every breast with joy elate,
That a shelter they have found.

Listen, listen to my rede; *
I to you can truly tell,
Why they fly with cautious speed,
How pursued thro' glen and dell.

Wallace boldly did oppose,
With his brave and gallant few,
On this day a host of foes,
Britain's fierce usurping crew.

'Twas on Black-ernes rugged side,
Where the martial bands engag'd,
Freemen's spears in blood were dy'd,
Wild the swell of conflict rag'd.

Many a South'ron bit the plain,
Scottish brands and spears were keen;
Many a gallant Scot was slain,
And 'scap'd the slaughter but sixteen.

Sharp and hot was the pursuit,
Blood-hounds of the keenest scent,
Trac'd the flying heroes' route,
Track'd the very path they went.

But if blood be spilt, they say,
It will mar their scent so keen;
Blood was spilt by chance that day,
And the truth was fully seen.

Fawdon came from Erin's land,
Dark and savage was the wight,
Join'd the heroes' little band,
And escap'd with them in flight.

Whilst effecting their retreat,
Fawdon would no farther go;
'Twas in vain to sue, entreat;
Still the savage answered—"No."

Rose the hero's passion high,
Drew his brand; with gore 'twas red,
Thought, perchance, he was a spy,
Lopp'd the savage laggard's head.

Soon the sleuth hounds scent the gore,
Soon the fatal spot they gain;
Here their stern pursuit is o'er,
Blows or cheering prove in vain.

Now they're safe in Gask's old tow'r,
Shelter'd by these ruins lone;
It is midnight's awful hour,
Hark! What means yon bugle horn?

At the postern gate they hear,
Loud a bugle blast resound;
It was hollow, shrill, and drear,
And it seem'd no earthly sound.

High amazement seiz'd the band,
Should their foes have trac'd them there;
Every warrior drew his brand,
Bent one common fate to share.

'Two were straight dispatched to see
What could mean this summons bold;
Whether friend or foeman he,
Who had trac'd them to this hold.

Those within impatient burn'd,
Long the dread result to know;
But their comrades ne'er return'd;
Still the horn was heard to blow.

* Tale.

Terror reigns in fullest pow'r,
 Hark ! the horn grows louder still !
 Seems to shake the very tower,
 With its tones so deep and shrill.
 Mixed with the tempest's swell,
 Strange unearthly voices drear,
 And a deep mouth'd blood-hound's yell,
 Howling round they seem to hear :
 Two by two the warriors went,
 Till the chief was left alone ;
 None return'd that there were sent,
 What their fate was, never known.
 Then the horn more loudly blew,
 Wallace summons all his might ;
 To the postern down he flew—
 What an object blazes his sight !
 Fawdon's headless ghost was there !
 Horror froze the warrior's blood,
 Rose erect his bristling hair,
 Like a statue fix'd he stood.
 In the spectre's hand was seen,
 Bleeding still, his ghastly head ;
 Wallace ne'er before I ween,
 Felt his soul so fill'd with dread.
 Ready to dispute the pass,
 Deeply frown'd its head so grim,
 Threatening its action was,
 Shook the chief in every limb.
 Each mortal foe he durst assail,
 Liv'd not one his soul could quell ;
 What does mortal might avail,
 'Gainst the grizzly sprites from hell ?
 Soon recover'd from his fright,
 Back he fled with furious haste
 To the tower ;—the vengeful sprite
 Fast the flying hero chac'd.
 Up the winding stairs he flew,
 Leading to the watch-tower high ;
 Still the spectre did pursue,
 But a window met his eye.
 Iron bars the outlet guard,
 Nerv'd with terrors at the fay,
 Shook them furiously and hard,
 Eat by rust, they soon gave way.
 Fearless thence himself he cast ;
 Close beneath the watch-tower's wall,
 Flow'd a river, deep and fast,
 Broke the hero's lofty fall.
 Fear the knight with speed supplied,
 Terrors strong his mind assail,
 Fast he floated down the tide,
 'Till his strength began to fail.
 As he stopp'd to breathe awhile,
 Now a landing place was near ;
 Back to Gask's lone ruin'd pile,
 Thence he threw a glance with fear.
 Sudden horror thrill'd his soul,
 Scarce he thought himself secure,
 Flames their spiry columns roll,
 Round that dread terrific tower.

Fiercer than the beacon's blaze,
 Which in time of war burns bright,
 Far around it shot its rays,
 Gleaming horribly thro' night.
 On the battlements he saw
 (More than mortal was its size)
 The dread spectre of his foe,
 Bursting on his wond'ring eyes.
 In the vengeful spirit's hand,
 Bright a burning beam did glare,
 Round he whirl'd the flaming brand,
 Sparks hiss'd dreadful thro' the air.
 Think what rapture and delight,
 Thrill thro' all the warrior's frame,
 That he had escap'd the sprite,
 And you tower enwrap't in flame !
 Oh ! could he have 'scap'd as well
 British Edward's deadly hate,
 As this denizen of hell ;
 But his doom was fix'd by fate.
 Dragg'd from his dear native land,
 By a ruthless despot's pow'r,
 Doom'd to die on foreign strand,
 Fate push'd on the hero's hour.
 Scotia's children at his name,
 Feel within their bosoms burn
 Bright the patriotic flame ;
 Still bedew with tears his urn.
 Marble and recording brass, †
 May prove faithless to the tale,
 Which to them committed was ;
 When both time and rust assail.
 But immortal is his praise,
 A fame ;—which time cannot deform ;
 That will bloom in future days,
 Unsubdu'd by every storm.

J. PERCY.

† On Thursday the 22d of September, being the anniversary of the victory obtained by the brave Sir William Wallace, at Stirling Bridge, in the year 1297, the Earl of Buchan dedicated the colossal statue of the hero, formerly announced to the public as being in progress, in the following very laconic and impressive manner :—

"In the name of my brave and worthy country, I dedicate this monument as sacred to the memory of Wallace :—

"The peerless Knight of Ellerslie,
 "Who wav'd on Ayr's romantic shore
 "The beamy torch of liberty !
 "And roaming round from sea to sea,
 "From glade obscure, or gloomy rock,
 "His bold compatriots called to free
 "The realm from Edward's iron yoke."

The situation of this monumental statue is truly striking, and commands a lovely view. When the work is quite finished, it will have a fine effect. The simple and sublime inscription from Thomson's *Autumn*, is to be

"Great Patriot Hero!—Ill-requtted Chief."

ON A LAWYER.

A plaintiff thus explained his cause
 To counsel learned in the laws :—
 " My bond-maid lately ran away,
 " And in her flight was met by A,
 " Who, knowing she belong'd to me,
 " Espous'd her to his servant B.
 " The issue of this marriage, pray ?
 " Do they belong to me, or A ?"
 The lawyer, true to his vocation,
 Gave sign of deepest cogitation,
 Look'd at a score of books, or near,
 Then hemm'd, and said, " Your case is clear.
 " Those children, so begot by B
 " Upon your handmaid must, you see,
 " Be your's, or A's.—Now this I say :
 " They can't be your's, if they to A
 " Belong—it follows then, of course,
 " That if they are not his, they're your's.
 " Therefore—by my advice—in short,
 " You'll take the opinion of the court."

ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

HEALTH, brightest visitant from heaven,
 Grant me with thee to rest !
 For the short time by nature given,
 Be thou my constant guest !

For all the pride that wealth bestows,
 The pleasure that from children flows
 Whate'er we court in regal state
 That make men covet to be great ;
 Whatever sweet we hope to find
 In love's delightful snare,
 Whatever good by heaven assign'd,
 Whatever pause from care,
 All flourish at thy smile divine ;
 The spring of loveliness is thine,
 And every joy that warms our hearts
 With thee approaches and departs.

ON A DAUGHTER WHO DIED YOUNG.

SWEET maid, thy parents fondly thought
 To strew thy bride-bed, not thy bier ;
 But thou hast left a being fraught
 With wiles and toils and anxious fear.
 For us remains a journey drear,
 For thee a blest eternal prime,
 Uniting in thy short career,
 Youth's blossom, with the fruit of time.

G.

FASHIONS

FOR

DECEMBER, 1814.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—POLONAISE FULL DRESS.

This tasteful and novel dress, for which we are obliged to the elegant invention of Mrs. Bell, is composed of rose-colour French gauze, and the body, as our readers will perceive by the Plate, is calculated to display to the greatest advantage the shape of the wearer ; nothing can possibly exhibit a fine neck and bosom more strikingly than the front of this dress. The white satin band which goes round the waist fastens in a tasteful bow behind ; the trimming of the bottom is exquisitely fancied, and the whole dress may be pronounced the most striking, tasteful, and elegant that we have ever seen. The beautiful cap which accompanies this dress, was invented by Mrs. Bell expressly for a lady of high

distinction, who is partial to feathers. This cap, called the Polonaise, is made with a full puffing of blond lace, confined with beads, in various folds ; it is also made either in plain or spangled white lace, crape, delicate white kerseymere, or for matronly ladies in white satin : the form of this head-dress is perfectly novel and elegantly becoming ; its graceful effect is much heightened by the feathers with which it is ornamented ; there is not, perhaps, any appendage to full dress which, in the hands of an elegant and tasteful *belle*, may be rendered so becoming as feathers ; the late lovely and unfortunate Marie Antoinette was particularly fond of them, and when she led the fashions of Europe they were in high reputation. It must, however, be confessed,

that every thing depends upon the manner of placing them; and when worn in the hair, the bad taste of a *femme de chambre* often spoils their effect; but this cannot happen where, as in the instance before us, they are worn in a cap. Feathers also heighten the splendour of full dress considerably, and they are also well calculated to give a degree of dignity to the figure of a slight and youthful *belle*. Necklace, bracelets, and earrings of diamonds. Small crape fan exquisitely embroidered in silver; and white kid slippers and gloves complete this elegant dress.

NO. 2.—OPERA, THEATRE, EVENING PARTIES, AND CARRIAGE WRAP.

White lace frock over a white satin slip, made to fit the shape in front, and laced up on each side of the bosom, with white silk cord; full back, drawn only in three places, that is at the bottom of the waist, at the top, and between the shoulders; double quilling of blond, edged with white penny ribband round the bosom, and a double row of the same round the bottom of the dress. Over this is thrown the new wrapping cloak, manufactured from the wool of the female lama; unlike most other inventions of a similar nature, it is both elegant and useful: a fine figure appears in it to considerable advantage. With respect to the cloth, we never saw anything so exquisitely beautiful; its delicate softness, its transcendent fineness; and, what is, perhaps, a superior recommendation, the warmth which it communicates to the frame, renders it an indispensable appendage to the out-door costume of ladies of fashion; and we congratulate Mrs. Bell upon an invention which will contribute so much to the comfort of the fair sex.—This wrap will effectually secure ladies from the effects of colds, which are generally created by ladies leaving the opera, the theatre, evening parties, or their carriage, without a proper covering; it is made so: that it may be worn over the most elegant dress, without the least deranging it; and thrown off the dress momentarily. To render the wrap more useful, the Ladies' *Chapeau Bras* forms the hood: thus the most effectual means are conceived for the prevention of colds, incidental to the

winter, and the danger of leaving warm places, without a proper covering. The trimming which ornaments the wrap is the newly invented Britannia trimming, far more elegant than fur, and the best substitute for fur hitherto discovered. It has, we understand, cost Mrs. Bell much trouble and expence, to bring it to its present perfection; it is intended not only for trimmings, but also for hats, bonnets, &c. a purpose for which it is most admirably adapted. One of the chief recommendations of this trimming, is its novelty, nothing of the kind having ever been introduced before; and, perhaps, no article which has ever been brought before the public, is so well calculated to answer the purposes for which it is intended. As a substitute for fur, its merits are obvious, while from the lightness of its texture it is considerably more elegant than fur; for muff's and tip-pets, it is far superior to swansdown; and our fair fashionables consider it so elegant in hats and bonnets, that they order scarcely any thing else.

The above dresses were invented by Mrs. Bell, Inventress of the Ladies' *Chapeau Bras*, and of whom only they can be had, at her *Magazin des Modes*, No. 26, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

The early meeting of Parliament, has made the town unusually full for the season, and the annals of fashion, for the ensuing winter, promises to be more than commonly brilliant.

In the promenade costume, our fair pedestrians seem to vie with each other in the richness rather than in the variety of their attire. Pelisses are still in the highest estimation, but we have no variety to notice in their form, which is simply that described in our last Number; the materials of which they are composed, are either cloth, kerseymere, velvet, or satin; dark colours seem more in favour than they have yet been for the last two or three winters; dark green, bright purple, ruby, and

brown, are generally worn; but black satin stamped with a rich black velvet, upon a new principle, lined with rose-colour sarsnet, has just been introduced by Mrs. Bell, and made for a lady of the first rank and fashion. This pelisse is certainly a novelty, and the most elegant pelisse made this season. Ermine, swansdown, sable, and seal-skin, are the usual trimmings; the two former are most in request, seal-skin has, we think, declined since our last Number, and sable is worn only partially.—However, we think all the trimmings will be superseded by the trimming which is invented by Mrs. Bell. Pelisses are seldom worn unaccompanied by a shawl or scarf, and the value of these tasteful appendages to the walking costume is frequently very great. India shawls are, of course, in the highest estimation, but those of Spain are, in our opinion, equally beautiful; the richness of their texture, the superb borders with which they are ornamented, and their being, in some degree, novel, render them favourites. We must not forget to observe, that our own imitations of India shawls, have attained a perfection which we could hardly have expected; and, in some instances, the imitation has been so good, that it must be a connoisseur who could detect the difference. They are much worn.

The beautiful cloth, for the introduction of which we are indebted to Mrs. Bell, and of whom alone it may be had, will, it is probable, be adopted by *belles* of taste, in the walking costume, as much as it is now worn for wrapping cloaks. Its novelty and elegance, as well as the uncommon beauty of its texture, would render it a most superior article for pelisses; and if worn for cloaks, lined with white sarsnet, and trimmed with silk mole-skin, or Britannia trimming, it would be, we are certain, uncommonly attractive: speaking of cloaks, we must not forget to observe, that they are in high estimation for the promenade, but they are generally worn with a cloth or velvet dress, to correspond; the dress and mantle, which we are about to describe, is very pretty.

High dress of superfine pale brown cloth, made tight to the shape, and very short in the waist; it buttons up the front

with straps, which are edged with amber satin; to each button, which we should observe, is of amber silk, a small light tassel depends; there is rather more than half a quarter distance between the straps; the bottom of the dress is trimmed with amber satin, which is put on in a manner the most tasteful, but which we cannot easily describe; it is a kind of puckering, intersected with a newly invented gyp, it is laid on about half a quarter in breadth, and is edged at each side with a floss silk trimming, about an inch in breadth. The body is made quite high in the throat, at the back of the neck, and comes down at each side, so as to shew a richly worked shirt in front, a triple-row of lace goes round the neck. Long sleeve, made full down the middle of the arms, and ornamented with amber silk buttons. The cloak is about a yard in length, and is very novel in its form, it is about half a yard long in front, and quite straight, but the ends are rounded very much, and it is formed to draw in behind; it is formed behind to the shape of a full back, and a rich lacing of amber silk cord at each side, has a very striking effect, small round cape, and high collar, trimmed to correspond with the dress. Wellington hat, composed of intermingled amber satin and brown cloth, and ornamented according to the taste of the wearer, with a low plume of either brown or amber feathers. The *tout ensemble* of this dress is striking and elegant.

Seal skin hats and bonnets continue to be worn, but velvet or satin French hats are, beyond doubt, higher in estimation; the D'Angouleme bonnet, however, which is just introduced, promises to rival them; the crown is shaped like a French hat, and the front, which is cut out on one side, is quite slouched on the other; a ribbon to correspond, and a bunch of winter flowers, are the ornaments of this bonnet, which at present is very much the *ton*. Mrs. Bell, whose correct and elegant taste enables her to new-model the Parisian fashions in the most becoming manner, has, we understand, produced an improved D'Angouleme bonnet, in her beautiful newly-invented Britannia trimming; we have no doubt that it will be found attractive; the material itself is, in fact, the most beautiful and

appropriate thing for bonnets, trimmings, &c. that we have ever seen; it is at once light, rich, elegant, and novel; the latter recommendation would, with most of our fair fashionables, be of itself sufficient; but the Britannia trimming has more solid claims to general favour than novelty, its effect as a trimming is far superior to that of any description of fur for which it is intended as a substitute, and it is not only appropriate to pelisses, &c. but it is also admirably calculated for every description of dinner dress; its effect on velvet is particularly striking and beautiful: but, to return to the walking costume. Since the introduction of scarfs, &c. fur tippets have declined considerably in favour, and are now but very little worn.

In the carriage costume Mrs. Bell's wrapping cloak, of which we have already spoken, is in the highest estimation; velvet cloaks and pelisses, and large India shawls, are also in very great request; spencers are exploded; purple velvet cloaks, lined with white sarsnet, and edged with the newly introduced Britannia trimming, have a most elegant effect.

The mourning for her Sicilian Majesty was confined entirely to the court, and it has offered us nothing of novelty to lay before our fair readers, we shall pass therefore to those dresses of the month which we think worthy of their attention.

In the morning costume chintz still retains its estimation, although the French washing silks are also much in favour, and French cambric and jaconet muslin, richly trimmed with lace, are also worn by many *elegantes*. In the form of high dresses there is little novelty; the waists are, if possible, shorter than ever; the backs of dresses continue about the same breadth as last month, but collars, notwithstanding the coldness of the season, are quite on the decline; morning dresses are now almost universally made in the manner of the cloth dress which we have described, in speaking of the walking costume; where they are of silk or chintz, they display underneath a rich shirt, and are trimmed on each side of the front with silk trimming, full plaiting of ribband, or, as we have noticed in a few instances, a piece of chintz better than a nail in breadth, cut at each side in scollops, which are edged with a very narrow ribband, and

this trimming is then quilled full and set on. The bottoms of dresses are trimmed to correspond, except that "rows on rows" of trimming arise, as they have done for some time past.

For dinner dress poplins, sarsnets, and velvets are most general; cloth is also worn but partially. The ladies who have recently returned from Paris have brought with them French silks, which might vie with the brocades of our grand-mamas for substance and durability; nothing can indeed be more beautiful than those double-sided silks, as they are called; but as their importation is strictly prohibited, many of our fair fashionables are obliged to content themselves with our imitation of them, some of which are excellent. Irish poplins have lost nothing of their attraction, but they are generally worn in light colours; bright faun, amber, drab, Clarence blue, and olive-green, are all in general request; and although various trimmings are fashionable, lace, particularly blond, is in the highest estimation; it is, however, more generally appropriated to full than to dinner dresses, except blond net, which is quilled very full on dinner dresses, the one which we are about to describe struck us as being very elegant and tasteful in no common degree.

Frock of amber Irish poplin, tight to the shape, and very short in the waist, cut very low all round the bosom, and made to lace behind. The bottom of the dress is cut in points, three rows of which are placed one above another, and trimmed with full plaiting of blond net, in the middle of which is tacked either a silk beading, or a dark penny ribband: a double row of smaller points trimmed in a similar manner, goes round the bosom and falls over. Plain short white satin sleeve, with an epaulet formed of points to correspond; simply elegant as this dress appears, the very great quantity of blond used renders it very expensive. We have to observe, that full bodies are, in every thing but muslin or white lace, entirely exploded, and cloth dresses are now trimmed only with silk trimming, ribband being quite on the decline.

In full-dress white satin, crape, and velvet for matronly *belles*, are very general,

but French gauze is more in request than any thing else; it is worn over white satin, and trimmed in general with blond. In the form of full-dress gowns we have no variety to notice; frocks are still universal, the elegant one which we have given in our Print is deservedly the highest in estimation, but the one which we are about to describe, though less striking and tasteful, is yet worthy of the attention of our fair readers.

It is composed of striped French gauze of the palest green, and is worn over a white satin slip, is trimmed at bottom with a single row of the most beautiful broad blond lace, put on very full, and edged at top with a very pretty trimming of silk net, the edge of this trimming, which is composed of floss silk is extremely beautiful; there is nothing particular in the form of the body, except that it is sloped on each side of the bosom, so as to display an under front of similar materials to the trimming at bottom. Tucker of broad blond net, quilled in very full to the front only. Short white satin sleeve, over which are three rows of blond lace set on very full. This dress is at present a very great favourite, but we apprehend that the one which we have presented our fair readers with, will shortly completely supersede it.

There is little alteration in the manner of wearing the hair since our last Number. Some *elegantes* wear it full on the right side, while a part of the hind hair is brought across the forehead on the left, and over this braid the remainder of the front hair falls in the lightest ringlets, and partly shades the cheek. The hind hair is worn as described in our last Number. This is one of those fashions which become the Grecian style of beauty, but we would not recommend it to general adoption.

In half-dress, lace caps still continue to be very general, and small lace handkerchiefs pinned at the back of the head, with the ends falling in the neck, are also in high estimation. For dinner parties we have

observed half handkerchiefs of silk net, with a border of flowers superbly embroidered in coloured silks, pinned carelessly round the head, one end hanging in the neck, and the other falling over the forehead.

These handkerchiefs, which remind us strongly of those mentioned by Lady Mary Worthley Montague, in her letters from Turkey, are extremely beautiful, and when in dark net, have over fair hair a striking effect; they are much in request, particularly with matronly *belles*.

In full dress, turbans continue to be much worn by matronly *belles*, they are in general of crape or spangled gauze.

In undress jewellery, plain gold ornaments are at present most prevalent.

In full-dress, coloured stones are very general. The most fashionable lockets are of amethyst, ruby, &c. set in pearl, and fastened round the neck by a row of pearls. We have also observed some necklaces of ruby, &c. set in pearl, which had a very elegant effect.

Many of our juvenile *belles* have no other ornament in full-dress than a beautiful *chevelure*, but in general pearls are in the highest estimation, artificial flowers being worn but very partially.

For the promenade, and indeed in some instances for the carriage costume, many of our dashing fashionables have adopted cordovan boots, which are, strictly speaking, more than half-boots; we hope that a fashion, which, in our opinion, is unfeminine and inelegant, will be short lived.

The dress slipper begins once more to assume its proper form, and the simple rosette or clasp, has given place to a rich embroidery in front, which has a very tasteful effect.

Fans continue the same as last month.

Fashionable colours for the month are dark green, bright purple, ruby, and brown, faun, amber, pale green, and French rose colour.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

COVENT GARDEN.

The Maid of the Mill has been revived at this Theatre, with new music, furnished by a confederacy of the best composers of the day. This alteration was, doubtless, necessary. The original music of *The Maid of the Mill*, unlike to that of *Love in a Village*, is not adapted to the present taste. It has nothing of that exquisite plaintiveness and simplicity which delight us, both in the new compositions, and the selected airs, of the *Beggar's Opera*, and *Love in a Village*. It is sombre and spiritless; as there is a perpetual recurrence of the same cadences, and a want of that taste which, in the present day, supersedes, with a popular audience, the labours of science itself. Whilst we condemn the old music of *The Maid of the Mill*, justice requires us to add, that we cannot much approve the new. It wants sweetness and variety; its melodies neither reach the heart nor dwell upon the ear; air after air is heard and forgotten. Miss Stephens, in *Patty*, was extremely interesting; there is such an absence of affectation in her manner, so much simplicity, and such a modest meekness, that she invariably delights. If she had a little more force and variety, which good tuition would supply, her merit as an actress would fall little short of her eminence as a singer. Sinclair's *Lord Aimworth*, was an indifferent performance; he has little conception of acting. The character itself is good, independent of the songs; and much of the dialogue is better than what occurs in any other piece of Bickerstaff's.

Mr. Kemble has re-appeared at this Theatre in the character of *Coriolanus*. Upon the general character and merits of Mr. Kemble, who has long been the ornament of the British stage, all observation is unnecessary. He has at once combined and extended his art, and given us an example of all the perfection which can be reached in dramatic exhibitions; by great talents, improved by considerable learning, and adorned and assisted by superior natural endowments. Mr. Kemble, as an actor, may be considered as the Aristotle of his art. His judgment never fails him; his taste is invariably just. If occasionally he wants that vivacity of natural feeling, and genuine tone of passion, which are so highly and justly applauded, in the performances of some of his competitors, the only remark which this deficiency can warrant, is, that Mr. Kemble is something less than perfect.

His performance of *Coriolanus* is a matchless exhibition of taste and talent. He seems, as it were, to have received the manner and demeanour of a Roman hero. He not only strengthens, but outruns the illusion of the poet; he brings us into the very gates of Rome, and introduces us

almost as spectators at the *Comitiæ*. The fierce military pride, the patrician haughtiness, the unbounded courage, the spirited contempt of the mean arts of popularity, as displayed in the character of *Coriolanus*, are transfused, with the spirit of original feeling, into Mr. Kemble. He repeats to the imagination the picture, which reading and study have impressed upon it, of the Roman patrician, in the character and circumstances of *Coriolanus*. This is at once the perfection both of the art of acting, and the art of writing. This is, in fact, all that is meant by nature; which is nothing but the correspondence of what is represented by the actor or writer, with what is conceived by the spectator or reader.

It does not belong to this criticism to follow Mr. Kemble through particular scenes; he is rather great and just in the whole, than through the detail of individual parts; and every spectator leaves the theatre, or thinks he leaves it, with the full conception of a Roman Consul.

Mr. Kemble was received with an enthusiasm of applause by a brilliant and crowded audience. His welcome seemed to impress him with sentiments honourable to him.

On Friday, Nov. 4, Miss O'Neill appeared, for the first time, in the character of *Isabella*. We understand that she has performed this character once, and once only, in Ireland, and that she never had the advantage of seeing Mrs. Siddons in this, or any other character.

The play and the characters are so well known, that it would be a waste of words to expatiate upon them. It is the only tragedy by which Southern keeps possession of the stage; and the character of *Isabella* has so peculiar and moral a dress, her sorrows are so unlike those of any other heroine of tragedy, that she is easily assimilated to the mind as a just picture of natural misery, and spreads the most anxious and lively feeling through the heart.

It is well known, that the superiority of Mrs. Siddons as a tragic actress, was chiefly marked and asserted in this bold and beautiful character. To delineate the sorrows of *Isabella*, to pourtray the feelings of a distracted wife, and a divided duty, to depict those keen emotions which spring from the compunction of what we must call an innocent crime, and blameless error; in a word, to give the force of truth to a character like this, in circumstances of specious guilt, and to represent the miseries of a delicate mind under embarrassments, brought on by herself, but without voluntary guilt, or self-imputation; this, we say, was the matchless art of Mrs. Siddons, and which, having once been exhibited by her in its highest perfection, seemed destined, like the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes, to retire from the stage with its author.

Miss O'Neill having never seen Mrs. Siddons, approached this character without the materials of imitation, or the possibility of a borrowed excellence; she undertook it as a novice, trusting to the vigour and truth of her own conceptions, and in the confidence of original, unaided powers. She is not, therefore, to be compared with Mrs. Siddons, as if acting in her school. She had no model before her eyes, but such as she saw reflected in the large mirror of nature and truth, which the Poet placed before her.

To judge her, therefore, in this character, we must not have recourse to any predecessor, but to the ancestor—the Poet. We must not, in the judgment which we pass upon her, retire back to the model of Mrs. Siddons, but must make at once our appeal to nature. And before this tribunal Miss O'Neill will come off as victoriously as Mrs. Siddons herself, though her triumph be of another sort. For notwithstanding in many parts she differs from Mrs. Siddons, yet in none can she be said to differ, either from the general standard of truth, as set up in all minds, or from the artificial nature which the imagination of the Poet presents. In the first act, when she implores Count Baldwin to receive herself and son, her distress was that of a noble mind, pierced with the sense of undeserved suffering, but willing to abandon all its native pride and dignity at the summons of maternal duty. Her affection for her child was seen to be the predominant feeling, and the whole scene was a display of anxious, vivid, parental love, in its most natural and sensible tones.

In the scene in which she reluctantly accepts the hand of *Villeroi*, the melancholy yielding, the foreboding misery, were most admirably marked; and here, above all, shone forth the characteristic quality of Miss O'Neill; we mean that propriety, that justness of conception, that soberness, perspicacity, and taste, which discriminate the least things, and give to each particular its suitable and proper importance. Her deportment in this scene had a most bewitching modesty, and was highly refined in the exterior manners. In the fourth act, where she receives the ring, and has her first interview with *Biron*, she rose to a tone of feeling and stretch of passion which electrified the audience, and which not only roused a higher admiration, but drew forth its natural tribute of tears and sympathizing sentiments. In the fifth act, in the dying scene, she was equally successful. The interest in her sufferings gradually ascended to the climax of her fate, and when she died, the house rose, as it were, with one impulse of feeling, to testify their approbation of her performance.

We do not hesitate therefore to say, that Miss O'Neill's performance of *Isabella*, has not only eclipsed her *Juliet* and *Belvidera*, but has given us an example of excellence peculiar, singular, and contradistinguished from any performance of the same character which we ever beheld. She

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appeared not only to be a mistress of the tender passions, but to possess the power of exciting the boldest and most sublime affections; to roll, as it were, the torrent of impetuous passion, and bear down every opposing obstacle. The distress of *Isabella*, as here painted, had nothing of a mawkish sorrow; it was sublimed and dignified by the capacity of the actress, and elevated to the full pitch of the poet's fancy.

In a word, Miss O'Neill's *Isabella* is one of the noblest performances of the tragic drama; and whilst it abundantly compensates the late chasm left in the stage, it recalls, and establishes upon its boards, a genuine truth and unborrowed nature, unvisited by the imitation of any former model, and founding itself upon the only just basis of all excellence—the propriety of Nature, and the grace of Art.

DRURY-LANE.

A new piece, called *Jean de Paris*, was produced at this theatre on Tuesday night, Nov. 12. The plot is founded on one of those pleasing fictions, which are light and agreeable enough to please the imagination, without offending the reason; in which the ingredients are such as the fancy readily adopts, without waiting for judgment to examine. This species of composition has been common upon all stages. It had much of reality in France, in the brilliant reign of Henry IV. when chivalry refined the manners of the courtier, and dignified the pleasures of the monarch. We have a pleasing example of a fiction of this kind in the *Florizel and Perdita* of our own stage. The story is as follows:—

Philip de Valois, enamoured by report of the Princess of Navarre, sets out on an excursion to discover whether her beauties correspond to their fame. Disguised as a merchant, with a large train of attendants, he anticipates the Princess's arrival at one of her stations on the road, bribes the landlord into a surrender of the apartments, and even the banquet intended for her, and astonishes the old Seneschal who comes to announce her approach, by declaring that if her Highness is to come at all, she must be indebted to his hospitality. The Princess arrives, discovers the trick, agitates the merchant by declaring that her heart is already disposed of, delights him by involuntary admissions of his taste in providing for her reception, beguiles him into panegyric on her beauty, and only, after having exhausted all the ingenious tortures of a woman's spirit of teasing, acknowledges that he is her "lord and lover." The play has the usual slight accompaniments of an underplot, in which Miss Kelly displays her usual talents.

This piece, which is a translation from the French, has been brought out with great taste, and the scenery and decorations are well bestowed. It is not, however, happy in the dialogue, which wants that smartness and simplicity which are peculiar to French comedy. It was extremely well performed. Elliston acted with

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great spirit, and was well supported by Mrs. Edwin. The situations were truly comic, and the piece was highly applauded throughout.

A new comedy called *Policy*, has been performed at this theatre. It has been ascribed to various authors; but it seems as yet unowned. Its success on the first night was not very great; it appeared rather to be tolerated than applauded. The main deficiency of this comedy is its total want of life and manners. It has no fidelity of painting, or truth in its characters or action.—Girls, who give away the clothes off their backs to a beggar in the streets, in a fit of charity, are not natural beings; and uncles who conceal themselves from their relatives without any probable cause, are still more out of nature. Some points of humour, and some good dialogue, occasionally occur; but they are not sufficient to compensate the want of that truth and propriety which are always required, to a certain extent, in every dramatic fiction.

On Saturday night, Nov. 5, Mr. Kean made his first appearance in the character of *Macbeth*, which the Managers have brought out with a profusion of magnificence, and a propriety of decoration and pomp highly creditable to their taste and liberality. Our stage seems, indeed, to have reached its highest point of refinement, and we much question whether Rome, in all her luxury, and Greece, in all her elegance, could rival a British theatre.

This new attempt of Kean drew together, at an early hour, an overflowing house. Every part, even to the lobbies, of this spacious theatre, was filled. The first entrance of Kean was greeted with rapture, and attention seemed to wait upon him with breathless expectation. His performance was fully equal to the finest exertions of his genius, and is upon a level with his *Richard*.

His conception was not only just, but, in many parts, original and new; adding, as it were, new discrimination and force to the character, and finishing to a more perfect point the brilliant conception of the poet; and, above all, what we have most to applaud in Kean's *Macbeth*, is the subordination of art to nature—the keeping out of sight mere technical skill, and giving the force and energy of truth to the passion and feeling of sense. In the soliloquy in the second act he was eminently happy. It never was delivered with so much effect.

Of the scene in which he murders *Duncan* we feel unable to convey any adequate idea, by critical exposition: to be valued and felt it must be seen. In the Banquet scene he was not quite so successful. He wanted dignity, and somewhat of the courtesy of a monarch; but his address to the *Ghost of Banquo* was in his best style.—Upon the whole, Kean's *Macbeth* is a performance which not only does honour to himself, but which will, in conjunction with his *Richard* and *Othello*, form a most distinguished era in the annals of the British stage.

Mrs. Bartley's *Lady Macbeth* was highly and justly applauded. The whole play was well supported, and the scenes of witchcraft, and the sublime horrors of the incantations, were admirably exhibited by the respective performers, and produced with all their suitable equipage by the Managers.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MARY; OR, THE HOLLANDERS.

A Romance. By Louis Bonaparte.

This work has already gone through two editions, the first of which was published very lately in Paris. It abounds in chaste and elegant language, as well as purity of sentiment and expression. The history is interesting; of which the following short sketch may give a proof.

Julian, the hero of the romance, is enamoured of his cousin Mary. This young lady has been brought up by a sister of Julian's, named Hermacantha, one of the most virtuous, but at the same time the most pedantic of women. The lovers are about to be united, when Julian is obliged, on important business, to take a voyage to France. The scene is at the time when the French Republic declared war against Holland; and Julian, though a Hollander, finds himself subject to the law of requisition, is enlisted for a soldier, and sent to the Army of the Alps. On hearing this, Hermacantha and Mary set off for Paris, in order to obtain, at least, an officer's commission for their kinsman. In his first engagement, Julian is taken prisoner, after having been wounded, and it is reported that he died in Polish Austria, from his wounds. The particulars of his death are sent to a friend, but they are not related by the author. The grief of Mary is inconsolable; however, other sorrows are yet in store for her. A decree is issued, which commands "all young ladies and widows to chuse a husband in six days, either amongst the military, or amongst the people, under pain of being compelled so to do." This odious law is proclaimed under the windows of Mary's dwelling; and she is, moreover, threatened "to be looked upon as an Englishwoman, and punished as such, if she opposes herself against this ordinance." But the Duke D'Ast, her relation and protector in France, has conceived for her a violent passion. He begs she will accept his hand, and thus preserve herself from being treated as an Englishwoman. The same decree obliges all the young nobility to enter the service; in consequence the Duke is an officer, and the decree is in his favour. The heroine consents to this marriage, not to save a life, which is become indifferent to her, but on the promise of the Duke to embark with her immediately to Guiana, to where Hermacantha is condemned to be banished. The marriage takes place; but in the moment that the new married

couple join Hermacantha, just as they are about to set sail, they hear the exclamation of "*The Reign of Terror is at an end.*" They all come again on shore; but Mary is still, notwithstanding, the wife of the Duke, who soon shews himself unworthy such happiness.

Soon after his marriage, he publicly takes a mistress, while his wife and Hermacantha inhabit one of his estates in the country. It is during these events that Julian is again brought on the scene. But how far the report of his death was erroneous, how, during two years, he never found an opportunity of writing to any of his friends, although he was a prisoner on parole, is not easily explained. However, it is sufficient to say, that he arrives. Still devoted to his Mary, he follows her to Holland, where she has returned with Hermacantha; and very soon afterwards they are informed of the death of the Duke, who has fallen in a duel; but on the night before the arrival of this news, Mary fearing that her reputation would be destroyed by remaining in the same place with Julian, has departed no one knows whither. Diligent search is made after her; in the meantime the dykes are broken up, and the two lovers are exposed to all the dangers of an inundation. This is their last misfortune, and the work concludes with their marriage.

The following extract on the character of the Dutch, may serve as a specimen of the language, and justness of remark in this romance:—

"To have a just view of the worth of a nation, we must observe the people in extraordinary disasters and misfortunes:—such as the ravages caused by inundations, tempests, war, sickness, and conflagrations. You will then behold the Dutch, whom many regard as cold and phlegmatic calculators, meet with calm fortitude the stern approaches of death, dispensing with liberal hand their wealth, the fruits of their labour, their wisdom and economy; from several generations, to the poorest of their countrymen, without distinction of religion, estate, or fortune, and always being actuated in their benevolence, not for what is indispensably a duty, but in proportion to the wants of their fellow creatures. From this proceeds that apparent inconsequence in the eyes of strangers, who cannot conciliate the strict economy of a Dutch family, with that prodigious generosity which they display in adversity. It is because the Hollanders always entertain the idea that they ought only to use the gifts of fortune to gratify the wants of an easy mediocrity; and that the remainder should be carefully laid by as the produce of what was obtained by their ancestors "by the sweat of their brow." That to the unfortunate who are in health, they ought only to give employment; but that they cannot do too much for the aged, the incurable, the orphan, and the sick, and in particular for those victims to public calamities, such as inundations, tempests, losses by trade, to all which calamities those are continually liable, who live,

as it may be said, on a floating soil, which is only sustained by dint of art, and which seems upheld by Providence to serve as a barrier to the Continent, from the southern ocean."

The following extract is from another letter, marking the good faith of the Hollanders in their dealings.

"I went to visit the bank with M. Vanwilhem; on my return I held forth, with much energy, on the honesty of the Dutch. M. Vanwilhem was accosted by an agent, who asked his consent to buy up a great quantity of public stock. He consented. After that we visited the apartments; and as we descended, M. Vanwilhem was informed that very bad news had arrived, and that stocks had so considerably fallen, and were yet continuing to fall, that he would lose an immense sum if he paid the price before demanded of him. 'I could not do otherwise,' said M. Vanwilhem; 'it is a great misfortune.' And he paid in good letters of exchange what had so considerably fallen in value. One of my countrymen, dear Julian, was the other day at Mr. Vanwilhem's; he took the liberty of hazarding some pleasantries on the avarice and love of money amongst the Dutch. My countryman has the reputation of a man of business; he dabbles in the stocks, and has made dupes of all who have trusted him. He has almost forgot to blush, but he was now put to the proof. 'Sir,' said M. Vanwilhem to him, 'be assured, that if we are so very fond of money, we have good sense enough not to covet any other money than our own.' My countryman's mouth was shut; I blushed for him, and we changed the conversation."

We find nothing particularly striking in this romance: there is little doubt but that it owes much of its success to the name of its author; and that man has certainly infinite merit, who after having acted a conspicuous part on the theatre of life, can retire into his closet, and console himself with the pursuits of literature, and enjoy at the same time the esteem of his cotemporaries.

Mr. Arthur Taylor has in the press, in an octavo volume, a *Historical Treatise of the Union and Coronation of the Kings and Queens of England*; with an Appendix of curious documents.

Dr. C. Wordsworth, dean of Boeking, is preparing to publish *Sermons on Practical Subjects*, for the use of families, in two octavo volumes.

Sharon Turner, Esq. has nearly ready for publication, in a quarto volume, the *History of England*, from the Norman Conquest to the reign of Edward III. after the manner of the *History of the Anglo-Saxons*.

The Rev. A. Macauley, vicar of Rothley, in Leicestershire, is preparing a *Life of Melancthon*, connected with the History of Lutheranism and the Protestant Reformation in Europe, during the sixteenth century.

Successiva Opera, or selections from ancient writers, sacred and profane, with translations and notes, by the Rev. Henry Meen, are in the press.

Select Poems of Synesius, and of Gregory Nazianzen, translated from the Greek, by H. S. Boyd, Esq. with some original poems, will soon be put to press.

The Rev. J. J. Holmes has in the press an *Elucidation of the Revelation of St. John*.

Essays Moral and Entertaining, on the various faculties and passions of the human mind, by Edward Earl of Clarendon, will soon appear in a foolscap octavo volume.

A Diary of a Journey through North Wales, is printing from a manuscript of the late Dr. Sam. Johnson; with prefatory observations, anecdotes, and notes by the Rev. Henry White.

A General History of Switzerland, as divided into nineteen cantons, with a description of the scenery, manners, customs, laws, &c. of the inhabitants, and coloured figures of the costume, is preparing for publication.

The Cadet, a poem, being remarks on British India, as it respects the happiness of those who go thither as cadets, is printing in two small octavo volumes.

Mr. John Cooper will soon publish a translation of *Ptolemy's Quadripartite*, with notes and observations.

Mr. Norris is in the press a second edition of a Practical Exposition of the Tendency and Proceedings of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

MANNERS OF THE FRENCH.

(Continued from our last.)

ON SUICIDE.—THE SECOND SUPPER OF M. GUILLAUME.

THE oftener I look out of the little triangular window of my closet, at this world in which I am but a sojourner for a few hours, the more I become an observer of men and things, and the more I am convinced, that there are neither in physics nor morals such extraordinary events as we imagine, except we reckon those of life and death; other things generally owe their origin to mere trifles. It is not then utterly impossible that this page, on which a friend to humanity traces his reflections, may fall into the hands of some unhappy person, reduced to despair, and afford him some consolation; and after having read it he may be induced, if not to live, at least to wait some time; for it is not only the action of suicide, but its precursor, if I may so express myself, which it is my intention to combat against in this discourse.

Amongst all our talents, that of timing things properly is the most useful and the least general. I am acquainted with some very brave men, who

have all their lives been reckoned cowards, merely for the want of seizing a proper opportunity of shewing their valour. How many people have been bereft of fortune, for having let slip a favourable moment, when by displaying only a tenth part of their talent, they might have prospered! On this principle which I would wish to enforce, I shall be thought perhaps to embarrass myself, when I am asked, to what purpose is the discussion in which I am engaged? What can I have to say after Montesquieu, Addison, and Rousseau, at this epocha of happiness and hope, which seems to repel every mournful idea? I may make the reply, that this epocha touches very near to that, when the scourge of suicide made the most terrible ravages in France: then a tyrannic government imposed a silence the most absolute, on the propagation of an evil, to which, at least, it was just enough to confess itself no longer a stranger. I will declare a fact, which it is easy for me to prove, if required, that the ten last years have afforded more instances of self-slaughter, than every century put together, which have preceded them. One of the causes of this contagion is destroyed, but the traces of it are yet recent; and the evil is not yet rooted out, which it is of so much importance to exterminate. If I add to this subject some few good observations, I cannot be reproached, as Plutarch reproached a certain orator, whose name I have forgot, that his reasonings were *mal-a-propos*.

Cicero maintains that suicide is not a crime, on the score of religion; but every Christian philosopher blames it as a rebellion against the decrees of Heaven.

Considering the relation it has to public morals, suicide has been well attacked by Plato and J. J. Rousseau: it has found, however, if not panegyrists, at least defenders, in Seneca and Montesquieu. Not to shew ourselves undecided amidst such authority, it is sufficient to convince ourselves, that even in adopting this dangerous principle, that a man has a right to dispose of his own life, it is never right to make it a subject of the greatest importance.

We will begin, however, by citing an anecdote, which gave a serious turn to our conversation, during our last supper, to which my friend Clenord came rather later than usual, with a very serious countenance, and for which we insisted on knowing the reason.

"I saw this morning," said he, "a female relation, who is accustomed to reside in the country, and who has been separated from us near eighteen years. I recollect, at the time we last parted, she was suckling a little girl, whom she absolutely idolized. When I just now saw her, my first care was to ask after Herminia (which was the name of the child), and I found that my question was misplaced by the grief which was diffused over the countenance of this poor lady. She turned pale, and burst into tears; and it was

not from her own lips, but from those of another, that I learnt the following detail:—

“Madame de Fremeuil (which is the name of my cousin), brought up, with the blindest fondness, a daughter of the most angelic beauty; and did nothing to stop the course of the most lively and susceptible imagination; which, but too often, while it adds to the charms of her who is gifted with it, is only the source of unhappiness to the interesting owner.

“From the age of fourteen Herminia gave herself up to melancholy musings, which were looked on as the effects of a serious and reflecting mind; reading was her chief delight, and maternal fondness, which regulated the choice of her studies, thought it did enough in preventing her from reading dangerous publications: Whether was not of that number; Herminia was delighted with it, and her head was turned with sentimental ideas before the repose of her heart had been troubled by its feelings.

“Madame de Fremeuil inhabited a country house a short distance from Charleville; a young man, named Victor Despares, whom his father, at an immense expence, had saved the third time from conscription, came to seek, about two years ago, an asylum in that house where his parents were well known, and where he was received with the kindest welcome. There are certain characters and circumstances in life which are almost sufficient to indicate the events which will necessarily follow. These young people no sooner saw each other but they loved; whatever appeared romantic in their situation, made every obstacle disappear; in the eyes of Herminia, which might cause their separation; and Madame de Fremeuil, who had only to combat against a rising passion, trembled at the idea of its being too profound for her to think of conquering it. She adored her daughter, and every consideration fled before the dread of giving her uneasiness. Victor had neither birth nor fortune; Herminia loved him the better; and her mother, who had so often applauded the theory of such a sentiment, durst scarce make the smallest objections upon the application her daughter now made of it. The marriage was determined on; but it could not take place as long as the young man remained liable to the cruel law, of which he would, if discovered, be exposed to the utmost rigour: every step was taken, and the utmost precaution; they began, in effect, to hope that Victor might obtain a general exemption, and to which he had, certainly, indisputable right.

“On the night of the 14th of last January, the house of Madame de Fremeuil was surrounded by *gens d'armes*: they forced their way in,—the unhappy conscript escaped by a back door of the garden,—they were just on the point of taking him,—he defended himself well at first, but soon fell into their power, and they dragged him with ignominy from an asylum which re-

sounded in vain with the shrieks of love and despair.

“In a mind equally tender, but less ardent, the sorrow caused by such an event might have felt some diminution. Hope might have found something whereon to lean. Herminia opposed herself in secret to every consolation which was offered her, against every sentiment which might turn her from the fatal project she had for the last week resolved on, and on the execution of which I dread to dwell. Her wretched mother found her dead on that bed which was destined to be her bridal couch.”

Madame de Montliver.—Dreadful catastrophe!

Dubuisson.—What folly!

Moussinot.—What madness!

Duterrier.—What a false calculation! Tell me then, why should we not kill ourselves, when evil in this world overpowers the good? I look upon that as a speculative morality which might be undertaken: yet before we undertake any thing we ought well to weigh each subject. “Fortune,” says Bacon, “resembles a market, where we ought to wait till the price of the different articles lessens.” Why did not the young Herminia wait three months? The peace which we now enjoy would have restored to her her lover. She would no longer have any conscription to dread, and she would now have been the happiest of womankind. She made a bad calculation.

M. Guillaume.—Cato did not make a better one at Utica: instead of destroying himself so unprofitably, why did not he live to conspire with Brutus? The consequences attending the death of Cæsar might have been very different, and the republic might have been saved.

Duterrier is in the right: it is never right to destroy one's self, and I will bring no other proof than the story of the pretty page of the King John Cassimir, Mazzepas, who was surprised with the wife of a Polish gentleman, and fell into the hands of his cruel and powerful rival, who condemned him to be tied naked to a wild horse, and abandoned in this state to his misfortune. Before this order was put into execution, a friend of Mazzepas procured him the means of escaping, by self-murder; he chose rather to wait, and submit to his punishment. The horse on which he was mounted was a native of Ukraina; he returned thither, and carried the page, who was almost dying with hunger, wounds, and fatigue, into the midst of the Cossacks; they afforded him immediate help, he remained amongst them, signalized himself in several excursions, became Hetman of the Ukrainian Cossacks, and made a figure in history as the ally of Charles XII.

Clenord.—I know but one excuse which can be made for suicide, which is the loss of honour: we may live in sorrow; hope will support us: and even with guilt, repentance may bring comfort; but loss of honour brings only shame, and

it has no remedy but death. We laugh at Vatel who killed himself because the mullet arrived too late; it was, however, only a forced application of an excellent principle.

Moussinot.—I never desired to kill myself but once in my life, it was during the reign of Maximilian: I was then in trade, and I thought myself ruined by a law which obliged me, under pain of passing for a suspected person in my section, to deliver my merchandizes at seventy-five per cent loss. I then meant to blow my brains out. Fortunately for that purpose, powder and ball were requisite; I had none at home, and I was obliged to put off the buying some till next day; the night brought with it reflection, and I finished by finding that it was better to calculate on the reign of Maximilian, than to submit to it by dying.

Dubuisson.—My greatest objection against suicide is, that it has its source too much in a malady which comes from England, and that we have adopted it as a fashion, with her jockies, dock-tailed horses, Young's *Night Thoughts*, and spencers. The English kill themselves to get rid of this melancholy: let us allow them then this pastime, which suits neither our character nor our climate.

Fremenville.—I am astonished, gentlemen, that in following this discussion, which certainly cannot be very amusing to Madame Montliver, you have not tried to prove, like skilful moralists, that there is a degree of cowardice in self-murder; that is one of the paradoxes to maintain the honour of human nature, which I am very fond of hearing.

M. Guillaume.—We are resolved, my good cousin, not to afford you that pleasure. For my part, at least, I am ready to acknowledge, that some courage may be shewn in a contempt of life; I only wish they would make use of that courage to get out of trouble, instead of using it to get out of the world. Suicide, though a courageous action, is not a good one. In that, I believe, we all agree: suicide is often a crime, often a madness, rarely admitting of excuse, and always a false calculation.

A FREE SPEAKER.

ACCOUNT OF ONE OF THE VESTAL VIRGINS.

The beautiful Octavia was destined by her parents to be shut up in the cloister of the Vestal Virgins, at the age of seven years. When she attained the age of seventeen, it is reported that nothing in nature had been ever before seen so supremely lovely; added to the most beautiful countenance, was a certain air of kindness, goodness, and modesty diffused over it, which rendered her irresistibly charming; while a decided air of majesty attending her slightest movements, shewed her born to add dignity to

high birth, and made it a matter of regret to see such a person doomed to perpetual seclusion.—Rigid in the performance, however, of her sacred calling, Octavia was severe to herself, while she possessed the most unbounded philanthropy for the whole human race. When it was her duty to obey, she was meek, lowly, and submissive; but when promoted to be chief Vestal, she commanded with an authority which made her feared, though her amiability and accomplishments gained her the love of all who approached her. While she restored to the Vestal Virgins many of the privileges they had lost, for want of exertion in their chief, she carefully studied their different tempers, and wrought upon the refractory more by persuasion and reasoning than by punishment; at the same time letting them know that she would be obeyed. The order that was observed in the sacred Temple during her administration was admirable; she was happy in friendship, as she met with a kindred mind amongst one of the virgins, and their lives glided on in calm serenity and peace, while age made his advances unperceived and unfeared: over the charms of Octavia he had but little power: possessed of uninterrupted health, she knew the ravages of time only by succeeding years. Her heart in her youth was passionate and tender; she well knew that she was compelled by her state to renounce all the softer inclinations; and one passion took possession of her soul, the love of glory. To be the first of Vestal Virgins, to have her name handed down to latest posterity, was her sole ambition; she laboured unceasingly to attain it, and her wishes were crowned with success. Amongst the names of Lucretia, Portia, and other Roman ladies of high renown, the name of Octavia, the Vestal, graces the historic page, and will with them be celebrated to distant ages, and kingdoms yet unfounded.

FEMALE GAMESTERS.

A severe moralist once reproached a lady of high rank, on her excessive love of play. "The hours consumed at it," said he, "are at least so much time destroyed." "Alas, yes, Sir," said she, "I have often thought how much precious time is wasted while the cards are shuffling."

A lady who was also fatally addicted to gaming, received under her protection a niece, from Bearn, aged about sixteen, who had just lost her mother. "Would you believe," said she, when she introduced her to her friends, "that this girl knows nothing of the usages of society! How shockingly young people are brought up in the country! They have not even taught her to deal and shuffle the cards!"

"Impossible!" said a lady. "Do not they reflect then, that a young lady is created to become a wife, and the mistress of a house? and what is a house without card-tables? a scene of gloomy melancholy. It is the green cloth, tables of bor-

ten and *bouillotte*, which are the scenes of real pleasure. Now you are sensible, ladies, how often we are troubled to make up a party. Then the mistress of the house is obliged to play, and she ought to know every game, not to gain other people's money, but to take care not to lose her own."

"You are perfectly in the right, Madam," said a little man, the nap of whose velvet coat was a little worn off from the sleeve. "It is absolutely requisite that a young lady should know how to shuffle, deal, and play at cards, and not merely to play them, but to be a proficient, as I may say, in the different games now in fashion; and, for a very good reason; according to the system laid down by some philosophers, we often escape being the slaves of one passion, by adopting another. Therefore play preserves us from love; at play the mind is attentive, the heart unoccupied, and avarice throws tenderness on one side."

"Only let us reflect a little too," said one who was a kind of reasoner, "that the education of a young lady ought to influence her future life, and she should be formed at fifteen for the part she will have to play at fifty. We are not always in our spring; we cannot always command the loves, the smiles, and the graces. There will come a time, when there will be no more roses in the gardens; then what is to be the lot of her who must give over playing with hearts?"

"Must she adopt the airs of a prude, and weary every circle wherein she appears, with her moral discourses, or her scandal, to set old people asleep, and make the young ones fly her society?"

"Must she court the acquaintance of those who give tea and suppers, and strive to drown her tormenting recollections in punch or champagne?"

"Would you have her open a literary society, and draw together the learned from every quarter of the town; expose herself daily to the eternal quarrels of those vainglorious gentlemen, or to the pointed epigrams of those whom she has not invited, and finish by purchasing with expensive dinners, a reputation without glory."

"No doubt but she would rather join the society of gamblers."

"And certainly," cried a young lady, the great niece of Madame du Defand, "when a woman is in her second childhood, and wishes to fly from solitude and spleen, those two great enemies of age, she has no other resource than to take up a pack of cards, as a baby would a coral."

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

It will not be an incurious or uninteresting task to trace this terrible calamity from the moment of its first breaking forth, and to judge of the sensation it occasioned in the metropolis, from the accounts of contemporary public writers.

Chance has lately thrown in our way a number of the daily papers and original proclamations of that period, from which a correct idea of this awful accident may be obtained.

The first notice of the event will be probably found in *The London Gazette*, (the first twenty-four numbers of which appeared under the title of *The Oxford Gazette*, at which place they were first printed, and afterwards reprinted for the London readers in the metropolis) No. 84—"Printed by Tho. Newcombe, over against Baynard's Castle in Thames-street, 1666."

"LONDON, SEPT. 2.—About two o'clock this morning, a sudden and lamentable fire broke out in this city, beginning not far from Thames-street, near London Bridge, which continues still with great violence, and hath already burnt down to the ground many houses thereabouts; which said accident affected his Majesty with that tenderness and compassion, that he was pleased to go himself in person, with his Royal Highness, to give order that all possible means should be used for quenching the fire or stopping its farther spreading. In which case the Right Hon. the Earl of Craven was sent by his Majesty, to be more particularly assisting to the Lord Mayor and Magistrates, and several companies of his guards sent into the city, to be helpful by what ways they could, in so great a calamity."

In the mean time, the publication of the paper was suspended for seven days, and in the interval, the following Proclamation, printed in the black letter, "by John Bill and Christopher Barker, printers to the King's most excellent Majesty," was circulated, and stuck up in divers parts of London:—

"CHARLES R.—"His majesty in his princely compassion and very tender care, taking into consideration the distressed condition of many of his good subjects, whom the late dreadful and dismal fire hath made destitute of habitations, and exposed to many exigencies and necessities; for present remedy and redress whereof, his majesty, intending to give further testimony and evidence of his grace and favour towards them as occasion shall arise, hath thought fit to declare and publish his royal pleasure, That as great proportions of bread and all other provisions as can possibly be furnished, shall be daily and constantly brought, not onely to the markets formerly in use, but also to such markets as by his majesty's late order and declaration to the lord mayor and sheriffs of London and Middlesex have been appointed and ordained, viz. Clerkenwell, Islington, Finsbury-fields, Mile-end-green, and Ratcliff: his majesty being sensible that this will be for the benefit also of the towns and places adjoining; as being the best expedient to prevent the resort of such persons thereunto as may pilfer or disturb them. And whereas also divers of the said distressed persons have saved and preserved their goods, which nevertheless they know not how to dispose of: It is his majesty's pleasure, That

all churches, chappels, schools, and other like public places, shall be free and open to receive the said goods when they shall be brought to be there laid. And all justices of the peace within the several counties of Middlesex, Essex, and Surrey, are to see the same to be done accordingly. And likewise that all cities and towns whatsoever shall without any contradiction receive the said distressed persons, and permit them the free exercise of their manual trades; his majesty resolving and promising, that when the present exigent shall be passed over, he will take such care and order, that the said persons shall be no burthen to their towns or parishes. And it is his majesty's pleasure, That this his declaration be forthwith published, not onely by the sherifs of London and Middlesex, but also by all other sherifs, mayors, and other chief officers in their respective precincts and limits, and by the constables in every parish. And of this his majesty's pleasure all persons concerned are to take notice, and thereunto give due obedience to the utmost of their power, as they will answer the contrary at their perill. Given at our court at Whitehall, this fifth day of September, in the eighteenth year of our reign, one thousand six hundred sixty six.

GOD SAVE THE KING."

Dull as this Proclamation may appear, there will be some readers who regard the progress and cessation of such a national calamity with great interest; and it will be easily allowed, that the measures adopted were as prompt and as well-conceived as the nature of the case would allow.

BIRTHS.

At Uffington House, Lincolnshire, the Countess of Lindsey, of a son and heir.

Lady Thurlow of a son.

At Islington, the lady of William Shirely, Esq. of the East India Company's ship *Surry*, of a daughter.

At Owen's Place, Northampton-square, the lady of J. H. Soares, Esq. of a daughter.

Of a daughter, the lady of William Abbott, Esq. at Tamworth House, near Mitcham, *Surry*.

MARRIED.

At Langton, Lieut. William Holmes, of the Royal Navy, to Elizabeth, Daughter of Mr. Gould, of Blandford, Dorset.

At St. Sepulchre's Church, Farringdon Without, Mr. Thomas Farley, of Snow-hill, to Miss Lydia Nix, of Walworth, *Surry*.

At St. Mary, Newington, William Thomas Esq. of Dean-street, Southwark, to Miss Presser, of Walworth, *Surry*.

At Douglas, Isle of Man, Mr. T. Long, of the Liverpool Coffee-house (eight weeks a widower), to Miss Hastings, Mantua-maker.

At Chester, Mr. Macann, Apothecary, of Parliament-street, London, aged 64, to Miss Eliza Bailey, of Chester, aged 56. The happy pair had known each other but a fortnight.

DIED.

At Cambridge, Sir Busick Harwood, Knt. M. D. Professor of Anatomy, and one of the senior Fellows of Downing College.

At the age of eighty, the noted Martin Van Butchell, who has for many years attracted public notice by the peculiarities of his long beard and dress, his singular hand-bills, advertisements, &c. Among his other oddities, he kept the body of his first wife embalmed in a glass-case. Though his surgery was more specious than scientific, he is said to have been originally an excellent surgeons' instrument-maker. He was a great frequenter of Hyde-park on Sunday, on his little horse.

At Gloucester, universally regretted, Mr. Thomson, of Kentish Town, aged 62.

In St. Paul's Church-yard, London, after a short illness, aged twenty-four, Mr. J. Coopland, son of William Coopland, Esq. of Birdforth, near Thirsk, Yorkshire.

At Paris, Mr. Astley, senior. The public will be sorry to hear, that this gentleman, who has so much contributed to their entertainment, and who commenced his career nearly fifty years ago, paid the great debt to nature on the 27th of October last. His disorder was the gout in the stomach. He was, in early life, a private in the Dragoons, and was distinguished for gallantry and knowledge in his profession. Soon after a Mr. Price came forward with the novel entertainment of Horsemanship, which he exhibited at Islington, and from which he was able to retire with a moderate fortune, Mr. Astley attracted public notice by the same entertainments, which he performed in St. George's Fields. He was one of the handsomest men in figure and countenance that has ever been seen. By talent, enterprise, and prudence, he gradually acquired considerable property, erected several Theatres in this country, Ireland, and France, as well as many houses in Lambeth; and a few years ago resigned all his public concerns to his son, to whom, and to his family, he has no doubt left a valuable inheritance.

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TO OUR READERS.

THE next Number of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* will be embellished with *Two Portraits*, one of Miss STEPHENS, and the other of MRS. CHARLES KEMBLE; which will be found most accurate likenesses of those celebrated Performers.

The Proprietor of this Work has the satisfaction of informing his numerous Subscribers, that he has just established an extensive Correspondence at Paris, which will enable him, not only to give an accurate account of the different *Changes of Dress* in that metropolis, but also those which take place in other parts of the Continent. In addition, therefore, to the usual observations on the newest English Fashions, will be published monthly, an original article to be entitled, *THE CABINET OF TASTE*; under which head the various Costumes of different nations will be faithfully described.

The SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER, being No. 66, of this Work, and completing the Tenth Volume of the New Series of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, was published on the 1st of January, with the present Number. The SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER contains a *Critical Review and Abridgement of the most distinguished Works of Literature for the Year 1814*, comprising the following Works:—*Bonaparte's Poem of Charlemagne, ou l'Eglise Delivrée*—*Forsyth's Remarks on Italy*—*Galt's Travels—Marsden's History and Languages of the Indian Islands*—*Burgh's Anecdotes of Music*—*Klaproth's Travels in the Caucasus and Georgia*—*Letters on the Nicobar Islands*—*Brand's Popular Antiquities*—*Bernaud's Voyage to the Isle of Elba*—*Letters of Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton*—*Carstairs's Lectures on the Art of Writing*—*Lisiansky's Voyage round the World*—*The Rejected Theatre*—*Correspondence of Baron Grimm*—*Memoirs of the Queen of Etruria*—*Pechion's State of France under Bonaparte*—*Life of Louis XVI.*—*Chateauneuf's History of General Moreau*—*D'Ausone's History of Madame de Maintenon*—*History of Bonaparte*—*Roderick, the last of the Goths, &c. &c.*—Price Three Shillings.

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WHAT FEELINGS! OR, CHARLES AND MARIA.

CHARLES LENOX TO HIS FRIEND HENRY.

I HAVE followed your advice, and have kept a daily account of the various sentiments that have agitated me. Thinking that you would read my journal, I said, "My friend will be to me a second conscience; I shall address either him or myself with a similar sincerity."

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours:
"Their answers form what men experience
call." YOUNG.

How I have grieved at so many of my days being void of interest; they have brought back to my mind the astonishment of a certain philosopher, at the sight of those numberless epitaphs wherein the date of his birth and of his death compose the whole history of a man. I have therefore omitted mentioning in my journal such days as have elapsed, without leaving a recollection behind. I have related only such occurrences as may suggest either consoling reflections, or dilatory regret, from which generous resolutions may spring.

CHARLES AND MARIA.

10th June.—I was still at Oxford, had just completed my twentieth year, and was celebrating my birth-day with several of my fellow collegians, when I received a letter informing me of my mother's illness, and of her extreme danger. I set off immediately, but will not attempt to describe the uneasiness I experienced during my journey. As I drew near my father's house, I scarcely durst lift up my eyes, lest I should meet that dreadful escutcheon which speaks the death of either the master or mistress. Alas! it struck my eye; I gazed on the achievement, and involuntarily exclaimed:

"Dear mother, you are gone never to return; in vain shall I call to you,—wish for you,—look after you,—never shall I see you again!"

I alighted from my chaise, as I suffered too much from being confined within such narrow limits. I hastened to the house, where I entered the apartment of my aged father. He extended his arms towards me, clasped me to his breast, and dropped a tear, which fell on my hand. I still feel that precious tear; it brings back to my mind the recollection of my parent overwhelmed with grief, debilitated and distressed. Oh, my father! you who had hitherto been the arbitrator of my destiny, how acutely did I feel, when, for the first time, I saw you grieve! I wished to speak to him, to offer him some consolation. His voice lowered involuntarily whilst he related the various circumstances of my mother's illness and dissolution. I could hardly hear him; he sobbed incessantly; his sentences were broken:—but when he expatiated on the extent of the loss that we had sustained, his voice grew louder unknown to himself. His eyes enlivened in proportion as he bestowed encomiums on my departed mother. Was he still harbouring the sweet hope of meeting again her whom he had lost?—Oh! mother! that you might have heard those last expressions of his love!

11th June.—As I entered the dining-room to-day, I turned off mine eyes from the place where my mother used to sit at the head of the table. I underwent a most painful sensation in seeing that place, for the first time, filled up by another person. I would wish that through a kind of respect, the habits of those that were dear to

us should be observed; that they should be succeeded to, as it were, gradually; and that at least, when the remembrance of them is most striking, our eyes should meet with some trace of their former residence among us. I know not whether my father experienced similar feelings to mine at the time; but he also turned his eyes aside, and resumed his accustomed seat. "My son," said he, "let that place remain empty till such time as your wife will occupy it; I will then resign mine to you also; my fortune will then become yours; not that you shall inherit of a father, but share with a friend. Before I die I shall see you act the part of head of our family; before I die I shall be enabled to judge of your future conduct when I am no more."

Whilst he was speaking, I vowed within myself never to forget so much kindness.

15th June.—I went down this morning into the garden my mother liked so much. How many sad and pleasing thoughts at once occurred to me! Every inch of ground, every tree reminded me of my childhood. The tender care and attention of my mother are so interwoven with the early part of my life, that I know not from what period, from what day I am to date a recollection without the remembrance of her being thereto connected. My mother and I, I and my mother, fill up all the days of my youth.

O ye tender affections of the soul which she always endeavoured to inculcate within me; generous compassion, unlimited benevolence, lead me through life that I may find out and relieve the distressed; ye tears of sensibility and of gratitude never forsake me, yet remain unseen, for men have named you—weakness!

24th June.—My father having retired yesterday at an early hour, I went to take a walk across the fields. I followed mechanically the course of a rivulet that led me to a delightful park, which I entered. It was a moon-light night; never had the sky appeared to me so bright; the air was embalmed with the sweet scent of the surrounding flowers, and I now and then stopped to inhale their perfume; frequently would I look up to the beautiful heavens, the better to enjoy my emotion. From a distance I heard the interrupted sounds of a plaintive ballad; and gently drew near a

pavilion from whence those sweet and tender accents issued. I leaned against a tree, and there remained motionless. An entire stranger to all that surrounded me; hearing only that voice which was equally unknown to me, but which seemed to come from heaven, or intended to reach the celestial abode, I felt a charm that it is not in my power to define; and became forgetful of the whole world besides, and of my own self.

The voice ceased, and immediately several persons began to bestow high encomiums on her who had just done singing. At that same moment my illusion was at an end; those eulogiums vexed me. I cannot tell whether she to whom I was indebted for such sweet impressions had inspired me with too particular an interest, but I felt angry with her. I imagined that she was anxious of being praised. It is by dint of art, thought I, that she has found out those melting notes, that she has surprised my unguarded heart. As I retreated hastily from the pavilion, I felt a kind of inward delight at not having seen the songstress. Perhaps I shall meet her some day without knowing her to be the same object; perhaps she will again charm me, without putting me in mind of the applause which still rings in mine ears. Provided she sing not, let her speak to me. How sweet her voice must be!

Close by the pavilion where she had been seated stood a rose tree, overloaded with roses; I had plucked one, which, without being able to account from what motive, I had smelled with particular delight, every time that her enchanting music had created new emotions in my breast. When I entered my apartment, I could see by the lights that I still held the flower in my hand; but I did not like it any more; I threw it on my table, and went to bed. When I awoke in the morning it was faded, and I began to regret the loss of it. I took a walk in my father's garden, where there are abundance of rose trees; but cannot tell wherefore so many flowers collected increased my ill-humour. At last I discovered a solitary rose, which, on that account, appeared to me more beautiful than the rest, and I tore it off. Whilst smelling it, I wished it might procure similar sensations to those I had experienced from the

other, indeed it put me in mind of them, but was no substitute. It was broad daylight; I was alone; it was no more than a rose.

25th June.—Yesterday's evening has left me in a state of perturbation that I am at a loss to account for. This morning, whilst walking alone, I was pleased with the idea of creating a soul and an enchanting figure to that voice which had come to place itself between me and heaven. Yet from the divers impressions I had experienced, it occurred to me that if that woman had sung a gay and lively tune, I should have heard it only as a troublesome noise calculated to interrupt my reverie. In my opinion, joy requires the light of day; cheerfulness must, as it were, be seen, to be partaken of: whereas yesterday the loneliness and silence of the night, the doubtful uncertain light of the moon, had disposed me to melancholy. The plaintive sounds I had heard easily persuaded me to believe in love, to compassionate the sufferings it occasions, and yet to wish I myself were a lover.

1st July.—Wherefore is that same woman continually present to my mind, and why dare I not mention her to my father? I told him, however, of my walk in the unknown park. The small river that leads to it,—the pavilion where I stopped, and the profusion of flowers, induced him to believe it belonged to Lord Seymour, to whom he had, long since, intended to introduce me. Accordingly we had no sooner done dinner than he ordered his horses to be got ready, and we set off to pay his Lordship a visit.

By how many various emotions I was agitated on the road! Who knows, thought I, but the voice which I heard may be that of a temporary visitant? I have always dreaded new acquaintances, and lo! I am now hurrying to Lord Seymour's, whom I have never seen! To what purpose? To meet a person who, perhaps, is already gone. This apprehension haunted me,—perplexed me, when a sweet voice seemed to exclaim:—"Deluded youth! It would be happiness for thee not to meet her this day: to-morrow, at least, thou wouldst seek her, in hopes of finding her such as thou wished to see her." If the creature happened to be ugly! Ugly!

no, no, in beauty, for certain, she surpasses the generality of her sex. I immediately fancied I could see her decked in all the luxuriance of youth and beauty, but with the art of a coquette. How could I, who never, I thought, had taken the least notice of any woman's dress, thus pourtray to myself all the exaggerated fantasies of fashion? My father was speaking to me, I hardly listened to him; his astonished looks redoubled my confusion; but as we were at our journey's end, he had not time to ask me such questions as I should have been at a loss to answer.

Lord Seymour came out to meet us. After the usual compliments, he conducted us into the saloon, and introduced me to his family. I shall not attempt to describe the secret inquietude which prompted me to keep my eyes cast downwards, from the apprehension of not seeing her whom my heart wished for. As soon as I dared to look at the daughters of his Lordship, all my doubts were instantly removed.

Let me indulge the whim of representing the whole family in the same order as they were seated. Close to the chimney, on the right hand side, was Lady Seymour, who seemed labouring under a gradual decline, yet her sufferings altered neither the regularity of her features, nor the lovely sweetness of her countenance. Her weak debilitated condition, and the particular attention requisite to hear what she says, gave an additional charm to her expressions of kindness. Maria, her third daughter, sat by her side. Never was a child more like her mother; but as timidity prevents her speaking, her fine eyes only seek to meet yours, whenever you have said something that pleases her; whereas, if a word or an omission to her appear unbecoming, she no longer relies on her own judgment, but her looks enquire of her mother whether or no she is right in being dissatisfied.

Maria, I know not whether it is you whose voice has charmed me; neither do I wish any longer to make the enquiry. I know not whether I should wish to find you possessed of those enchanting talents; I wish to love you, but I should apprehend to be seduced. Maria, I love you with a similar affection to that which you bear your mother; I love you on account of all the imperfections of your sisters: each of

their pretensions serves to shew your endowments to greater advantage: I love you on account of that reserve, of that silence, which seem to prognosticate that the feelings of your heart will be revealed but to one alone. Maria, I know not whether you are rich, but I am certain that you are bountiful. If the poor do not utter your name with affection and gratitude, my heart will awake disappointed after a long dream.

On the left side of the chimney-piece was Lord Seymour, reclining in a great arm-chair, with two large dogs sleeping by him, which he awoke alternately by caresses, or loud vociferations, for they seemingly engaged his whole attention. Miss Sarah made her appearance in a riding habit. She was his Lordship's eldest daughter; and was pleased to display great sprightliness and gaiety: to speak the truth, she will always laugh without cause, the same as she is continually in motion without motive. I was introduced to her; she asked me whether I was fond of dogs and horses, and set me down in the list of her companions at the next hunt, without deigning to enquire whether I was disengaged. Maria had no share in those arrangements. Although I questioned not what answer she would return, I ventured to ask whether she partook of those amusements. Miss Sarah replied with a sneer: "Maria never out-passes our doors."—"Yes," continued Lady Seymour, "she stays by me; she repays to my weakness that support which I lent to her childhood." Maria lifted up her eyes to heaven, and instantly cast them down on her work. I understand you well, Maria; to heaven you returned the pure offering of a mother's grateful acknowledgment! But your downcast eyes tell me also how much your feeling heart is apprehensive of hurting your sisters.

Miss Sarah sat caressing her father's dogs, and Lord Seymour looking at his lady with an air of dissatisfaction. A long silence had taken place, which was interrupted only by the arrival of Miss Indiana, his Lordship's sister, and Miss Eudoxia, his second daughter. I was likewise introduced to those ladies, who, indeed, paid very little attention to me, till my father happened to say that I was just come from

Oxford. "O Lord!" cried Miss Eudoxia, "how severely you must regret having left a town that contains so many learned men! Books alone can replace their conversation." Maria's confusion and Lady Seymour's uneasiness spoke but too plainly how much they were grieved at that ridiculous pretension. To Miss Eudoxia I replied, drily, that learned men frequently sought in conversation to become forgetful of their books. She looked at her aunt with an air of surprise and scorn, intended for me, and asked me several questions which were better suited for the hearing of a female; however, that piece of vengeance amused me.

In the evening all the pretended *littérate* of the neighbourhood came to pay their compliments to Miss Eudoxia. Maria made tea. From what effect of self love do we wish to be bestowed on her whom we love, those suffrages we would scorn being granted to us personally? I suffered to hear those wits never address Maria, but to give her the trouble of helping them; they hurt my feelings, without being able to alter my opinion.

Lord Seymour and Miss Sarah left the company; Lady Seymour invited me to come and sit by her. With what veneration, what regret, she spoke to me of my excellent mother. At every sentence Maria sighed, and looked alternately at her mother, at me, at my deep mourning, when a melting and consoling compassion was depicted in her looks.—Maria, I should have liked to deposit my sorrows in your bosom; but I was conscious at the same time, that if I am doomed to endure farther calamities, it is in your company that I would wish to spend the days of my troubles.

In proportion as Lady Seymour shewed me greater attention, Miss Indiana and Miss Eudoxia treated me with more politeness, although with undisguised ill humour: they even finally would address me without ceasing. The kind Lady Seymour, too weak to stand such idle chattering, begged being permitted to retire. Maria instantly held out her arm to her mother. As soon as they were gone, the saloon appeared to me a desert, and the conversation insupportable. I dragged away my father,

and effected my escape with as much joy as a boy leaves his school.

8th July.—Yesterday morning I received an invitation from Lord Seymour and Miss Sarah, to join them immediately on a hunting party, which they assured me would be very agreeable. The certainty of Maria not being present, and the idea of my being there without her, vexed me; but I was sensible that a blunt refusal would disoblige Lord Seymour and his favourite daughter. Besides, the bustle of the chace, that familiarity which is the constant companion of all amusements of the kind, seemed the harbinger of my future intimacy with the family. I, therefore, engaged to accompany Lord Seymour; yet in my ill humour, I was forced to repeat to myself—it is with the hopes of seeing Maria! This day will be lost, sacrificed; but to-morrow, and on the following days I shall be near her! In the mean time I could not surmount the inward resentment which the anticipation of tediousness and disappointment will excite.

I had scarcely heard the sound of the horn, and the voice of the sportsman, when, to my surprize, I partook of the general glee. Wholly devoted to Maria, I had forgot that I was fond of dogs and horses; but when I had once joined the party, I felt those first passions of my youth to be revived within me.

Miss Sarah would have me ride by her. Her frank and open sprightliness awakened mine; I could have thought that we had always lived together. I admired her graceful ease, her courage, and even her temerity. The sun shone in its full splendence, the air was pure, and the azure skies unspotted by a cloud. We surmounted every obstacle; she appeared to me to be an aerial deity. Most unfortunately her horse stumbled, she had a fall, but I hastened to help her up. She wanted to remount immediately, notwithstanding I advised her not to expose herself. Though she was regardless of danger, I wished, at least, that she would reflect for a moment on that which she had but so recently escaped; that she would sympathize with me in her good fortune at not being hurt; nay, perhaps did I wish she had shewn symptoms of fear, of that timid weakness which are characteristic of her sex. But Sarah was a

stranger to those delicate feelings; she looked at me with surprize, burst out laughing, and galloped away as if nothing had happened. I was out of patience with her, but she turned my ill humour and inquietude into ridicule. In pursuit of danger, for the mere sake of terrifying me, she left the plain to go and leap across a wide ditch, bowing to me with an air of mockery. What right had she to expect she could disturb my peace? In all probability Sarah was of a lively, giddy, natural disposition; her thoughtlessness had occasioned laughter, and Sarah had become inconsiderate for all the days of her life! Those imperfections which we pride in, resemble ugliness in full dress, and are seen in full view.

Lord Seymour joined us. On my return with the rest of the party, I would now and then fondle my horse, and speak to him as to a friend. The poor animal was not aware that he was indebted for those caresses to Sarah having displeased me, or that before she had done so I might have sacrificed him either to follow, or to overtake her. The same will occur in the world, thought I; he who receives a token of unexpected friendly interest, ought to investigate to what sensation of joy, or of ill humour, he is obliged for the bounty.

We all dined with Lord Seymour; Miss Indiana, and her niece Eudoxia, were in the drawing-room. "Most assuredly, brother," said the former lady, "you have been forgetting yourself long enough." "How so?" replied his Lordship; "say that I have been much amused." "But," returned she, "I am not accustomed to dine so late." Miss Indiana then began to cough, to fret, and to pace the apartment, staggering as if she could hardly keep on her legs. Fatigued at such affectation, I ran to reach her the same chair she had but just left; she gazed at me with surprize, but yet returned me thanks. How frequently she did speak of her extreme weakness! she was faint—exhausted—dying—nobody felt for her!—Ladies ought to wait till their state of health is enquired into, before they introduce the subject. "Don't be uneasy about my aunt," Sarah whispered to me; "the hour at which she generally dines is not come yet." As she finished those words, Maria entered the room. It seemed as if I

had waited her arrival to be personally attentive to the company present. I felt great inquietude respecting the place where Maria was going to take her seat: would accident or inclination have her come near me? would she keep at a distance? would she favour me with a look as she passed by me? Every one of her motions, in short, gave rise to a vague impression of fear or of hope.

Maria advanced towards her father, to whom she curtsied, with a timidity which seemed to solicit a kind look, an affectionate address. His Lordship seized her hand, saying: "Maria, how is your mother?" Maria, till you came in, your father, although in his own house, and with his daughters, seemed to be among strangers; it was you from whom he expected to hear of his wife, of the mother of your sisters! You alone discharge the duties of filial love and respect; that duty so pleasing, so endearing, that whilst seeing you, my thoughts recalled the time when I myself was engaged in shewing attention to a mother. I do not love yet, but I could not help thinking this is the daughter which my mother would have chosen.

We were called down to dinner; it was my misfortune to be seated at a distance from Maria; neither could I get near her after dinner: the remaining part of the day, therefore, was lost for me.

12th July.—I went out at an early hour this morning, and, as usual, directed my course towards Lord Seymour's park. I approached the pavilion where I had heard the ravishing voice. The door was shut, and I could not get in; the rose bush was divested of its flowers; before it is long, its leaves also will fall: the reflection made me melancholy.

Reclining on the turf, I called myself to an account respecting the inclination I felt for Maria; I, whose soul combined so many contradictory sentiments; I, who was at once jealous, susceptible, tyrannical, suspicious, and inconsiderate! Yes, inconsiderate, for I would shun Maria at the sight of one single defect; and perhaps perfection in her might weary me. How could I presume to indulge a sentiment of love, when mere friendship has suffered a thousand times from my injustice? Maria either will

make me miserable, or I shall tyrannize over her. If she be calm, I will tax her of indifference. If on my return she should appear happy, I will think that she had not cared about my absence; or were she to look sad, that she derives no satisfaction from seeing me again. In short, I am not yet in love, and I already have a foresight of all the agitations that attend love.

I was absorbed in those reflections, when Maria appeared in the path that leads to the pavilion, followed by two women, who carried baskets filled with flowers. She blushed as she saw me. "Sarah is gone to take a ride," said she. "Eudoxia spends the forenoon in the library; I am come here to prepare my mother's breakfast;—she is partial to this solitary retreat; we expected to have been alone." Maria blushed still more as she spoke these last words. Was it an invitation for me to partake of their solitude, or a warning to respect it? "Pray how does Lady Seymour do?"—"Better to-day; the weather is so fine!"—She smiled, and that smile did not bid me be gone.

Maria holds the key of the pavilion; she opens the door. Wherefore will I not know myself? I question whether I love her, and my heart beats with anxiety, doubtful whether she will bid me farewell, or desire me to follow her. Maria feels equal embarrassment to mine; she bids one of her attendants to step in, then the other; but what is she to do herself? If she follows her first design, and enters into the pavilion without thinking of me, I shall withdraw, I will not see her again; but what pain shall I have to endure? If she proposes my following her, it will be an act of indiscretion which I am certain to upbraid her with at a future period.—Maria! Maria! are you already in possession of my entire soul? I occasionally surprize myself promising to make you happy, as if your happiness were uncertain, or at my disposal. To whom do I make those solemn protestations, of which you have not the least idea? to myself, to my very soul, that jealous severe disposition, which the knowledge of love occasions me to dread.

(To be continued.)

A TOUR THROUGH FRANCE.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A LADY TO HER COUSIN IN LONDON, IN 1814.

LETTER VI.

Paris.

MY DEAR HARRIETT,

THERE are scenes which leave so deep an impression on the mind and heart, and which furnish so many subjects of serious reflection, that it is difficult for the most volatile disposition to shake off their effects: such have been their influence on the spirits of your gay Emily, from her visit to Versailles, that notwithstanding the whirl of novel amusements I have since been engaged in, and which had dissipated my recollections for a short time, yet I feel the *penseroso* sensibly predominate, as I call to mind this splendid and once highly favoured situation,—the scene of prosperous majesty, elegance, and taste,—the contrast of misfortune, and the pomp of usurpation.

With propitious weather, and buoyant with all those spirits which health and affluence can bestow, we set off last Monday, to view the favourite palace of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

The road from Paris to Versailles is delightful, and the elegant houses along the banks of the Seine, form a picturesque and beautiful appearance: a gloom, however, insensibly stole over our minds, as we approached the royal residence, the grandeur of which seems departed.

My dear uncle, at parting, cautioned me against travelling in vain; and on my assuring him I should observe every thing curious and worthy of remark, he explained himself by saying, that was not quite sufficient, unless I made myself mistress of some historical events. Know then, dear uncle, that I studied the history of this palace before I went to view it. The land on which it is erected, was purchased by Louis XIII. of John de Soissy, in 1627; but Louis XIV. was the founder of this admirable piece of architecture, who commenced the work in 1673, and the buildings were completed during the ministry of the great Colbert, in 1680.

The gardens were laid out by the famous Le Nostre, and the exquisite paintings in

the Chateau, are by Le Brun. The outside view of the palace, from the North Terrace, is extremely grand and imposing; four fine bronze figures are represented leaning against the front of the building, Silenus, Antinous, the Pythian Apollo, and Bacchus. In entering the saloon of Hercules, the spectator is struck dumb with admiration: it is sixty-four feet in length, and fifty-four broad; the ceiling is a fine representation of Olympus, with the apotheosis and labours of Hercules: that little statue of Cupid, of which we have been told so much, and which formerly stood in the pavilion of Love in Le Petit Trianon, is now transferred to this saloon, where it is placed in the centre.

The second apartment is the Hall of Plenty, adorned with appropriate emblems, and fine paintings; next is the Hall of Diana, the fourth of Mars, the fifth of Mercury, adorned with a profusion of pictures; and the Hall of Apollo is next, where, on the ceiling, that God is seen, seated in his car, and adorned with all his attributes. The next is the Saloon of War, with an equestrian statue of Mars, twelve feet high; but as the God was made to represent that monarch, Louis XV. who was any thing but a warrior, the people, during the rage of freedom, thought proper to leave the God without a head.

In our progress through the interior of the palace, every thing appeared to remind us of the instability of earthly grandeur; the painted ceilings are faded, the tapestry in many places torn, and the golden cornices discoloured: we looked, with many a mingled reflection of regret and indignation, at the wing which the soldiers occupied, during the turbulent scenes of the revolution; nor was it with less, though with a different kind of sensation, we beheld the upper tower, where Francis I. drew his last breath.

While we had regarded, and conversed on the pompous mementos of ambition's fitful fever, in our way from Paris hither, the four fine bronze horses, taken by Bonaparte from Venice; had contemplated

with aching sight, the lofty pillar, in imitation of Trajan's, covered with the detail of the usurper's victories, and, not unappropriately, those victories are engraved on the brass of the pieces of cannon he had taken: yet, with how much more interest, and with what different feelings did our eyes rest on that saloon, to which poor Marie Antoinette gave the appellation of the "Saloon of Peace!" This was her favourite apartment; and here, as Mr. Burke so elegantly remarks, I fancied I could see her "Like the morning star, irradiating the sphere in which she moved."

My aunt and I stood some time in mute contemplation, as we were shewn the staircase by which the mob entered in October, 1789, for the purpose of assassinating the Queen. "How do such subjects," said Lady Diana, turning to my brother, "wean our wishes from the dangerous heights of greatness." She said no more: a tear trembled on the eye-lash of Henry, which, with mistaken shame, he dashed off, and affected a smile and shrug, which took no part in his real character. But when we turned from this spot, he, as well as ourselves, regarded, with a stoical and calm observation, the unparalleled extent of the grand gallery: it is two hundred and twenty-two feet long, thirty feet in breadth, and thirty-seven in height, and is lighted by seventeen windows; the roof is painted with the martial exploits of Louis XIV.

We inspected the opera-house; it is on a magnificent scale, but to me there seems a gloomy heavy kind of splendid melancholy to hang over it; nor can all the smiling groups here represented, of Health, Plenty, and Peace, chase away a kind of weariness and prejudice which all our party seemed to experience. The boxes appear dull and unsocial; their form is oval, and they are separated from each other by vaulted sections. Daniel Defoe says:—

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
"The Devil always builds a chapel there."

But our transition was from the theatre to the chapel, and which is a superb monument of the munificence of Louis XIV.: it was finished in the year 1710. The piece of marble which forms the altar, is

the most rare and exquisite in its kind ever seen; the orchestra is large enough to hold eighty persons. Wonderful to tell, this chapel has not suffered a single injury from the fury of the revolution, but remains in the same state as when Louis XVI. and his family used to frequent it.

The library is detached from the palace: with how much interest did we turn over the leaves of a few books, wherein were little marginal notes and observations in the hand-writing of Louis and Marie Antoinette! The Queen's chief studies seem to have been English novels translated into French.

We next visited the Park and Gardens: the latter are adorned with some very fine statues; but all our interest was engrossed by the inspection of Great and Little Trianon. At the former we saw the superb study of Bonaparte; in it was placed a costly sofa, covered with white satin, fringed with gold, and the letter N. multiplied, as one may say, in the most conspicuous situations: this served the *ci-devant* conqueror of Europe for a seat; but can we wonder at this ostentatious display of the letter N. on the sofa, when it was placed on the high altar of the church of Notre Dame, that the French, even at their devotions, might have their thoughts occupied chiefly with him?

We were shewn the elegant toilette of Maria Louisa, of gold!—Query, was not this that famous gold toilette, of which we have heard so much, belonging to Marie Antoinette? We have been credibly informed, that it passed into the possession of the Ex-Empress Josephine, therefore, most likely it became an imperial donation in the hands of the usurper.

Maria Louisa is extremely popular here, and her memory is cherished with enthusiastic affection: all good wives cite her as a pattern of conjugal love: and let not this be wondered at; her extreme youth, when first united to Bonaparte, warranted the opinion, that her heart was totally disengaged: he was the father of her child, and to use the words of my favourite and noble poet:—

"To her he might be gentleness."

However, he certainly was very lucky in his wives; to Josephine he owed every

thing, and her gentleness and forbearance deserved a better fate; her servants now sincerely lament her, and speak of her as the best and most indulgent of mistresses. Excuse this digression; and now I return to the Park and Gardens of Versailles.

The elegant pavilion of Maria Louisa, to which she and the little King of Rome took frequent excursions, rises like a fairy palace amidst the sylvan scene: her boudoir and dressing-room seem as if built and decorated by the hands of Genii and fairies. Here, the man, who seemed to delight only in scenes of war, would often retire, and repose from the toils of ambition, amidst the charms of conjugal and parental happiness; and here, we may imagine, that even his turbulent mind felt some moments of domestic pleasure in the quiet society of his wife and child.

Trianon was called in the twelfth century Triarum, and Louis XIV. purchased it of the Abbey of St. Genevieve, in 1663. It has been called the "Region of Flowers," from the profusion of those treasures of Flora, which abound in every part.

It is not in the power of the pen to describe the beauties of Little Trianon: a charming temple, dedicated to Love, stands in the midst of artificial rocks: a number of cottages, now falling to pieces, prove the former rural beauty of the scene, and mark the charitable disposition of the unfortunate and elegant female who planned the adorning of this delicious spot. The surrounding gardens are laid out in the true English style; and the little elegant pavilion, paved with marble, the farm and mill, with the picturesque prospect of a country church, form an indescribable and interesting assemblage of objects, which to appreciate justly, it is requisite to behold.

After viewing the beauties of Le Petit Trianon, we quitted Versailles, and where, perhaps, you will think I have detained you too long. One evening last week, we all visited the Frescati, which is situated on the Boulevards, at the extremity of the Rue de la Loi. Nothing can be more

tastefully fitted up than this little evening lounge; the entrance is by a gallery, lined with mirrors, which leads into a square, and large building, where, from divers apartments, you are furnished with refreshments: nothing is paid for entrance, but it is expected that the visitors will take some ice, orgeat, or sweetmeats; and by the profits arising therefrom, the proprietors are enabled to keep up the expence of this place of amusement. At the end of the principal walk in the garden, there are small pillars erected on each side, entwined with woodbine and passion flowers; you next arrive at a beautiful grotto; the walks are ornamented, as well as lighted, by statues, each of which holds a lamp in its hand. The most fashionable hour for visiting this place is at ten o'clock at night; the amusement consists in chatting with the friends we meet, drinking lemonade, or eating ices: and this evening lounge seems to be almost idolized by the Parisians.

We had truly a treat last night, at one of the assemblies, held at the house of the learned and witty Baroness de St—I. It was, indeed, "The feast of reason, and the flow of soul." A small delightful concert was introduced, and gave a zest to the literary subjects which were continually started; while they were so various, and introduced with such a peculiar grace and cheerfulness by the accomplished hostess, that the evening flew away with a celerity we never before experienced in any other circle in Paris: the kindness and hospitality of this lady are extreme; and this I need not tell you, as you often experienced their effects during her welcome stay in England. We have just received a card of invitation to one of her dinner parties, which takes place in a fortnight.

After mention of this admirable woman, this true mirror of female learning, my pen cannot descend to trace any thing of the frivolous and motley scenes of public amusement in Paris.

EMILY.

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

MARIA WILHELMINA, PRINCESS OF AUERSBERG.

THIS lady, the daughter of the celebrated Marshal Count Neuperg, was married, in 1755, to the Prince of Auersberg, when she was only seventeen. Such was her rage for gaming, though possessed of that extraordinary beauty to which a painter could never do sufficient justice, that in the course of the first summer after her marriage, she lost above twelve thousand ducats, in the course of an evening, at cards. At her suppers only ten or twelve covers were provided, and at which all etiquette was banished.

Maria Theresa, after the death of her husband, had strictly forbidden every lady from wearing *rouge*; the Princess of Auersberg alone ventured to disobey the commands of the Empress, and went to the palace, though in deep mourning, with her cheeks covered with a profusion of rouge, and drew on herself the severe resentment of the Empress by such a conduct.

She had expended a considerable sum of money in furnishing and embellishing a tasteful little cottage and farm-house, given her by the Emperor Francis, near Luxemburg. Maria Theresa wished to purchase it, and desired her to fix her own price; she named three thousand pounds, which were immediately sent her. The love of the Emperor Francis for this Princess, was well known at Vienna.

ARCH-DUCHESS JOSEPHA, SIXTH DAUGHTER OF THE EMPRESS MARIA THERESA.

THIS young lady, who was eminent for her beauty, sweetness of manners, and the universal love of all who knew her, met her death in a manner the most singular and affecting.

On the 8th of September, 1767, she was betrothed to the King of Naples, and was already treated as a crowned head. Her elder sister, the Arch-Duchess Jane, formerly betrothed to him, had not long been consigned to the tomb, and the custom of the Empress, in visiting the burial-place of her husband and daughter, was well known: she requested the Princess Josepha

to accompany her, for the last time, and perform her devotions at the tomb of her father and sister before she quitted Austria. The young Queen expressed an extraordinary repugnance, but the Empress persisted. When she got into the coach which was to convey her thither, she burst into tears, and while in the vault, she was taken with a dreadful shivering. On her return home she was seized with the small-pox, and died; infected, no doubt, with the putridity from the coffin of the Empress Maria, late Princess of Parma, who died of that disorder, and whose body it was found impossible to embalm. It is said that Maria Caroline, afterwards Queen of Naples, shewed the greatest repugnance at marrying a Prince, whose alliance, she declared, was fatal to the Austrian family.

SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

THIS lady, who was for so long a time the cherished favourite of Queen Anne, was one of the most beautiful women of her time, and though she is highly celebrated for her wit, it must be acknowledged it was rather of a coarse and rough kind, as may be proved by her answer to Lord Somers, who once paid a visit of ceremony, during a severe illness of the Duke's. A coldness had long subsisted between his Grace and Lord Somers, but his lordship brought a cordial to him during his indisposition, which he earnestly recommended to him, saying, "He would be *hanged*, if it was not serviceable to him." The Duchess instantly said, "Take it then, my Lord Duke; for it must infallibly be of use to you one way or other."

Colley Cibber, who was always enraptured with the beauty of the Duchess, which she retained to the latest period of her life, said, "she became a great grandmother without grey hairs."

WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

THIS pattern of conjugal affection, was the means of her husband's escape, when he was committed to the Tower in 1716; and when she heard of his great anxiety to see her, she came to London, from her

country residence, though the snow was then so deep that not a stage-coach could make its way, and even the post was stopped.

On her arrival in town, she heard with joy, that the wives of those condemned to death, had permission the evening before to take their last farewell of their unfortunate husbands. Lady Nithisdale repaired to the Tower, leaning on her two waiting maids, her face covered with a handkerchief, and looking the living image of despair. As soon as she arrived in the apartment where her Lord was confined, she persuaded him, as he was of the same height as herself, to change clothes, and to go out in the same manner as she had gone in: she added, that he would find a carriage which would convey him to the banks of the Thames, where a boat lay in waiting that would take him on board a vessel bound for France. The stratagem succeeded, Lord Nithisdale made his escape, and arrived at three o'clock the next morning at Calais. In two or three hours after, the prisoner was ordered to prepare for death; but the messenger was not a little surprised to find a woman instead of a man in the apartment. The affair soon took wing, and the Lieutenant of the Tower consulted the court to know what was to be done with Lady Nithisdale; he was ordered to set her instantly at liberty, but she refused to go out till she was provided with clothing suitable to her sex. She soon after joined her husband in France.

MRS. LETITIA PILKINGTON.

THIS celebrated wit and poetess, on account of a weakness in her eyes, was forbidden, when she was extremely young, to read, and which only increased her natural desire and curiosity; more than twenty times a day she would be asking what such and such letters spelt; while the good lady, her mother, hoping to detach her from her excessive love of reading, used to tell her the word, but always accompanied the instruction with a box on the ear: but Mrs. Pilkington relates, as a fact in her own memoirs, that the correction only served to imprint the word more forcibly in her memory.

She was then about five years of age, when, one day, taking advantage of her

mother's absence, she caught up Dryden's Alexander's Feast; and was so charmed with it, that she read it aloud: her father opened his study door, and caught the young enthusiast in the very fact: she dropped the book, burst into tears, and implored his forgiveness: her father told her not to be frightened, but to read it again; and the young lady, instead of getting the whipping she dreaded, received not only many caresses from her delighted father, but a shilling as a reward.

When she became a writer, she married the Rev. Matthew Pilkington, who, a poet himself, unfortunately became jealous of his wife's abilities.

She was very desirous of being acquainted with Dean Swift, and obtained her wish by the following means. His birthday being kept at the Deanery, she wrote a copy of verses on the occasion, and sent them to Dr. Delaney, the Dean's intimate friend. Swift gratefully accepted her compliment, and said he would see her whenever she pleased; and in a day or two's time she and her husband were invited to Dr. Delaney's, where Swift, being one of the guests, was so charmed with her wit and agreeable conversation, that she had ever after free access to the Deanery.

When, after various misfortunes, she settled in London, she lived for some time on the contributions of the great; but, as their charity began to tire, her difficulties increased, and she was sent to the Marshalsea prison. After lying nine weeks there, she was released by the generosity of Mr. Cibber; and having five guineas left, she took a little shop in St. James's-street, and sold pamphlets and prints, where she made shift to keep herself above want, and died in Dublin in 1750, in the 39th year of her age.

DONNA MARIA PACHECO.

THIS lady was married to a young nobleman of the name of Padilla; and being much pressed for money, during the confederacy in the minority of Charles V. of Castille, she styled herself superior to prejudice, and proposed to seize all the magnificent ornaments in the cathedral of Toledo; but willing to conceal her design from the people, and to impress on their minds a high opinion of her piety, she went

to church in a kind of solemn and mournful procession, where she actually implored pardon of the saints, whose shrines she was about to violate. Her young and gallant Padilla being condemned to die (and this fatal incident was the downfall of the confederacy) Maria resolved to revenge the death of her husband, and the people of Toledo yet held firm their allegiance towards her. When the city was invested, she defended it with a vigour unparalleled even in the opposite sex; but the clergy, whose property she had possessed herself of, no longer supported her: she then affected to delude them, according to the superstitious

credence of the age, by enchantments, and it was given out that her familiar spirit visibly accompanied her, under the form of a negro-maid. This yet more incensed the truly brave, and they fought with such vigour as to drive her out of the city; for four months longer, however, after she had retired to the citadel, she exerted herself in defending it, with a fortitude and valour which seemed in the end to promise her success. A strong party of the royalists at length compelled her to fly, and she escaped in man's attire to Portugal, where many of her relations were settled.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

MADAME LA MARECHALE DE MIREPOIX.

WITHOUT being a regular beauty, Madame de Mirepoix was, in her youth, one of the best made women in France; and she preserved her blooming appearance to a very advanced age. Her mind was as vigorous as her countenance was youthful; but what most distinguished her was a gracefulness unparalleled in all her actions and manners of the most elegant kind; so that her decisions in matters of taste and behaviour were universally respected. Her politeness was wholly unstudied, her temper equal, and without being a slave to etiquette, she knew how to maintain her rank in society; she was benevolent without ostentation, while malignity and severity were strangers to her breast. Never was woman more captivating and amiable. Louis XV. entertained for her a sincere and lively friendship, of which he gave her continual proofs, in paying for her those debts which an immoderate love of play, and an expensive disposition caused her to contract. She has been blamed for her complaisance to Madame de Barri, which she carried so far, as to be often seen in public with her: she was, no doubt, more actuated in this conduct by her gratitude to the King, than by any interest she could possibly take in what was so contrary to the rules of correctness.

It has been a matter of astonishment to many, that while Madame de Mirepoix shewed so much judgment in her conversation, she should have so little in conducting

her affairs: never was so much fickleness shewn in little things, and at the same time such unshaken fidelity to her friends: scarce was she established in a new dwelling, at a most exorbitant expence, than she became crazy to change it for another. Yet her constancy towards every thing that had life, was proverbial, and extended even to her cats and other domestic animals.

MADAME NECKER.

THIS lady, the mother of the justly renowned Baroness de Stael, was possessed of a fund of literature and good sense; her manners were more reserved than noble, but she possessed what is the most exalted of all virtues,—that of benevolence. What her husband gained by finance and commerce, was employed by her in good works. Amongst her particular friends, the restraint of her manners wore off; she was then peculiarly amiable, and cheerful even to gaiety.

One ruling thought, however, seemed to occupy the whole of her ideas: it was the success of M. Necker. Her attachment to her husband was sincere and disinterested, and her ideas of his talents and qualifications were such, that she absolutely idolized him: his house might be styled a temple, of which she was the priestess; and his friends, how high soever might be their rank, were reduced by her to become his worshippers.

Yet Madame Necker had a more exalted

imagination than a tender heart: she was possessed of more enthusiasm than feeling, and though eminently gifted with good sense, her fond infatuation injured her discernment, and spoiled her taste.

MADAME DU BOCCAGE.

THIS lady was equally celebrated for the charms of her person, the sweetness of her temper, and her great literary fame. Born without any extraordinary talents, the world was astonished at the patience and courage of a female, who, by dint of study and application, resolved to become a poet. Madame du Bocage, however, had no occasion to fly to such a resource to gain admiration; she was much more sure of charming by the graces of her person and the excellence of her heart, than by those poems, the best of which were deficient in natural ease, and shewed a studied and heavy manner of composing. She was wealthy, and it was in her power to have

collected together all the learned and witty in Paris, and to have formed her society from the literati. From what then, in so amiable and good a woman, could have arisen this mistake of talent, but the love of fame, so prevalent in the breasts of many mortals? Voltaire received Madame du Bocage, on her return from England, at his country seat; and crowned her with a wreath of laurel, while he had been tormenting himself all the day to make two or three couplets in her praise. Supper was served up, no verses yet made, and the author of the *Henriade*, in despair, called for laurel, and formed the crown, which, as he placed it on her head, he violated the rites of hospitality, by a grimace he made behind her back, and formed with his fingers the figure of a pair of horns. Yet was this good woman so blinded by her vanity, as to take all his burlesque, inflated praise, and pantomimic ceremony, as sterling truth, and sincere veneration of her great abilities.

SELECT ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE CONCERNING LEMONIER, PHYSICIAN TO LOUIS XVI.

THE following anecdote is but little known; we had it from one who endured the horror of witnessing many of the dreadful scenes at the commencement of the French revolution: it serves to shew, that conciliating manners, united with fortitude, may penetrate the hardest hearts; there were not instances wanting during the sanguinary proceedings of the revolutionists, of some few provoking their fate by ill-timed obstinacy and *fierté*.

Amongst the horrors which marked the 10th of August, Lemonier, the King's physician, remained in his closet, and was resolved to put on no disguise; a party of men, their arms stained with blood up to the very elbow, knocked loudly at his door; the venerable man immediately opened it:—"What art thou doing here? Thou art easy enough!"—"I am at my post."—"What is thy business in this castle?"—"I am physician to the King."—"And thou art not afraid?"—"Of what? I am unarmed; would you hurt any one so situated?"—"Thou art a good kind of a

devil: listen:—thou art not in safety here; if others come in, less reasonable than we are, thou mayest be confounded with the rest; I tell thee, thou art in danger. Where shall we conduct thee?"—"To the palace of Luxembourg."—"Come, then, follow us, and fear nothing."—"I have already told you I do not fear those whom I have never injured."

They made him then pass through a grove of bayonets and loaded fire arms. "Comrades," cried they, as they led the way, "let this man pass. It is the King's physician, but he is afraid of nothing; it is a good devil." And thus the Esculapius of the court arrived safe and sound at the Fauxbourg of St. Germain.

ANECDOTE OF MACKLIN, THE ACTOR.

A FEW days previous to his daughter's benefit, this veteran of the histrionic art, was sitting at his breakfast, when a certain Baronet, well known then on the turf, and since made a great law lord, knocked at his door. The Baronet accepted the offer of Macklin to stay and partake of his break-

fast; when the nobleman began to praise Miss Macklin in a strain of panegyric, which her father thought augured well for her approaching benefit; Macklin gratefully bowed, and while he was thinking how he should broach the subject of the tickets for his daughter's night, the Baronet prevented him, by saying, "I mean to be her friend—not in the trifling act of taking tickets for her benefit, I mean to be her friend for LIFE."—"What do you allude to, Sir?" said Macklin, "Why," said the nobleman, "I mean as I say, to make her my friend for life; and as you are a man of the world, and it is fit you should be considered in this business, I make you an offer of four hundred pounds a year for your daughter, and two hundred pounds a year for yourself, to be secured on any of my estates during your natural life." Macklin happened just then to be spreading some butter on a French roll: he grasped the knife he held, and looking steadfastly at the Baronet, desired him to quit his apartment immediately. He affected not to mind him, and made use of many coarse and gross expressions. Macklin, on this, sprang from his seat, and holding the knife to his throat, ordered him to make the best of his way out of the house, or he would drive the knife into his heart, as a proper reward for his infamous and degrading proposals. Macklin had no occasion to repeat his threat—the Baronet sprang from his chair and sought safety in flight.

ANECDOTE OF PITROT, A FAMOUS FRENCH DANCING-MASTER.

WHEN this *Diou de la danse*, as Vestris now styles himself, was at Vienna, he never made his appearance on the stage till in the last act of a ballet. The Emperor once desired he would make his *entré* at the end of the first act. Pitrot told the messenger that "Men of talent never made themselves too cheap." The Emperor and all the court immediately quitted the Opera-house.

When Pitrot found this, he stepped forward, and said to the dancers, loud enough for the remaining audience to hear him:—"Mes Enfants, nous dansons pour nous-mêmes, et non pas pour l'Empereur." It is affirmed that he never danced so well as on that evening.

The Emperor shewed himself above representing this insult; and when Pitrot's engagement was at an end, he sent the insolent foreigner a gold snuff-box, with his picture set round with brilliants; and it was delivered to Pitrot by a Colonel of the Guards. The dancing-master carelessly looked at it, gave the box to his hair-dresser, and told the officer to acquaint his master that that was the way he disposed of baubles sent him by those whose friendship he did not want. He took care, however, immediately after this insolence, to step into his carriage and get away, as fast as he could, out of the Emperor's dominions; and which he did but just time enough to save his head; a party of hussars being immediately dispatched to arrest him, but they arrived too late.

When Frederic the Great of Prussia had ordered him to get up a magnificent ballet, he could not forbear remonstrating with him on the enormity of the expence. "The honour of Pitrot," replied the dancer, "is not to be limited by the purse of monarchs."

When he was in France, and was about to commence a dance with the sister of the famous Madame du Thé, the father of the late Duke of Orleans stepped up to her, and whispered in her ear that he would sup with her. Pitrot overheard the Prince, and told the lady he was resolved to supplant him. The lady told him he must not think of it, for his Highness would give her an hundred louis d'ors. "Well," replied Pitrot, "and I will give you a thousand." On her expressing her doubts, he laid his hand on his bosom, and said:—"You shall have them, *foi de Pitrot!*" And the next morning he kept his word.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF STAGE EFFECT.

IN the year 1752, the famous David Ross had, during the Christmas holidays, been playing the character of *George Barnwell*, and Mrs. Pritchard that of *Milwood*. Dr. Barrowby, one of the physicians belonging to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, told Ross, that three days after, he was sent for by a young gentleman in Great St. Helens, apprentice to a very opulent merchant. He found him very ill of a fever. The nurse

told the Doctor that his patient frequently sighed bitterly, and she was sure he had something on his mind. After much intreaty on the part of the physician, the youth confessed he had something which lay very heavy on his heart, but that he had rather die than divulge it; as, if known, it would be his certain ruin. The Doctor assured him, that if he would confide it to him, he would do all in his power to serve him, and that the secret, if he desired it, should be buried in his breast, or only told to those who could be able and willing to relieve him.

After some subsequent conversation, he told the Doctor, that he was second son to a gentleman of good fortune in Hertfordshire, and that he had made an improper acquaintance with the mistress of an East India Captain, then abroad. That in one year he should be out of his time; and he had been intrusted with cash, drafts, and notes to a considerable amount, from which he had purloined two hundred pounds. That three nights before, as he was at the play of *George Barnwell*, he was so forcibly struck, that he had not known a moment's quiet since. The Doctor asked where his father was? He replied, that he expected him there every moment, as his master had sent for him as soon as he was taken so very ill. The Doctor desired the young gentleman to make himself easy, as he would

undertake, with his father, to make up matters; and in order to set the mind of his patient entirely at ease, he told him if his father would not advance the money he would.

On the arrival of the father, the Doctor took him into an adjoining room, and explained the cause of his son's illness. With tears in his eyes, the old gentleman gave him a thousand thanks, and immediately went to his banker's for the money, while the Doctor returned to his patient, and told him every thing would be settled to his satisfaction in a few minutes. When the father returned, he put the two hundred pounds into the hands of his son, and an affecting scene followed of tears and embraces between the parent and the child. The son soon recovered, broke off a connection which had nearly proved so fatal to him, and became in time, by his attention to business, one of the most opulent merchants in the city.

He was always punctual in his attendance at the benefit of Mr. Ross; who, though he never knew the name of his benefactor, constantly on that occasion received in the morning a note sealed up, containing ten guineas, and the following words:—

“A tribute of gratitude from one who was highly obliged, and saved from ruin, by seeing Mr. Ross's performance of *Barnwell*.”

ANÉCDOTES OF THE MARSHAL DUKE OF RICHELIEU.

TRANSLATED FROM “*SOUVENIRS ET PORTRAITS.*”

(Concluded from Page 224.)

WHEN M. de Richelieu was Ambassador at Vienna, during the ministry of the Cardinal de Fleury, he shewed himself as at Paris and in the army, brave, spirited, and gallant, always attentive to the ladies, and always well treated by them; he had the art of making gallantry serviceable to his political interests.

The Marshal finding himself indifferently received at the beginning of the ministry of Prince Eugene, who might be said to govern the monarch he had so valiantly defended, addressed himself to the Prince's mistress, seduced her, and learned from her

all the state secrets. It is curious enough that the austere Cardinal de Fleury, was the confidant of his diplomatic amours. The Marshal also distinguished himself by the firmness with which he supported the rights of the French crown against the pretensions of the Spanish Ambassador, who soon afterwards quitted Vienna through vexation. It is universally allowed that in this embassy the Marshal displayed great talents, and a capacity for business above his years, for he was not then quite twenty-nine years of age; but the reputation which he acquired as a statesman, was clouded by

the report of a weakness disgraceful to common sense, which he unfortunately was guilty of at that time. Vienna was then infested by one of those charlatans who gain an existence by practising upon the credulity, the fears, and the curiosity of their fellow creatures, in the triple capacity of alchemist, astrologer, and physician. This itinerant quack, this being without a country and without a name, duped many with a promise to make gold. He duped the Marshal in a manner, if possible, more ridiculous,—he promised to shew him the devil in *propria persona*; and the Duke, excellent as his understanding was, had actually the weakness to believe him. His infernal Majesty was to be exhibited in a quarry near the town: and some men of distinction, amongst whom we are surprised to find, was the Abbe de Lintzen-dorf, son of the Grand Chancellor, went with the Marshal.

Duclos, in his *Secret Memoirs*, pretends that the Marshal had the cruelty to assassinate the pretended magician. But Duclos, who so often copied the Duke of St. Simon, resembled him also in believing much too lightly the most atrocious accusations. For my own part I have been at particular pains to ascertain the truth or falsehood of this story, and I am convinced it has no foundation whatsoever. M. de Richelieu was indeed reproached at the time with being so foolish as to sacrifice a white horse to the moon. This account is much more probable, and in the event of a doubt, it is better to believe that the Marshal was guilty of murdering a horse than a sorcerer. It must be confessed, that the Duke was very superstitious; he believed in the predictions of astrologers, and all that sort of nonsense. I have seen him refuse, at Versailles, to go and pay his respects to the eldest son of Louis XVI. declaring at the same time seriously, that he *knew* that that child was not destined for the throne. This superstitious credulity was very general during the league; and its baneful influence was still felt in society under the Regency, when the Duke de Richelieu entered the world. This superstitious weakness, strange as it may appear, was often found associated with the grossest impiety, and the principal part of the ma-

terialists believed in ghosts. But let us return to the Marshal.

The adventure which I have just mentioned passed over without any disagreeable consequences to him; nor can we wonder at it, when we find that the Abbe de Lintzen-dorf, one of his companions or accomplices, was honoured with a Cardinal's hat.

On the Marshal's return to France, Louis XV. who was himself a man of wit, became very partial to him, and began from that time to honour him with marks of favour and friendship, which continued to the end of his life. This monarch delighted in joking the Marshal, and bore with great good humour Richelieu's repartees, which were sometimes very sharp. One day as the King and the Marshal were returning together from church, after hearing a sermon by the Bishop of Senez, in which the prelate, with an apostolic zeal, had rebuked the vices of the court, the King said to the Marshal, "M. de Richelieu, the preacher has thrown a great many stones into your garden."—"Sire," replied he, "did none fall into your Majesty's park?"

The Marshal behaved to his inferiors with a dignity devoid of haughtiness; his manners and words were peculiarly graceful, but he never made free with those below him in rank; and without wounding their feelings, he had the art to keep them at a respectful distance. Voltaire, so spoiled by the great, and who had been the companion of his youthful days, never presumed to break through those bounds. His numerous letters to the Marshal are written in a guarded and respectful style, which forms a singular contrast with the freedom of those which he wrote to so many Princes and Princesses of sovereign houses.

M. de Richelieu, when Governor of Guyenne, kept up a great establishment, and displayed all that magnificence which formerly distinguished France, but which we no longer find except in the pages of its history. He has, however, been reproached with having encouraged gaming in his own house. This practice, so reprehensible every where, is particularly so in a great commercial town, where economy ought to be the tutelary divinity. His ingenious repartees are still remembered at

Bourdeaux. I shall only quote his answer to a young Officer of the garrison, who, in a quarrel at the theatre, inconsiderately approached the Marshal's box to complain of some one having spit in his face. "For shame, Sir," replied he; "go quickly and wash yourself." In order to feel all the *finesse* of this reply, it must be recollected that in France such an affront could only be washed away in the blood of the person who offered it. Nevertheless, the Marshals of France were obliged, by the duties of their office, to hinder and punish duels, which was a part of their office they never dared fulfil. M. de Richelieu had himself killed the Prince de Lixen, a relation of Mademoiselle de Guise, his second wife, on account of his having expressed rather too freely his disapprobation of this marriage. I must add, that a soldier who, to conform to the decrees of a tribunal of Marshals, had refused a duel, would never arrive at this eminent dignity. The Marshal de Richelieu exercised during the last years of his life, the functions of President of the tribunal, which belonged to the senior Marshal. He did not conduct himself like one of his predecessors, whose parsimony was such that he went by the name of the *Marshal of the Diet*. M. de Richelieu's establishment, on the contrary, was magnificent; but his house was very little frequented by young men, and his society was generally composed of his cotemporaries. There was, amongst others, the Duchess of Phalaris, a lady who might have been termed with propriety a *walking history* of the court for more than sixty years before the period of which I am writing. It was in her arms that the Regent had expired; an event that took place nearly sixty years before I became acquainted with her. She must have been beautiful at that time, but when I saw her she was hideous; her livid and wrinkled skin was covered with pearl-powder and rouge, and her light coloured wig formed a striking contrast with her eye-brows, which were coloured black. It was a whim of this lady's to delight in embracing young people; and under the pretence of I know not what relationship, she honoured me with a salute, which I very well could have dispensed with. She was nick-named *Mother Jezebel*, an appellation

which I confess I thought suited her very well.

Other characters who visited the Duke were, the Marshal de Biron, a nobleman alike distinguished by birth, character, and figure, and the Count d'Argental, who is so often mentioned in the correspondence of Voltaire, who for forty years called him his angel, concluding all his letters by putting himself under the shadow of his wings. This compliment was not in any way suited to the Count, whose figure was excessively clumsy, and whose conversation was far from engaging. Amongst the Marshal's visitors was one whose aspect and character were equally venerable, it was the President Nicolay. The figure of this worthy magistrate was truly venerable; he was tall, and wore his own white hair which reached to his shoulders; his countenance was grave and serene, and you might easily trace in it that virtue which was hereditary in his family.

M. de Richelieu finished, at the advanced age of ninety, a career less remarkable for its extraordinary length than for its singularity in other respects. At an age when other young men were still at college, he was already married, the gallant of a great Princess, and a state prisoner; and when he had completed his sixtieth year, in the possession of the greatest places to which a subject can aspire, after being Ambassador, Commander in Chief of the army, Governor of a province; at the age, in short, when other men are martyrs to infirmities, he re-married, and appeared to begin a new life.

Though the Marshal never displayed a superior genius, nor performed any of those great actions which command the admiration of posterity, yet his wit, his bravery, and his gallantry, assure him a distinguished place in French history. In the field, more fortunate and brave than skilful; in love, more seducing than passionate; in the world, more admired than esteemed; the splendour of his successes in every department, preserved him from the odium which his immorality merited; and we are inclined to throw the blame of his vices on the age in which he lived, rather than on himself.

YOUTHFUL ERRORS AMENDED, AND THE REWARD OF CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

A TALE FROM THE SPANISH.

(Concluded from Page 216.)

It was now eighteen months, and Clara had not heard any thing of Don Ferdinand, when she saw a person who had met him at Seville. She resolved to join him there, and make every effort to recall him to his home and family. One thing embarrassed her much, and that was the choice of some person to whom she could confide her daughters during her absence. Donna Juana had been professed in the convent she had made choice of, and congratulated herself every day that she had not been so unfortunate as to be the wife of Don Ferdinand; and having heard of Donna Clara's embarrassments, she requested her to call on her in the Convent. After having related all that had passed between her and Ferdinand, she proposed to Clara to take the charge of her children's education.—Clara, penetrated with the most lively gratitude, accepted her offers; and the young ladies being immediately confided to her care, Juana gave the mother a purse well filled, to defray the expence of her expedition.

Donna Clara had a pleasant journey to Seville; but she found herself under much embarrassment in a populous city, where she had not one single acquaintance; she was totally ignorant of the place where her husband lodged, and also of the name he had adopted: she passed three months in fruitless researches, and finding she should soon be without money, she thought it better to settle herself at Seville, than to return to Toledo, without having fulfilled what she came there for. One day she asked one of her new acquaintance, named Donna Laurenza, if she knew any lady who wanted a waiting-woman: the lady said she knew one at that time, who actually had applied to her to recommend her one, that she was an elderly lady, with a young husband, and that she would find it a very easy situation. What were her emotions when on presenting herself, she found it to be Lucretia, whom she well remembered, and her husband sitting by her,

playing on the guittar! Don Ferdinand did not know his wife, though he looked at her with much attention: it is true, that sorrow, necessity, and grief, had very much altered her countenance.

Lucretia took Donna Clara into her service; and the latter, in the hope of breaking off a connection which had rendered her life wretched, resolved to submit to one who was every way her inferior. Her new mistress gave her up the keys of all her effects, except that which opened a closet, wherein were kept her books and many rare curiosities; she gave her the superintendence over the other domestics, and recommended to her, above all things, the greatest care and attention towards Don Ferdinand. Donna Clara dissembled her anguish, and for a whole year she lived as a servant to these two companions, to whom she endeared herself by her gentleness and obligingness, so as entirely to gain their affection. Kindness, in every shape, the presence of her husband, the best and most nourishing food, soon restored to Clara all her former beauty. Lucretia fell into a severe indisposition, and this caused inexpressible grief and vexation to Don Ferdinand. On the fourth day the fever was so violent, that the physicians despaired of Lucretia's life; and, notwithstanding the secret hatred which Clara could not but feel towards her who had deprived her of the affections of her husband, she attended her during her sickness with the most assiduous care. Dinner time being arrived, Don Ferdinand came home one day from a walk, and going into one of the apartments, he saw Clara laying the cloth for dinner; it was the first time she had found herself alone with him, and as he enquired after the health of her mistress, he considered her countenance very attentively, and with apparent emotion. Clara blushed, Don Ferdinand seized her hand, and said, "I really believe it is my dear wife, who has been our servant this year past. How is it that I did not recollect

you? Who could inform you where I was? Tell me how are my daughters? and where have you left them?"

Thus speaking, he could not resist the ardent emotions of his returning tenderness, but straining his wife to his bosom, they could only express their mutual sensations by their tears and embraces.

Donna Clara, by such an unexpected event, experienced in succession to her late affliction, the most lively joy, and tenderly returned the caresses of Don Ferdinand.—When the tumult of emotion, caused by this circumstance, had in part subsided, she related to him all that had befallen her since her departure from Toledo. Their conversation, which took place near the chamber of Lucretia, was too lively and animated for her not to hear some part of it. However, all that she could comprehend was, that Don Ferdinand and her chamber-maid seemed to be much delighted with each other. Furious at their daring to use so little circumspection, while she was lying on a sick bed, she called Donna Clara, and asked her, with a degree of severity, what was the nature of her very long conference with Don Ferdinand? Clara, having no longer any desire to preserve the friendship of Lucretia, told her that she had regained the affection of her husband, and had cured him of his ridiculous passion for her." "It is time, added she, "to throw off the mask. You have too long retained Don Ferdinand, and that in a way not very honourable to yourself." She then more fully informed her she was his wife. Lucretia was thunderstruck at this unforeseen intelligence, and, for her, disadvantageous event. Despair and rage uniting their force to the violent fever she was in, caused in her frame so terrible a revolution, that in a few minutes she was bereft of speech and life.

This sudden accident produced such dreadful shrieks amongst the young women who attended her, that the whole neighbourhood ran to see what was the matter; and the Justice having been informed of this event, hastened to the house of the defunct. They seized on the person of Don Ferdinand, and interrogated all the servants, who reported all they knew about it. Donna Clara maintained that she was the legitimate wife of Don Ferdinand, and

that Lucretia had never been any thing but his mistress. The Officers of Justice then thought proper for her to make this deposition before the Lieutenant of the Corregidor. He was sent for immediately, and he came, accompanied by several persons of rank, belonging to the town, who were curious to hear the end of this extraordinary adventure. After he had written down the depositions of the witnesses, and interrogated the accused parties, he was soon persuaded of their innocence, and set them free. He found also that the crime alone rested on Lucretia, and that as she had no lawful heirs, her wealth would be confiscated, after Clara had been paid her wages.

With this money, and with what remained of that which Donna Juana had given her on her departure from Toledo, she hired a coach to take back Don Ferdinand. Grief had brought on him a disorder which he hoped his native air might contribute to cure. But this remedy was too late; his constitution, already broken by intemperance, could not stand against the deep melancholy which had taken hold on him, and which augmented every day, from the disordered state of his affairs.—He was reduced to such extreme indigence, that he had nothing to subsist on but what Donna Juana sent him from the convent. At length, after having languished for two months, he died, testifying no other regret but that of being separated from his beloved Clara; who, on her side, found herself so overwhelmed with sorrow at his loss, and the necessity to which she found herself reduced, and which she durst discover to no one, that her life seemed preserved by a miracle alone. When she knew not which course to take, not daring again to apply to Donna Juana, who was at great expence already in the education of her daughters, she received assistance from a quarter she little expected, and which was a just reward for the virtues of her noble mind.

Don Sancho had just lost his father, and had quitted town to take possession of some considerable estates in the country. While Clara was absent, he had no wish to return; neither would he listen to any proposals of marriage. He had no sooner heard that she was come back to Toledo,

than he sat off privately, and arrived there the day of Don Ferdinand's death. He soon called at the house of the widow, and after having paid her some distant compliments, he buried her husband at his own expense, and with the same magnificence as he had observed at the funeral of his father. After this service was over, he returned to Donna Clara, accompanied by some of the first noblemen belonging to the court, whom he had caused to follow as mourners; and he thus addressed her:—"Madam, I have just been rendering one last service to Don Ferdinand. You well know the motives which urged me to it, and no one is ignorant of my passion for you, which has increased with time; although you have never shewn me the least favour since your marriage, which could give me any kind of hope, the respect and admiration which I have ever felt for your virtue, have contributed to render me constant to your beauty; capable, indeed, of itself alone, to triumph over the most insensible heart. We are both of us now independent of the will of others, since I have no longer a parent, nor you a husband. It is time to reward my fidelity, and to let your virtue be crowned by wealth." Donna Clara, penetrated with

this generous proceeding, attempted to throw herself at his feet. But he prevented her by taking one of her beautiful hands, and imprinting on it a fervent kiss. Ardent to accelerate his felicity, he sent immediately to a notary to prepare the contract: and in a short time after, having obtained permission of the King to celebrate his marriage, he married Donna Clara, and observed the utmost splendor in the ceremony of his nuptials.

Don Sancho did not limit his generosity merely to Donna Clara: he extended it to the daughters of this virtuous female, and settled on them a handsome fortune, when he found them determined on taking the veil, in the same convent in which they had been educated. The heart of Donna Clara was too grateful not to love with sincere affection, so generous a husband, and whose love had been so tried and constant. The remainder of their days were passed in the most happy harmony, and they had a progeny which inherited their virtues with their riches; while the virtuous Clara experienced in this happy union the recompence of her patient goodness, which had made her support with fortitude, those severe sorrows to which she had been formerly exposed.

THE DUMB LOVER.—A TRUE STORY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME M.—

(Continued from Page 200.)

FRANK was overwhelmed with grief; how could he contrive to see Meta again? How could he succeed in gaining her affections? After mature deliberation he determined to remove the alarms of the mother by never appearing at his window; but how then shall he know whether that of his neighbours is open, and whether the curtain is up? Love renders his votaries ingenious. Frank sold one of the rings he had left, bought a pier glass, and hung it up at the farther extremity of his apartment, but in such a manner that the house opposite was entirely represented. His post of observation thus established, Frank no longer shewed himself, and with his back turned towards the window, and

his eyes continually fixed on the glass, he had the satisfaction, at the expiration of a few days, to behold the celestial face of Meta. Dame Brigitte, as Frank had judiciously imagined, seeing him no longer, thought that she had been mistaken, that she had tired his patience, or that he had left his lodgings; at any rate, the curtain, which had impeded their work, was drawn up, and Frank could see in his glass much better than from his window, where he could not look with as much attention. With this scheme, however, he was not fully satisfied; Meta was unacquainted with it,—Meta did not suspect that he thought of her only, or that he could see her: by what means was she to be inform-

ed of it? By dint of weighing the matter in his mind, he thought at last of a good contrivance. His lute, which had been confined to its case since Frank had had other occupations, might serve him as an interpreter. He took it out, tuned it, and began playing in the *amoroso* mood.

Frank was no very skilful musician: but is not love the best of all teachers? Frank soon became an accomplished *virtuoso*, and could express with equal abilities, joy, sadness, uncertainty, hope, despair, in short, the various changes which the tender passion will give rise to. When Meta appeared at the window, the harmonious lute expressed joy and happiness; and if she continued there, the sounds became so soft, so tenderly affectionate, so expressive, that they spoke a declaration in due form; they penetrated to the very soul of the youthful maid, and caused her to shed tears. When she withdrew, the accents of the instrument were sorrowful: if she delayed reappearing, they spoke impatience; when the matron approached, the lute was expressive of rage; in fine, never had any instrument spoken with more precision, and in a manner so very intelligible, that Meta was soon sensible of what she was given to understand: she, in her turn, racked her little brains to find out the means of answering the lute without speaking; and she succeeded.

"Dear mother," said she one day to her, "although I am so fond of flowers I never see any, as we never go out walking; allow me, then, to have a few pots on our window." Dame Brigitte, who did not foresee that her compliance could be attended with danger, granted the request: she, no doubt, heard the lute also, but not in a like manner to what Meta did; she only fancied that some musician had taken Frank's lodgings, and that he thought of nothing but of improving in his profession; she praised his talent, her daughter likewise bestowed some encomiums, but such only as could not create suspicion. "I like this musician far better than his lazy, idle, predecessor," would Dame Brigitte say; "he is industrious in his way: the other would sit and stare all day long at his window, without attempting any kind of occupation; this one, at least, cultivates a talent which may be productive of some benefit:

besides, his music is agreeable to hear whilst we are at work."

Meta returned no answer, because she doubted not but the lazy body and the lute player were but one; she continued spinning, as her mother spoke, and only left off her work to cultivate her flowers. Frank was pleased when he saw in his glass a rose and a myrtle tree. Meta watered, tied, placed them close to each other, or removed them to a distance, according to the modulations of the lute. When she left the window only for a few moments, she placed them at a short distance; if she was to be absent for some hours, the pots then occupied both extremities of the board; on her return, they were drawn quite close to one another: the lute most faithfully accompanied the motions of the vases; and before it was long, Meta was convinced that her neighbour could see her and her vases, and that he understood their meaning the same as she comprehended the language of the lute.

Frank, when at dinner with his landlady, had been making enquiries about their opposite neighbours, and from her, besides what he already knew, was informed that Meta longed for a new gown, which her mother had refused giving her, because there was a scarcity of hemp that year, and that on account of the high price of the article she had been obliged to leave off trade.

Frank instantly took another of his mother's rings, sold it to a jeweller, and with the whole of the money bought a good lot of hemp. Next, by means of flattering, and of offering a small present to the woman from whom he had made the purchase, he prevailed on her to go and offer the hemp for sale to Dame Brigitte, at a reduced price. Brigitte was delighted at her bargain, paid what she was asked, sold the hemp for double what it had cost her, and on the Sunday following Frank had the pleasure of seeing in his glass his fair Meta, ready to go to church, decked in a pretty new gown, that fitted her nicely, and made her look still handsomer; and as Brigitte never spun on Sundays, she accompanied her daughter.

The moment Frank imagined they were beyond the house, he ventured to his win-

dow that he might still look at the pretty gown, or rather at the fine shape of the wearer. Meta, at that same instant, turned round her head just to tuck up her gown, when a look at the window of her neighbour, who still held his lute in his hand, convinced her that she had not been mistaken, and that the observer and the musician were but the same identical being. She felt overjoyed at the discovery, and the first thing she did on her return home, was to run to her flower-pots. She was a long time about them, and placed the myrtle so near its companion, that a beautiful full blown rose got interwoven between the verdant branches of the shrub. Meta seemed delighted at the sight, at her neighbour still more so, for, at the very instant, his lute was heard, but words are insufficient to render all that it expressed. Alas! it will not unfrequently happen, that when we think ourselves the most happy, then the greatest misfortune is near at hand, and Frank experienced it most severely. Dame Brigitte had been so pleased with her purchase of hemp, that in hopes of procuring more, and through gratitude for the vender, she invited her to a small collation. The repast being ended, Brigitte enquired whether there was any more hemp to be got at the same price? The guest replied, that she was not certain her employer would wish to continue so ruinous a traffic: this was the prelude to an explanation, in consequence of which the dame discovered that the musician and the hemp merchant were no other than the young profligate, whose assiduity at his window had created so much uneasiness to her; and what he had done with the hemp, evinced that he had neither quitted the neighbourhood, nor renounced his pretensions on the heart of Meta. She cast a look at her daughter, who, with a blush of similar hue to that of the rose interwoven with the myrtle branches, cast down her beautiful eyes, and was enraptured at what she had just heard; yet she wished she alone had been apprized of it. Dame Brigitte, on her side, was no less grieved at her daughter being made acquainted with the circumstance. She exclaimed aloud against the young prodigal seducer, as she called him upwards of fifty times; however, she proceeded to farther extremities. Notwithstanding the tears

of Meta, the new gown was sold, and the amount of what it fetched, together with what remained from the sale of the hemp, was carefully wrapped up, and directed to Frank, under the post-mark of Hamburg. When the young man first received it, he thought that some of his father's former debtors were making restitution; he thanked his kind stars for the unexpected relief, and flew before his glass in hopes to enjoy the still greater happiness of seeing his Meta; when, alas! he only discovered the plaguy curtain, more closely drawn, and thicker, in his opinion, than it was before. The flower-pots, however, were still out. Dame Brigitte's penetration had not gone so far as to suspect their meaning; the luxuriant rose still shone amidst the branches of the myrtle plant, and the sight of it kept the lover's hopes alive; the flowers must needs be taken care of, thought he, and he waited for the event. Towards the evening the curtain, indeed, was withdrawn; his heart began to beat; he drew nearer to his glass, when he saw the emaciated hands of Brigitte unmercifully separating the two vases, and successively taking them into the room; but love, with a view of alleviating his sorrow, allowed him to see Meta, standing by the side of her mother, and wiping off her tears with her sweet hand. He immediately applied to his lute, in strains so expressive of blended grief and joy, that all who were passing by stopped to listen to them. Dame Brigitte heard them also, but now put a right construction upon them; she recollected that her daughter's partiality to flowers was nearly of the same date as the first sounds she had heard of the lute; and by means of summing up what she knew with what had taken place, she guessed at their dumb intelligence, and immediately determined upon leaving so alarming a neighbourhood.

Frank, when he awoke on the next morning, enjoyed the lively, but short pleasure, of discovering every part of Meta's chamber; no curtain, no mother, no obstacle obstructed his view: but there was no Meta, no spinning wheel, no rose, no myrtle shrub to be seen, the whole had disappeared, and all Frank's hopes vanished.

On his going to enquire what was become of his neighbours, the landlady in-

formed him that they had left their lodgings before day-break, to go and live somewhere else: that Meta regretted much leaving that part of the town, and that she wept bitterly. "What! don't you know whither they are gone?" asked Frank.—"Neither I, nor any one else," was the answer: "her goods have been carried off by an entire stranger, and God knows where he has carried them; for my part I do not."

To the most dreadful agony of despair, sweet hope succeeded on a sudden. "If they continue in Bremen," thought the amorous youth, "I shall soon find them out." He had noticed her regularity in going to hear mass every morning, and he accordingly went from church to church, chapel and convent, having scarce any other habitation. "If love can inspire talents, wherefore should it not also suggest devotion?" No sooner did Frank enter the house of God, than he would fall on his knees, and pray for the restoration of his Meta. One day, that his prayer no doubt had been more fervent than usual, as he was casting his inquisitive looks over the congregation, he descried, at a certain distance, a young person kneeling;—it was she!—it was Meta! who also prayed to heaven to be granted the high blessing of hearing again the dulcet notes of her former neighbour's lute. When she rose from her devotions, she saw him, she met his eyes fixed upon her; she then cast down her's with the blush of simplicity and innocence, and slowly proceeded to her new residence, whilst Frank, timid and respectful, as true lovers generally are, followed, without daring to accost her, for fear Dame Brigitte should see him, and carry Meta to such a remote distance that he should be unable to find her again. He, therefore, hid himself, as well as he could, from that formidable Argus, which, indeed, cost him no little trouble. In order to lose no time, she did not always accompany her daughter to church, but she kept a watchful eye over her on her way to church and back home; Frank, accordingly, must be satisfied with seeing her read her prayers, hoping he came in for a share. Neither was he deceived: Meta, who always met his eyes turned towards her, and who found them no less eloquent than his lute, loved

him more and more dearly, till at last she condescended to let her's answer him in the same language.

Frank was not the only one who looked at, and found her handsome. A young brewer, a man in very good circumstances, and much inclined to get married, was in the habit of seeing her daily, and always imagined he could read in her countenance that she was possessed of those qualifications that are so desirable in a wife. "How modest she looks," would he say to himself. "How much more so will she appear in the fine clothes I shall buy for her! Her piety will draw blessings from above on my brewery! How happy I shall be when I return home in the evening to drink some liquor of my own make in her company!—how—!how—!" The final result of all these exclamations was, that the young brewer made a vow of offering a huge wax taper to St. Christopher, in case he succeeded in his undertaking. He next put on his best suit; and as soon as he saw Meta passing by on her way to church, he went to speak to Dame Brigitte. Agreeable to the custom of those days, all preliminary compliments being over, he very respectfully asked the mother for her daughter's hand, and entered into a detail of all he possessed; namely, an extensive brewhouse, a fine town-house, a rich plantation of hops, a country residence, beautiful gardens, and a large fortune, which increased daily: he next spoke of elegant gowns, fine lace, and costly jewels, both for his intended bride and her mother. The little eyes of Dame Brigitte sparkled when she heard of all those fineries, and at the idea of possessing a daughter deserving of them. At length her chimera was realized, she had found the son-in-law who was to restore her to her former comfortable situation: what made her still more happy in her mind was, that her daughter must like the man as much as she did herself; he was not thirty, but so comely in his person, so well made, and so rich, that he had been surnamed the "King of Hops," and that all such mothers as had girls to dispose of, always curtsied very low to him wherever they met him, in hopes of getting the preference.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF AN INDIA SHAWL.

WITHOUT intruding on my fair readers by recounting the many adventures that occurred to me prior to my arrival in the year 1771, at the valley called Cassemira, and which the Persians have most judiciously surnamed the Valley of Happiness, suffice it to say, that the Aldee, or village in which I resided for several months, was in high renown for its beautiful wool, and the particular skill of its weavers, whose huts stood on each bank of a stream, to the waters of which was ascribed the superior quality of the stuffs manufactured there. All the harems and zenanas of Persia, Mogul, and Turkey, were tributary to the elegant produce of the Aldee of Serinagor. During my stray in that delightful country, I would frequently visit the warehouse of an opulent India merchant, of whom Almas Aly Kan, Raja of one of the provinces in Bengal, had bespoke a shawl of most exquisite workmanship, and intended for the only one amongst his legitimate wives that had brought him children. This shawl, besides its extraordinary fineness, was still more remarkable on account of the curious design of the palms of the border, composed of negroes' heads, linked together by means of a kind of garland, below which were written, in Arabic characters, two lines of the poet Saadi, of which this is a literal translation:—

“To be good, is wisdom; to do good, is virtue.”

As soon as the shawl was finished, it was locked up in a casket of sweet scented wood, and forwarded to its destination. Fifteen months after I was appointed to a military command at Cassimbazar, one of the French settlements on the Ganges. Upon my arrival in Bengal, I found that two-thirds of the population had perished, and that all the princes of that wealthy, but unfortunate country, were suffering from unrelenting persecution. The estates of Almas Aly Kan had been confiscated, the Raja was dead, and one of his wives, with a tender infant in her arms (the only heir to the late monarch), was come to solicit from my generosity an asylum, which, however, she did not enjoy long, for

she died six weeks after her arrival at Cassimbazar, after having recommended to me her son, who was brought to my house in the night by a young Indian woman. The babe was wrapped up in that very same shawl, at the manufacturing of which I had, as it were, assisted in the valley, and which I thought it incumbent on me to make a present of to the female who had brought me over the infant prince. Six months had scarce elapsed when I was recalled into France, and forced accordingly to part from the child, whom I committed to the care of the Governor of Chandernagor.

On my return from Sirampour, a Danish settlement, where I had gone to bid adieu to some friends of mine, I was on the point of embarking for Europe, when the cries of an innumerable crowd on the banks of the Ganges, induced me to make towards the spot, where a funeral pile was erected, on which a young widow was going to be burned alive. During all the time of my stay in India, I had carefully avoided being present at the horrid spectacle, although repeated opportunities had offered of my being an eye-witness. I intended, after having viewed the object of those sad preparations, to hasten away, when I accidentally cast my eyes on the victim, who stood erect on a little eminence, from whence she was dividing her jewels amongst the women who accompanied her. Judge you of my surprize!—that young Indian widow was the same female who six months before had brought me the son of Almas Aly Kan: she recognized me in her turn, smiled at me with graceful kindness, detached the shawl which she wore round her waist, and sent it to me by one of her slaves: it was the same which she had received from me. I feel under an obligation of sparing to my readers the recital of the consequences attending this meeting; but it nearly cost me my life, for having endeavoured to save that of a young woman from the banks of the Ganges, who, notwithstanding every argument I could urge, was determined to die at the age of twenty-two, on the corpse of a husband who was seventy. Over-

whelmed with grief, and shuddering with horror, I quitted the dreadful pile, reflecting at the same time on the contrast between the cruel religion that prescribed such a sacrifice, and the sweet morality of which I could read one of the precepts on the widow's shawl:—

“ To be good, is wisdom ; to do good, is virtue.”

When I arrived at Paris, in 1773, the name was not known of those Asiatic webs, that in the present days are so generally worn. The Duke of Aiguillon, to whom I was introduced, appeared desirous of having some of the rarities that I had brought over from India ; and, much against my inclination, I was compelled to dispose, in his favour, of the shawl, which recalled to my mind interesting recollections. Soon after I was informed that the Duke had offered it to Madame Dubarri. For a whole month nothing else was spoken of in the *petits appartements* : * all the ladies at court came to try it on at the toilet of the favourite, and decided unanimously, that the dress was entirely destitute of grace. The shawl was consequently placed as a mere object of curiosity in a cabinet of Sacca, where it might have remained to this day, if the famous tragedian Lekain, who had performed the part of *Gengis Kan* at Fontainebleau, had not suggested to the King the idea of improving the dress of the Tartar prince by the addition of the shawl.

I had an opportunity for several years of seeing my *Cachemire* at every representation of Voltaire's *Zaïre* and *Orphelin de la Chine*. On the death of Lekain it was sold for an extravagant price to a wealthy financier, who made a present of it to a celebrated courtesan, the famous Isabeau, a mulatto woman, who, during some few months, drew the attention of the whole metropolis, and found means, in the course of five years, to squander away the value of two rich plantations ; and in less time still, to ruin three opulent noblemen, five

wealthy magistrates, and as many farmers general without being able to enrich an opera-dancer, whom she loved to distraction.

The tawny Cyprian, in the wreck of her fortune sold the widow's shawl to an amateur, who, during all his life-time had been engaged in purchasing and collecting in a gallery the Persian costumes, from the days of Cambyzes down to Thamas Kouly Kan, the astronomical observations of the Chinese, from Yu the Great, to Fohi Tzing Li, and models of all the different stones that enter into the composition of this terrestrial globe. He had paid a thousand crowns for a slipper of Solymán II. ; a hundred louis d'ors for a spur of Fernand Cortez ; and two hundred dollars for a feather of Guatimosin's helmet. The widow's shawl figured away in this historical frippery, till on the demise of the owner it was once more brought to the hammer.

A female pedlar, who bought it very cheap, contrived with a foreign lady to bring shawls into fashion. Now begins the most brilliant part of the history of our hero, if I may be allowed to use the expression.

The wife of an army contractor, resplendent with youth and beauty, bought the widow's shawl for five hundred thousand francs in assignats, and was taught by an eminent artist how to adjust the drapery in the most graceful style, and made her appearance, with it on, in one of the stage boxes at the opera-house ; on the following day she exhibited it to no less advantage, in the public walks and other places of fashionable resort ; the commotion instantly became universal ; the whole female tribe had no longer but one thought, one wish, one will, namely—that of procuring an India shawl, without which it might be said they could enjoy no manner of happiness upon earth. The *Journal des Modes* gave a description of it, besides a copperplate of the same in one of its Numbers. The immediate consequence was, that a Turk and two Armenians, whom commercial pursuits had brought to Paris, were stripped of the greasy shawls which they wore round their waists, and for which they received in payment their weight in gold. Our East India tradesmen neglected^d

* Whenever the Kings of France had private parties, those apartments in which they met were distinguished by the appellation of *les petits appartements*, which no one was allowed to enter except such of the nobility of both sexes as had been invited.

not this means of making their fortunes, and speculating on the duration of a whim supported by luxury and vanity, established in Paris two repositories for shawls, which it is said the Parisian husbands and beaux subscribed to fit up. This concurrence, however, only served to enhance the merits and value of the widow's shawl, to the beauty whereof nothing yet could be compared.

The rage after this new fashion had just come to the highest pitch, when I trembled for the life of my best friend, whom despised love was sending to his grave. Possessed at once of all the gifts that nature, birth, and fortune can bestow, it had been his inconceivable misfortune to pay his addresses to the only woman, perhaps, from whom he had nothing to hope. This modern Artemisa was five-and-twenty, full of vanity, and secretly devoured with a desire of being noticed. The only expedient that she had found out was to display a savage virtue, in which she had persevered without the least deviation, owing most likely to her being naturally of a very cold disposition. I knew the lady well, and had discovered that above all she wished to attract public attention. I availed myself of this discovery to effect the cure of my poor friend. Having been informed that the proprietor of my shawl was summoned to have his cash-book examined, and that in order to be able to settle his accounts, he was under an obligation of selling his wife's jewels, I offered him a pretty round sum of money for the shawl with the negroes' heads; it once more became my property, and I sent it to my friend, with directions how to make use of it. I am still ignorant how far he followed my advice; but he recovered his former good health, and I met him some days after in one of our public walks, arm-in-arm with the object of his affection, surrounded by an admiring crowd at the sight of the widow's shawl.

About a twelvemonth after, the fair lady, in consequence of a new whim (few ladies perhaps would have tarried so long to manifest one), thought proper to set the India shawl on another course of travels. It was sacrificed to the longing desire of procur-

ing a diamond aigrette, and accordingly sent to be pledged at a notorious money-lender's, who partly supplied the *belle* with the sum requisite for the purchase of the delightful aigrette.

It was redeemed by a Jew, who sold it on credit to a young gentleman under age, who made a present of it to a handsome actress of the French theatre, on her return from one of the watering-places.

The fair pupil of Thalia, on the very first night of her re-appearance, through attentive regard as she was leaving the house, spread her shawl over the shoulders of the wife of a journalist, a lady who was very apt to catch cold; but the next day it appeared from a paragraph in the journal, that it is not every husband that feels inclined to pay his wife's debts.

Here the glory of the first of shawls begins to decline. Confined for two long years in a large chest, overloaded with furs, pieces of different stuffs, and of cloths of all colours, under heaps of table, bed, and kitchen linen, the moths took possession of the widow's shawl. The journalist's lady was preparing to make it into under petticoats, when a young author, bargaining for success, politely offered to give her some old plate.

Now again it fell into the hands of an eminent milliner, who, by means of darning it nicely, passed it as a new article, in the wedding basket of the daughter of a stock-broker, who sold it six months after to discharge her baker's bill. I entirely lost sight of it ever since, till on the fourteenth of last August I was told that it was exposed for sale at Rag-Fair. I instantly ran to bid for it, but came too late; the widow's shawl had been knocked down to a certain lady, who shall remain nameless, but who the very next day cut it into pieces, of which she made as many presents to her numerous male friends, to make waistcoats of. She has kept to herself the border with the characters in Arabic, which she wears in lieu of a girdle: and people are anxious to know wherefore our learned orientalist L—, cannot look at her without a laugh.

A.

PROTESTATIONS PUT TO THE PROOF.

A TALE, FROM THE GERMAN OF WIELAND.

THERE lived at Samarcanda a young tailor, named Hann, who was married to a beautiful young creature of the name of Gulphena, and of whom he was passionately fond: her eyes were black and sparkling, her shape easy and slender, her hair as soft as silk, her arms and bosom beautifully formed, her age about twenty years, and the worthy Hann looked on his wife as an angel.

Many people said that he only argued like a young tailor; but they did not reflect, that there are certain seasons when the wise Solomon himself would have argued just in the same manner.

It was in one of those moments of rapture that Hann said to his beloved: "My dear, dear wife, what would become of me if I should see your beauties frozen by the ice of death? To see thee deprived of the breath of life, the bare idea fills me with horror. Yes, I swear to thee, that if ever I experience such anguish, I will mourn over thy tomb nine days; and will weep till the source of weeping becomes dry."

"And I, my dearest life," replied the youthful wife, "If ever I should be so wretched as to lose thee, my beloved Hann—I will be buried alive with thee."

"There is a wife as a wife ought to be," said the happy tailor to himself; and he pressed her to his bosom, doubting nothing of the truth she had uttered: she spoke it, and he felt assured she spoke as she felt.

About a year after these protestations, they were one night eating their *pilau*, and resting from their daily labours; it so fell out that the beautiful Gulphena, more taken up with looking at her husband than at what she ate, had the misfortune to swallow a bone, which choked her.—Hann tried every effort to save her; he clapped her on the back, he tried to get it out of her throat, he tried to make it go down; all his efforts were in vain—Gulphena expired in his arms.

Poor Hann was in a state bordering on despair; but there was no remedy; the habiliments of death were put upon Gulphena; and, notwithstanding the paleness

spread over her complexion, she was yet beautiful. This was a sight poor Hann knew not how to support.

Gulphena was buried; Hann, in an agony of sorrow, threw himself on her tomb.—His sobs might be heard at an immense distance; he was, however, resolved to pass nine whole days in this manner, according to his vow.

Now it happened that Assa, the prophet, passed near the tomb. The groans of the tailor had disturbed his devotions, he approached him, and asked him the reason of his lamentations, and why he thus grovelled on the earth.

"Ah! Sir," replied the poor widower, "I possessed a treasure, which is now enclosed in this tomb. A wife! and such a wife!—She loved me as never woman yet loved her husband; and I buried her this morning."

"Since thou regrettest thy wife so much," said the prophet, "we must restore to thee a treasure thou art so worthy to possess." At these words he struck the tomb with his wand, which opened at its touch, and Gulphena, fresh and blooming as ever, issued from her grave, and threw herself into her husband's arms. What a blessed re-union! What joy! What embracing! To see them any one would imagine they would have stifled each other with kisses. The happy pair, however, though intoxicated with love, turned to thank the man who had thus miraculously produced their present felicity. They looked for him in vain, he had vanished.

Hann now began to perceive that Gulphena was almost without any covering, and could not possibly enter the town in that condition, notwithstanding it was getting dusk. "Light of my eyes," said he; "hide thyself behind these rocks, I will run home and bring thee thy clothes. The moon begins to shine, fear nothing, I shall not be gone a minute."

Hann set off with the swiftness of an arrow. In the mean time the King's son passed by, preceded by a prodigious number of torches, the splendid light of which dissipated the shades of night; by this

light the attendants first perceived a woman in disordered attire leaning against a rock, and seeking to shield her form amongst some briars which grew near, a form that the light of the torches rendered more fair and lovely than it really was.

The son of the King made a sudden stop, and approached alone and unattended the place where the fair one was anxiously endeavouring to conceal herself: the son of the King did not turn away his head or put his hand before his eyes. "Ah!" said he to Gulphena, "How is it that so much beauty becomes left in such a situation, and at such an hour as this?"

"My Lord," replied the wife of the tailor, "the disorder of my dress will not permit me to satisfy your questions."

The Prince acknowledged the justice of her refusal in such a situation, and intreated her to accept of his own cloak. "Now, Madam," said he, "only one word; are you married? If you are not, come with me, embellish my harem like the rising sun, confer happiness on a mighty Prince, and pleasures, without end, shall await you in that kingdom of which you will be the pride and ornament."

In the twinkling of an eye the beautiful Gulphena felt the full force of the happiness now offered her, and how far it was removed from the poor trade of a tailor. In that twinkling, husband, love, vows, fidelity, the grave itself, all was forgotten.—"My Lord," said she, "I am free; the will of your devoted slave is yours." The son of the King did not give her the trouble of repeating what she said; a horse was immediately given to her; and full of joy, she followed the Prince, by the light of the torches, to his harem.

Scarcely was she departed, than the transported tailor arrived, furnished with clothing for his wife. Alas! he seeks her in vain. He calls her by name, he is almost frantic; he fears she has been carried off by banditti: he is right in thinking she has been carried off—but by whom? She could, he was sure, never consent to it. Such a suspicion would never enter his mind. Oh! why, said he, did not I take her home, naked as she was? Wretch that I am! What must now be the anguish of my faithful wife, to whom life, without

me, would be worse than death: she who promised to bury herself alive with me in the tomb! Pearl among women, another's arms will now enfold thee! Alas! at this moment, perhaps, she tears her hair, and wounds her lovely face! What do I say? sooner than suffer dishonour she would stab herself!

Poor mistaken Hann! thy faithful wife is by no means in danger of treating herself with such barbarity. Luxuriously reclining on the couch of pleasure, intoxicated with new delights, she thinks not of thee, nor the griefs thou mayest endure.

In the mean time the tailor runs all over Samarcanda; he runs backwards and forwards; he spares neither cost nor pains; he seeks his wife by day and by night; he is a stranger to food and rest, and he yet hopes the prophet Assa will again restore her to his wishes. At length he meets one of the Prince's attendants, and learns from him all that has happened; is informed of the little resistance made by Gulphena, and that she was the chief ornament of the Prince's harem.

Hann, still persuaded in his own mind of his wife's fidelity, loses no time; he flies to the palace, makes his way like a madman, through a host of guards and pages; asks every one for his wife, arrives in the presence of the Prince himself, and conjures him, on his knees, to restore to him this model of virtue.

The son of the King was a good Prince; and, perhaps, too, he began to be weary of the beautiful Gulphena, whose charms, in his eyes, had lost much of their first attraction. Scarce had he heard the request of the tailor, than he graciously recounted all the history, recorded above. Hann sought yet to persuade himself it could not be true; he rather imagined that Gulphena, but just restored to life, might have committed some mistake. "Let her come in," said he to the Prince; "she is my wife; and you will see, yes, you will see, with what ardour she will fly to my arms."

"Very well," said the son of the King, "we shall see; I myself, will keep at a distance."

The lady made her appearance. The honest tailor, dazzled with the splendour of her jewels, and the magnificence of her

clothing, scarcely knew his wife again; he thought he was in a dream. Gulphena, on the contrary, knew him again but too well. She drew back, grew pale and red by turns; but that presence of mind, so natural to her sex, did not forsake her in this necessity. The Prince, when he saw her turn pale, approached her. "Dost thou know this man?" said his Highness.—"Know him, indeed! but too well," said this loving wife; "it is that ruffian, who having met me on the road, beat me most unmercifully, dragged me amongst the tombs, and left me in the place where your Highness found me."

A chill of horror ran through the veins of poor Hann, at hearing this; the current of his blood seemed stopped, his eyes became fixed, his knees trembled under him, and he endeavoured in vain, as he opened his mouth, to speak.

All the court were now unanimously convinced of his guilt, by his silence and his terrified countenance; they were certain proofs of his crime. "Carry him to the Cadi," said the Prince. Hann was immediately loaded with fetters and carried before him. The judge takes down the information, and the lady is the accuser; Hann does not contradict her. Of what use is life now to him? He is declared

guilty, and according to custom, is led from the tribunal to the scaffold.

Who can now succour this unhappy man? Already he is at the foot of the fatal ladder. Who will save his honour and his life? Both must have been evidently lost, if by good luck, Assa, the prophet, had not just then passed by. His presence shed around a heavenly light. "He is innocent," cried he, "and I can prove it." The executioners stayed their hands from the work of death; and the people stood transfixed with wonder to hear those words from lips which had never been stained with falsehood; the crowd followed Hann and the prophet to the palace. The golden gate was opened. The Sultan and his son advanced. Assa spoke with authority,—he demanded Gulphena; and a circle was made round her and the prophet. Sinking under the weight of guilt, Gulphena lifted up her eyes for a moment, knew Assa again, and fell lifeless at his feet.

Hann was loaded with honours and wealth; his wife was again interred, but she might have remained in her tomb to the end of the world, her dear husband never felt the least desire to go and weep and fast over her ashes, even for *nine seconds*.

S. G.

LETTER FROM A RETURNED FRENCH EMIGRANT.

SIR,—It is now just two-and-twenty years since I quitted France, laden with arms and baggage, but with very little money; for those gentlemen, the Jacobins, took care to strip me of all I had. I often made an effort to return, and to prove to those who governed, as well as to their ministers, that I never had been away; but I must first find my proofs on pecuniary means. Nothing is so difficult to be proved as what a man says who is not worth a halfpenny. I could, I was sure, never make my proofs clear to these gentlemen, for I was maintained on the list of the emigrants. At length, by the greatest luck in the world, I was invalided, and struck off, on the first of March, by his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, in conjunction with his Majesty the Emperor

of Austria, his Majesty the King of Prussia, and the Prince Regent of England, who wished to conduct all things in proper form. It was time, without doubt; for I was just on the point of being struck off the list of the living, by reason of the extreme misery to which the reversion of my property to national property had reduced me. I returned then in the packet to my native country on the 15th of April, quite overjoyed, as you may well believe, and I was not long before I saw Paris, the place of my nativity.

I found the city much improved in embellishments, I must say; and I think the produce of what I possessed formerly contributed to add to its beauty, and to raise those new monuments on the ruins of the ancient ones. I am fond of architecture,

it is a fine art, and is pleasing to the eye of taste: but it has cost us dear. The fact is, I have nothing left to live on; and in the midst of the boldest designs, in the midst of new raised markets, we are not a bit better fed. I cannot, therefore, but feel truly melancholy as I contemplate the different orders, Ionic, Doric, mixed, &c. which I find multiplied every where, as well as the bridges, which have certainly a fine effect over the Seine.

I had once a very good house near the ancient Chatelet: my first care was to walk that way, to cast a glance as I went along. We do not pay for looking, as the saying is. But how surprised was I to find, instead of my house, a fine fountain! throwing its clear waters to an immense height with a most agreeable murmur. I confess at first I shed a few tears at this change, and recollected that in this place of clear water, I had dispensed my wine of Chambertin and Champaign. However, as I reflected that this fountain must be very useful to the hackney coachmen of the neighbourhood, for all the cooks in the quarter to wash their salads in, and for all the inhabitants to drink, I considered the public interest, and dried my eyes with this consolation. I then washed my face, and in the hollow of my hand took a few drops of this water to drink, and to which I fancied I had some right: I found it very good, but in the present state of my stomach it was too cold. I retired, after having examined for a moment the column of this fountain. It is surmounted by a beautiful Goddess which I did not well recollect: I found her legs rather too long; but that is not a serious fault;—divine forms certainly do not resemble human forms. The great essential in a fountain is clear water.

While I was thus gazing on the wreck of my former property, I went to the rue St. Honore, where I had once a small house, which I used to let ready furnished, and where I fancied, perhaps, I might now lodge *incognito*. Well, Sir, instead of my house I found a fine street which led to the gardens of the Thuilleries. This opening, made in a strait line, I found extremely convenient, especially for the inhabitants of La Place de Vendome. Alas! I could not help, however, regretting my house, which had been left me by a good aunt

who tenderly loved me. I wished I could but see my house standing, though it might have been in the possession of a stranger. I submitted myself, however, to the interest of the public, who are as fond of fine streets as they are of fountains: I recollected also, that time destroys all things; but which, according to my ideas, seems to destroy peculiarly quick in revolutions, where every one is occupied with the regeneration of mankind, and the application of the grand principles of philosophy.

I was not less disposed, notwithstanding my vexations, to go and return thanks to God for my happy return into the fine kingdom of France, for which I have always preserved the liveliest affection; a tenderness which I inherit from my ancestors: they once founded a little chapel near the church of St. Charles: in this chapel are interred several of my relations, and it is filled with little monuments which attest their public and private virtues. I went to the chapel, my heart filled with sentiments of filial piety. Well, the chapel has disappeared; and you will never guess, Sir, by what it has been replaced—by a sof's hole! I could scarce believe my eyes. I was resolved, however, to see what a sof's hole was. I saw it was a place for smoking and swearing; and I examined it no farther, but made a mental prayer and departed to the Thuilleries. I could scarce restrain my tears as I beheld these beautiful walks, which are the pride of the country and an honour to the arts. The place appeared to me more charming than ever, in thinking that it was now inhabited by that noble family which Providence had recalled to govern this delightful country. When I thought of the long suffering of our rulers I soon forgot my own; and since every good Frenchman owes his life to his King, he owes him also his fortune when exigencies require. I renounced my wealth with cheerfulness: nor can we, according to my ideas, pay too dearly for our deliverance from that horde of banditti who have desolated France for five-and-twenty years, in making new streets, raising fine fountains, and speaking always of felicity, glory, grandeur, &c. so willing is rhetoric to pay compliments to human folly.

EDMUND DE ST. H—.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

COMMEMORATION OF REYNOLDS.

BY M. A. SHEE, R. A.

THIS poem, which is meant as a tribute of regret and applause to the great genius of Sir Joshua Reynolds, as a painter, is marked in many passages with extreme interest, especially to the lovers of the art, and even to those who were wont, unskilled, to admire only the happy efforts of this immortal painter.

The name of Mr. Shee is well known as a correct and pleasing poet; and the above work does honour to the feelings of his heart, as well as to his skill in verse.

Though he has dwelt chiefly on the different portraits of public characters painted by Sir Joshua, the following lines on the peculiar taste and nature which guided the pencil of the painter, are beautifully applicable:—

“In all his works astonished Nature views
Her silvery splendours and her golden hues;
Sublime in motion, or at rest serene,
Her charms of air and action, all are seen.
There Grace appears in ever-varied forms,
There vigour animates and beauty warms;
While character display'd in every stage,
Of transient life, from infancy to age;
Strong in each line asserts the mind's control,
And on the speaking feature stamps the soul.
There imitation, scorning dry detail,
Forbids that *parts* should o'er the *whole* prevail;
To Dow and Denner, leaving all the fame,
The painful polishes of taste can claim;
Tho' free yet faithful to her trust remains,
And wastes no talent while she spares no pains.
And e'en where sometimes pure correctness fails,
A nobler character of form prevails,—
A fire-fraught indication of design,
Beyond the mere cold academic line;
Where Taste her seal affixes to excuse
The faults of Genius in her favourite muse.
Announcing study yet concealing art,
Here Execution plays her proper part;
Light, airy, free, the pencil flows at will,
Yet seems to sport unconscious of its skill.”

Mr. Shee thus describes the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the character of the *Tragic Muse*:—

“In awful pomp—impassioned—yet serene,
Sublime in sorrow sits the Tragic Queen;
A solemn air—a self-sustained repose,
The Muse in meditative sadness shows;
The tinge of grief her touching aspect wears;
In mournful meaning fixed, her eye appears,

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And seems a window, whence the soul of woe
Looks forth upon the suffering world below.
On either side—dread guardians of her state!
Terrific stand her ministers of fate;
At her command prepared to shake the soul,
To point the dagger, or present the bowl.
A glow divine—an awe-inspiring gloom,
That Gods themselves in thunders might assume,

In shadowy grandeur shrouds each fearful form,
While distant lightnings gild the encircling storm.”

The following lines are on the portrait of Goldsmith:—

“Who that has read—and who but reads the
page?
Where Wakefield's Vicar wins both youth and
age;
Where touched from life with simplest grace and
ease,
The Primrose family—for ever please!
Who that has traced the *Traveller*, and pursued
The map of man, through various realms re-
viewed?
But hails the minstrel of thy mournful tale,
'Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the vale,'
Here by his side who gave him first a name—
While living—friendship, and when buried—
fame;
With Johnson, Burney, and Baretti placed,
Behold the bard of nature, truth, and taste.”

The reflections which follow the review of those portraits of eminent men, are particularly well expressed:—

“Blest be the skill which thus enshrines the
great!
And rescues virtue from oblivion's fate!
Which seems to fix the falling stars of mind,
And still preserve their lustre to mankind!
Immortal art! whose touch embalms the brave!
Discomfits death and triumphs o'er the grave:
In thee our heroes live—our beauties bloom,
Defy decay, and breathe beyond the tomb;
Mirror divine, which gives the soul to view!
Reflects the image and retains it too!
Recals to friendship's eye the fading face,
Revives each look and rivals every grace.
In thee the banished lover finds relief,
His bliss in absence, and his balm in grief.
Affection, grateful owns thy sacred power,
The father feels thee—in affliction's hour;
When catching life ere some lov'd cherub flies
To take its angel station in the skies,
The portrait soothes the loss it can't repair,
And sheds a comfort—even on despair.”

M m

The following lines are also equally fine on the art of painting :—

“Immortal art! nor sense of taste has he,
Nor glow of soul, who finds no charms in thee;
His heart is shut to nature—coarse and cold,
A clumsy cast of her half-finished mould:
For such in vain the beams of beauty rise,
Adorn the earth, and glitter in the skies;
In vain her charms the enchantress Fancy flings,
To deck the rough reality of things;
To lure from low delights of sense, and raise
The ambrosial relish of immortal praise.”

The second part of this poem treats more on the subject of historical painting; and the picture of *Hercules strangling the Serpents*, and that of *Cupid under the displeasure of Venus*, are well described. Next follows an energetic address to Grace and Beauty; where the personification of Taste guiding Reynolds, is well conceived :—

“Hail, Beauty, hail! ethereal beam that plays
On human hearts, and kindles Passion’s blaze!
His fires to thee immortal genius owes,
Of thee enamoured still his bosom glows;
Blessed in thy smile he burns with double flame,
And tastes his heaven on earth—in love and fame;
The only joys a care-worn world can give,
Which makes it bliss—to feel, and life—to live.
Sun of his world! as to the orb of day,
The flower reverting, drinks its vital ray,
To thee the painter turns his eye—his heart,
His lamp of life!—his light and heat of art!
Thy visions beaming o’er his fate, diffuse;
The glow of Taste—the lustre of the Muse;
They cheer his arduous progress, and repair
The wrongs of fortune, in the course of care.

“Warm at her shrine, when Reynolds early paid

His ardent vows, and first invoked her aid;
The Goddess soon her favourite’s claim allowed,
And drew her votary from the vulgar crowd;
Led him to fields which no rude step defiles;
On Nature’s lap, where infant Beauty smiles;
To secret bowers where oft reclined of yore;
For Zenxis sake, fair Helen’s form she wore;
Where, full revealed, in all her heaven of charms,
She blessed Apelles—in Campaspe’s arms.
Where Titian too, more recent, went to rove
Midst Loves and Graces—favourite of the grove;
Her image traced, through every form and hue,
With rapture wrought, and rivalled as he drew.

“Here Reynolds oft with Taste delighted strayed,

And caught some nymph divine in every shade.
To meet his eye, where’er the master moved,
The bowers grew brighter, and the paths improved;
In glowing groups the Graces sought to shine,
And asked for life—in his immortal line.”

The description of Cardinal Beaufort’s picture, on his death-bed, in the following

lines, can only be equalled by the fine touches of Reynolds in that exquisite piece of painting, formerly in the Shakespeare Gallery, and now in the possession of the Earl of Egremont :—

“But what sad victim here, of crimes untold,
Arrests the sight—that shudders to behold?
With conscience more contending than with death,
Ambitious Beaufort, yields his parting breath.
A ghastly grin denotes—in direful fray,
He meets the King of Terrors with dismay;
He writhes, he raves, convulsed with pain and fear,

And all he dreads hereafter—suffers here.
For not the body’s agony alone,
We trace in each distorted feature thrown;
The busy fiend, the power of guilt declares,
’Tis the soul’s anguish—and the wretch despairs.
Beside the bed of death, with uprais’d hand,
We see his pious pitying sovereign stand.
In vain to touch the sinner’s heart he tries,
Or wake his hope of mercy in the skies;
Remorse anticipates the wrath divine,
In horror plunged,—he dies and makes no sign.”

A poem entitled the *Shade of Nelson*, follows the *Commémoration*. It contains every just and appropriate praise to England’s great maritime hero, but all tribute has been already exhausted on the glorious subject, and nothing new remains to be said. The few lines on the death of Opie, in this collection, are short enough to form an epitaph; they are a well-merited eulogium on the taste and skill of that excellent painter. But *Ellen*, a plaintive and interesting ballad, affixed to this volume, cannot be enough admired: sorry we are that it is not in our power to transcribe the whole; the following extracts are sufficient, however, to point out its beauties :—

“’Twas midnight, and bleak blew the breath of November,

The rain, half-congealed, fast descending in sleet;

When Albert, long doom’d in despair to remember,

From a tavern carousal rushed forth to the street.”

Here, gliding before him, he sees the form of her he had betrayed, though he does not at first recognise her. She is thus feelingly described :—

“Unmindful she seemed of the way she was going,
Her uncovered head on her hand half reclined;
While behind her long hair in wild ringlets hung flowing,
And the body’s neglect spoke the woes of the mind.

Yet she felt not the blast, tho' but little availed
her,

A light mourning mantle disordered and thin;
And 'twas plain, tho' the wind, cold, and rain
sore assailed her,

That without 'twas a calm—to the tempest with-
in."

At sight of her seducer she shrieks, and
the following lines lead to her history:—

Ah! well might the poor hapless Ellen deplore
her,

Well sink under sorrows too poignant to bear!
or behold! the base author of all stood before
her,

Of her sufferings past hope—of her wrongs past
repair.

Like a rose-bud she bloomed in old Walsing-
ham's bower,

Breathing sweets o'er the eve of his war-wasted
day;

'Twas Albert that blasted the beautiful flower,
That rifled the rose-bud, and cast it away."

It is impossible for us to transcribe, what
we could really wish, as we before observ-
ed, the whole of this affecting poem; for
though the tale of Ellen's seduction is much
in a par with that of many other betrayed

females, it is sweetly told, and highly in-
teresting. We have extracted, however,
the death of the unfortunate victim, and
the despair of Albert:—

"When reviving to sense—with convulsive emo-
tion,

'Alas! is it you? cruel Albert!' she cried;
Then clasped her cold hands—breathed a sigh of
devotion,

'Oh mercy! my father!'—she faltered, and
died."

The subsequent conduct of Albert is but
too much like that of the present votaries
of dissipation:—

"When to scenes of loud revel he runs, fondly
thinking

To drown in debauch all remembrance of care;
From the grave—a dread voice—at the moment
of drinking,

Cries, 'Albert, I pledge thee—the cup of de-
spair.'

The minions of wealth strive in vain to amuse
him,

Poor Ellen's last words still resound in his ear;
By day her pale image unceasing pursues him,

By night draws his curtain, and thrills him
with fear."

F A S H I O N S .

FOR

JANUARY, 1815.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—MORNING WALKING DRESS.

Black velvet slip, finished at the bot-
tom with a double row of perfectly novel
trimming. Over this dress is a black
satin pelisse, lined with rose-colour sars-
net, made in a style the most novel, taste-
ful, and becoming that we ever remem-
ber to have seen. The form of this
dress is perfectly original, and has never
before been introduced. The trimming,
which is at once superb and tasteful, is
composed of stamped velvet; it is infinitely
superior to embroidery, for which it is in-
tended as a substitute. If we may venture
to judge of the estimation in which it is
held, by the demand there is for it, we may
safely pronounce it likely to rival all other
trimmings for pelisses. Its novelty must
render it desirable to ladies of taste in dress;

who, if they consult the annals of fashion,
will find that nothing similar has ever
been introduced before, and its effect
is at once rich, striking, and tasteful; but
in fact, we cannot do it justice in descrip-
tion, and this we are sure will be acknow-
ledged by every lady who has seen the ori-
ginal pelisse. A piece of rich worked muslin,
or pointed lace, stands up round the bosom,
and partly shades an elegant small tippet of
the newly invented Britannia pearl fur.—
These tippets, which are now much worn,
are particularly appropriate to dark silk, or
velvet pelisses, as they considerably heighten
their effect. Head-dress, the Britannia pearl
fur hat; it may be termed the most tasteful
and appropriate head-dress of the season;
it is lined with white satin, and ornamented
in a most tasteful style, with a beautiful

plume of white feathers. The Britannia hat is exquisitely adapted to the first style of promenade dress, and is unquestionably an elegant improvement on the French bonnets, and possessing infinitely more taste. The materials of this hat are extremely appropriate for head-dresses; it is so much richer, and considerably lighter than either velvet or seal skin, and more adapted to the season than satin or any sort of silk. Large sized muff, composed also of Britannia pearl fur.

NO. 2.—WALKING DRESS.

French cambric walking dress, very short in the waist, and the body *à-la chemise*, superbly applied with letting in lace. Long sleeve ornamented in a similar manner all the way down. The mantle which is worn with this dress, is composed of the finest Morone, or plumb-colour cloth, lined with white sarsnet; the form of this mantle is the most striking, tasteful, elegant, and original that we have ever seen. For the shape we refer our readers to the Plate. The fullness at top is composed of satin, to correspond with the cloak, laid on in folds. The trimming, which is a mixture of floss silk and chenille, is the most elegant novelty of the kind that has ever been introduced. We have no hesitation in saying, that it is infinitely superior in effect to any of the silk trimming now worn, and it is, perhaps, the only one of them, the pattern of which is perfectly novel and original. This mantle will be found particularly desirable for delicate women in the present severe weather, from its being wadded round the shoulders and bosom, a circumstance, however, which by no means prevents its displaying the shape to the utmost advantage in that respect; indeed it claims a decided preference, since nothing can be more elegantly becoming. Improved French bonnet of black Britannia pearl fur, ornamented with a light elegant plume of feathers to correspond. Peach-blossom gloves and half-boots.

The above dresses were invented by Mrs. Bell, Inventress of the Ladies *Chapeau Bras* and the Circassian Corsets, and of whom only they can be had, at her *Magazin des Modes*, No. 26, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Pelisses are, we think, more prevalent than they were; cloaks, mantles, &c. though they continue to be worn, are not in such high estimation as pelisses. The one which we have given in our Print, is by far the most admired; but we have also seen two others, which though in less estimation, are yet considered as fashionable, and are certainly tasteful and becoming. The first is made either in the Angola cloth, the back, which is quite loose, is formed into the shape by two bias pieces of satin, of the same colour as the cloth; they are sloped handkerchief fashion, and form the shape of the back, in a manner the most novel and tasteful; they are edged with a very narrow and light silk fringe, to correspond; they cross at bottom, and to each of them is affixed a rich silk cord and tassel, which lies at the side. The front is fastened down with hooks and eyes inside, and ornamented with tufts of floss silk, to each of which two very light and small tassels depend on the outside; the trimming of the bottom is tasteful and novel in no common degree, it is composed of folds of mingled cloth and satin, so disposed, as to have at a distance the appearance of an embroidery in large leaves; long sleeves, slashed down the middle with satin, to correspond; the sleeve is slashed in five or six places, and the slashes are small; the satin is disposed in folds; small half sleeve of satin edged with silk fringe.

The other pelisse which we have mentioned, is composed of dark green merino cloth; it is made tight to the shape, and very short in the waist. There is nothing novel in the form of this pelisse, but the trimming is extremely tasteful; it is an embroidery of light green silk Russia braiding, in what tailors term *claws*, one is placed on each breast, at each hip, and a row goes up the front, and round the bottom; it is done in very full silk, and has really an uncommonly pretty effect. This pelisse is made with a collar, which the former is not. Collars, indeed, are by no means general, although the time of year would certainly render them very appropriate; but the scarfs which we mentioned

in our last Number, and which still continue to be in high estimation, are in some degree a substitute for them; but a much more novel one has just been introduced by Mrs. Bell—we allude to the small Britannia pearl fur tippets, which are at once elegant and comfortable, and which, though but just introduced, are yet in the highest estimation.

In the carriage costume Mrs. Bell's mantle and evening wrap are the only novelties; the latter is now considered by ladies of taste, as an indispensable appendage to the evening carriage costume. The uncertainty of our climate, and the constant dampness of the air at night, renders it very necessary for delicate women to be carefully defended from the cold, even in getting in and out of a carriage, and certainly nothing that ever was invented for the purpose is so perfectly appropriate, and so elegantly tasteful as the evening wrap; it does not in the smallest degree discompose the lightest and most elegant dress, and while it completely envelopes the form, and prevents the possibility of a lady's taking cold; the figure is displayed to advantage, instead of being disguised by shawls, tippets, &c. and as the becoming is, generally speaking, a consideration of some weight with our fair fashionables, we do not wonder that a cloak which is at once elegant, comfortable, and becoming, should be held in universal estimation.—This mantle has superseded every thing else for the carriage costume with *belles* of taste.

The various hats and bonnets worn by *belles* of taste, in the walking costume, have been so completely superseded by Mrs. Bell's newly invented Britannia pearl fur, and silk mole skin bonnets and hats, that it is superfluous to describe them; the original stiff, high crowned, and unbecoming bonnet introduced into this country in the summer, has by the good taste of this lady been metamorphosed into one of the most becoming and appropriate walking bonnets that can be worn.

The Circassian corsets have lost nothing of their attraction, and we find that Mrs. Bell has added to them a bandage which has the effect of keeping the figure perfectly in shape, without the smallest danger to the health; indeed, on the contrary, the

bandage is recommended by medical gentlemen to ladies immediately after their accouchement. It is well worthy the attention of such ladies as have had their shape in some degree injured, by having a family, or who are inclined to corpulency; to such ladies the Circassian corset, with the bandage attached, will be found a most desirable and healthful stay. It is well known that numbers of ladies, from a desire to preserve their shape, compress it in a manner that frequently injures their health in the greatest degree, those ladies may be assured, that the Circassian corset and bandage, will answer every purpose of the stiffest stay, while, at the same time, they give to the form that ease and gracefulness, which superfluities of whalebone and steel must inevitably destroy.

It may not be superfluous to observe, that the Circassian corset is the only one which displays, without indelicacy, the shape of the bosom to the greatest possible advantage; it gives a width to the chest, which is equally conducive to health, and to elegance of appearance.

Morning dresses continue to be made as they were last month, except that the waists have imperceptibly shortened, till they cannot be made any shorter. Long sleeves also, we think, are worn something looser: in other respects they continue the same. There has been a considerable revolution, however, since our last Number, in the materials of which they are composed; French washing silks are entirely exploded, and chintz but partially worn; cloth is now in the highest estimation.—Merinos, half twills, kerseymeres, and Angolas, are universal.

For dinner-dress, black and coloured velvets, satins, and French double-sided silks, are, we think, highest in request; but Irish poplins, sarsnets, and satin cloths are also much worn.

Short gown of French double-sided silk, made very short in the waist, and tight to the shape: the skirt is wider than any that we have yet seen, and the fulness is all thrown behind in a manner that is extremely becoming to the shape; the back is braided at each side with silk twist, in waves, and finished at each hip with a rich silk ornament. Stomacher front of white silk thick floss net, the over one to corres-

pond with the gown: this front is trimmed round with a quilling of blond, and finished at each side of the front with an ornament similar to that placed on the hips. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a very broad flounce of blond lace, which is festooned with silk ornaments, to correspond with those on the body, but much smaller; these ornaments, which are of floss silk in the form of stars, are very beautiful, and extremely novel. Short festooned sleeve of net, to correspond with the stomacher, and edged with a quilling of blond. A short French apron of blond net, trimmed with a quilling of net, is considered as indispensable with this dress. We have not seen any thing introduced into the dinner costume for a considerable time that we considered so elegant as this dress, which, we think, would look even better in lighter materials.

The trimming of dinner-dresses for our most tasteful *elegantes* is generally blond lace, which is always finished with a beading of the fashionable French edge. Lace, however, though the most prevalent, is not the only trimming, as embroidery is also in much request, and silk trimmings are partially worn.

In full-dress we have observed some variation since last month. French gauze appears to decline in estimation. White lace over white satin, or sarsnet, is at present considered as most tonish. Coloured crapes also, which have been on the decline for some time, begin to be very much worn. Frocks continue to be very great favourites in full-dress, and the beautiful one which we gave in our Print last month, has lost nothing of its estimation. The only novelty which we have to present to our readers, is a French dancing-dress of white crape, which has been just brought over; and never, surely, did the sprightly Parisian *belles* "trip it on the light fantastic toe," in a style of more elegant decoration than that which we are about to describe. White satin slip, superbly embroidered round the bottom in festoons of miniature steel spangles, in a wreath of myrtle. Over this slip a white crape robe opens on one side, and folding round on the other so as to form a drapery, is worn, it is embroidered to correspond with the bottom of the dress in festoons, each of which

is slooped with pearls. The body of the robe is loose, and confined to the waist by a cestus, which is excessively becoming to the shape, and which forms the bosom in a most novel manner. The cestus is embroidered to correspond with the dress. Full sleeve as short as it can be made, composed of two folds of crape, tastefully looped in opposite directions with pearl. The appearance of this dress is striking and tasteful, beyond our powers of description, but there are some little alterations wanted to render it a costume which English delicacy can approve; it displays the bosom even more than our own dresses, and the petticoat is by much too short in front. We have had occasion formerly to mention the happy manner in which Mrs. Bell adapts the French fashions to the more correct style of costume worn by British *belles*, and we conceive that this robe, the name of which we have not learned, might, by a few judicious alterations, such as her elegant taste would doubtless suggest, be rendered the most becoming and tasteful ball-dress that has appeared for some time.

Small lace caps and handkerchiefs are very general for half-dress, there is not, however, much novelty in their form. Princess Charlotte of Wales's cap, is extremely elegant, and in general becoming, but it differs very little from the Mary Queen of Scots cap; the crown is smaller, and it does not come quite so much over the face, it is ornamented with a small bunch of winter flowers placed to the side.

The most elegant style of full-dress for our juvenile *belles* is the hair braided with strings of pearl; on dark hair the effect is beautiful, but we by no means think it becoming to *blonde belles*, who would look infinitely better in those dark winter flowers, so becoming to a fair beauty, and so appropriate to the spring of life; or if they must wear pearls, why can they not be intermingled with narrow black velvet? youth and beauty should not submit to the tyranny of the mode, nor sacrifice the becoming to the fashionable. For matronly *belles*, turbans, ornamented with feathers and diamonds, are very general. Coloured stones are in the highest estimation, and are worn in the hair in various forms, but we think the crescent is the most prevalent.

In jewellery we have only to observe,

that small French watches are now esteemed the most fashionable lockets. It must be confessed that they are extremely beautiful, but we are sorry to observe them so generally worn. French jewellery is, indeed, but too much in request amongst people of fashion, to the very great detriment of our own tradespeople.

Undress shoes and boots continue the same as last month.

White satin slippers for full-dress, are now ornamented with small tufts, as rosettes, composed of narrow silver fringe, spotted with spangles, which has a very tasteful and novel effect.

Fans continue the same as last month; as do also the fashionable colours for the month.

CABINET OF TASTE; OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

PARISIAN.

FASHION, however changeable, has long established her rule in the gay city of Paris; to that emporium of varied taste her votaries repair, and send out their rainbow-winged messengers to every quarter of the globe.

Yet to catch the motley goddess in her different forms, is a task the dazzled eye with difficulty attains; the following sketch may however, serve as an authentic account of the prevailing modes for this month past.

For out-door costume, long wrapping coats of dark green or brown cloth, are much in favour with the more elegant pedestrians: these great coats are lined with silk, and the collar only is of velvet: some of them are made with two round capes, the upper one narrower than that beneath. A few of the Parisian belles of fashion, who are seldom seen abroad, except in a carriage, wear pelisses of white Merino cloth, trimmed with blue, but the greatest favourite at present, is a deep orange-coloured Merino pelisse, with a very narrow collar, while the great coats of this colour, are made with three capes, each bound with white satin ribbon; others, more appropriately, have these capes trimmed with rows of narrow black velvet. The capes of the long winter mantles are all pointed; something in the manner of Vandike.

When the weather is mild, the young ladies of Paris prefer spencers to any other wear: they are generally of a dark coloured Merino cloth, open in front, with a falling collar, and ornamented *à-la-militaire*, with narrow black velvet. The

sleeve, which is rather full, is also ornamented at the wrist with black velvet; and a black velvet girdle is discovered underneath, fastened in front with a clasp of gold or jewels. Long winter mantles are worn as the Parisian ladies attend the theatres or balls, to be thrown off at pleasure; they are styled *Carracas*, and some of these are made to fit the shape, by the confinement of a ribbon, and worn at the morning promenades. Tippets of valuable fur, in the pelerine form, are yet in high estimation; while the short necked or high shouldered lady adopts one of cloth, or of green, or purple velvet, trimmed with black.

As the French ladies study, with the most careful precision, that laudable part of coquetry which teaches them to adopt those fashions which are best suited to set off their persons, so it is not to be wondered at that they pay particular attention to the most lovely and exalted part of the human form, the head. Here the various caprices of taste and fancy are most eminently displayed; here the Parisian beauty attracts the eye, as she sometimes sports a hat of cloth, of the same colour as her pelisse; another challenges admiration, and sometimes envy, by a scarce and costly article, a hat of Chinese velvet, stamped in clouds, or of a snow-like whiteness: scarce has the passer-by regarded this elegant fair one, than another whimsical worshipper of fashion darts on his sight, in a black velvet hat spotted with rose colour, surmounted by plumes of black feathers: the next, in a hat of simple black velvet, a *belle blonde*, adds thereby to the dazzling fairness of her

complexion; another, with much intelligence marked in her fine blue eye, attracts the general admiration by a late new-fashioned bonnet of the helmet kind, called the Spartan bonnet; while another presents herself in a large black chip or straw bonnet, leaning on her friend, who wears a hat of silk shag, turned up on each side. The crowns of the hats lower visibly every day, and one kind of bonnet seems to be prevalent at the museums and at morning lounges; it is of cloth with a very flat crown, and is ornamented with gold lace.

Plain white dresses, round the bottoms of which are numerous tucks in lieu of the triple flounces lately worn, are much adopted for the morning and in-door costume: these are confined round the waist by a sash of rose-coloured ribbon. Twilled stuff and Merino cloth, generally of a dark bottle green, are articles much in use for half dress: some of these cloth dresses have a very elegant effect by candle light; they are of orange colour, trimmed with a pale green figured velvet, while the youthful fashionist sports in preference the robe of celestial blue, trimmed with seal-skin. A gown has been lately invented for evening dress parties, called the *Robe à-la-Caroline*; it is made low, with a plain front in form of an heart: the skirt is trimmed down the front with satin ribbon, in the form of cockle-shells, generally of a deep yellow. A rolling of net *à-la-Boufont*, with a ribbon passed through it, is the sole trimming round the bust of this dress; and sometimes these *Boufont* puffs or rollings of net are laid round the bottom of the robe; but they are much larger than that round the bosom, and are generally three, the middle row being without ribbon.

The hair in full dress forms a kind of peak on the forehead, and is carried away from the temples: very few French ladies, in the winter season are seen without a covering of some kind on the head; dress hats, turbans, and *toques* (this latter name applies both to a demi-turban and a small round cap); these vary considerably in size, form, colour, and material. Grey satin hats trimmed with rose colour, which forms a beautiful union, or of a Carmelite brown velvet, are reckoned most elegant; a kind of simplicity being at present adopt-

ed by the higher classes, who also wear caps of black velvet, trimmed next the face with a plaiting of white patent net: the form of these caps consists of a plain head piece with a full caul, laid bias way in alternate folds of satin and velvet: but small head-dresses of the turban kind, have been the rage for this week past; they are often ornamented with black bugles, and relieved by an aigrette of pearls, while a little elegant black cap of a simple form, clasped on oneside with a rich gold broach, forms a most becoming head-dress both to the young and more mature beauty. The half turbans of rose colour intermingled with white satin, are, nevertheless, yet in high favour, and the feathers worn with them are half white and half rose colour; flat feathers have taken the place of flowers during the winter season. A plaiting of patent net, either white or black, ornaments the edge of all dress hats, and as the brims are extremely small, and the hat is placed quite at the back of the head: this plaiting is a great improvement.

Amber-coloured dresses of crape, satin, and sarsnet, are much worn at balls, ornamented with ribbons of a dark colour, or with a border forming a wreath of stamped satin leaves of a shaded green.

The appropriate fashion for the winter of velvet half boots and velvet shoes, from black to every different colour, is invariably adopted in Paris.

Rose colour, either singly, or mingled with grey, bears away the palm in fashionable colours; the amaranth, or red purple, chocolate colour, dead leaf, orange, and celestial blue, are also in high estimation.

Cornelian, jet, and pearls, seem to be the chief ornaments; the latter article of jewellery is much in favour with the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who seldom adorns her person with any other: never were the French so little given to the wearing of *brimborions* (gewgaws) as at present; whatever they put on from the jewellers must be intrinsic.

Any of the Dresses or Millinery described in our Observations may be had of Mrs. Bell, No. 26, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Tuesday, Dec. 6, a new Petit Drama was represented for the first time, called *The King and the Duke*; or, *Which is which*?

The Plot is as follows:—The Baron hath a daughter, *Ulrica*, who was promised to the *Duke of Cales*, by her father, in consequence of his rank, though neither he, nor his daughter, had seen that nobleman, whose pretensions were advanced through the medium of *Count Henry*, the Lady's brother. The *King of Poland*, who had heard of *Ulrica's* charms, pays a visit to the Baron, disguised as a Colonel, and accompanied by his friend *Sigismund*: when at the Baron's chateau, he makes overtures of affection to *Ulrica*; but is repelled by her father, on account of his inferior rank. While in this situation, he learns that the fair *Ulrica*, had been betrothed to the *Duke of Cales*; when he resolves to assume the character of the Duke, and pursue his fortune in disguise; but this design is, in a great degree, frustrated by the arrival of the *Duke of Cales* with *Count Henry*, from Limbourg. In pursuance of a letter from the King to the Governor of Limbourg, which the *Duke of Cales* opens, he discovers the high quality of his rival; and instantly resolves to profit by the event, and assume the dignity of the king. By this mutual metamorphosis, an equivoque is kept up, which is productive of much merriment. At length it is resolved by both the lovers, to leave the Lady to select him she likes best; when she chooses the King, under the disguise of the Duke, and the piece terminates.

The character of this Piece, like that of all those which are translated from the French, is gaiety and equivoque; there is not much vigour, and little or no wit, but the absence of these higher ingredients is compensated by that comic smartness and natural display of unforced humour, which are peculiar to the comedy of our neighbours. French pieces, like French wines, are of a light body, but a rich flavour. The Performers exerted themselves with great effect, and the author owes much to their zeal and ability.—The Piece was announced for repetition, and has since frequently been performed, amidst loud and genuine applause.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

JEANNOT AND COLIN, AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS.—This entertaining comic opera has lately been represented at the *Theatre de l'Opera Comique*, and not only from its novelty, but its variety of incident, generally draws a full and brilliant audience.

Jeannot and *Colin* are the two principal characters in the piece; the father of one deals in

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the sale of mules, the other is a husbandman.—They are both very fine young men, though from Auvergne, a place not famous for Gallic beauty and accomplishments; but they have been students at *Issoire*, famous for its college, its university, and its tinkers. The studies of the young men are scarce finished, when *Jeannot* becomes all on a sudden the *Marquis of Jeannotoire*, and sets off for Paris in a brilliant equipage. He presents his hand to his fellow-student with an air of protection, which *Colin* perceiving, bursts into tears. The little *Marquis* soon discovers that his parents have made a prodigious fortune, and a council is held, on what it is requisite for a young nobleman to be best versed in. After having examined well the more profound and the more elegant parts of science, it is determined that *Monsieur the Marquis* shall first learn to dance. To this talent is added the accomplishment of singing the satirical couplets of the day, and the women pronounce him enchanting.—His brain is almost turned, and he is on the point of uniting himself to a young widow of quality who is about to appropriate to herself, by legal security, the great wealth he is heir to, when the creditors come to seize the goods of *Monsieur and Madame de la Jeannotoire*. Mistress, friends, projectors, all disappear in a moment, and the *Marquis* stands weeping at the corner of a street. A cabriolet stops, and a man, meanly dressed, jumps out of it. "O Heavens!" cries he, "it is *Jeannot*!" This is no other than *Colin*, who hears, with much emotion, the story of his friend, and carries him back with him to Auvergne, where *Jeannot* marries the sister of *Colin*; and *Jeannot* the father, *Jane* the mother, and the young *Jeannot*, soon acknowledge that true happiness is not to be found in vanity.

Jeannot, however, is the *Marquis*, at the drawing up of the curtain, and established in one of the finest houses in Paris. He has arrived in the capital, at the invitation of a rich uncle, with his sister *Theresa*; and *Monsieur the Marquis* is discovered, in his morning gown at his toilette, giving orders to his servants, and fully taken up with the happy day which awaits him. A beautiful and sensible Countess, and an amiable young gentleman, to whom he has given apartments in his spacious mansion, that he may always enjoy their society, have prepared for him a charming fete for the evening. A letter from *Colin*, which is the fourth his good fellow-student has written to him since their separation, he discovers is very insipid, very troublesome, and which, indeed, he should not have opened, but for the persuasions of *Theresa*. The elegant dresses which adorn this lovely girl, and the unremitting gallantry of the young Chevalier, her brother's guest, have not changed her heart, which is still

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devoted to *Colin* at Auvergne. She sighs over their separation, when his sudden arrival is announced, and he soon afterwards appears accompanied by his sister *Colette*. The joy of *Theresa* at this event is pure and energetic, while *Monsieur* the *Marquis* is formal and distant in his behaviour to the friends of his youth. *Colette*, who had always admired *Jeannot* in his village habits, finds his embroidered clothes frightful: but another embarrassment now takes place. The travellers are very hungry, and expect they shall be soon seated at table. The *Marquis* takes care to remind them, that people like them ought already to have dined; but, however, he is obliged to invite them to sit at table with his noble guests, who resolve to make themselves merry at the expense of these good Auvergnats, in which they succeeded so well, that the poor little *Colette* is obliged to quit the table before the end of the repast, to go and weep alone.

The *Marquis de la Jeannotoire* soon follows to see what is become of her; she strives not to conceal from him her vexation and her tears. The heart of the *Marquis* is not formed of flinty materials; by degrees his feelings are awakened to a recollection of the happy days of his childhood, and soon he becomes only the worthy *Jeannot*. He dances, he sings with *Colette*, the popular airs of the village in which he was born; but Oh! disgrace upon disgrace! the beautiful *Countess* surprises him as he is giving way to these effusions of his heart; and one single look is sufficient for the triumph of vanity over nature and love. *Colin* expresses with warmth and energy the indignation he feels; and scarce has his ungrateful friend stammered out a few lame excuses, when *Colin* declares he will quit a place where he only receives insult. "Well, well, be gone," replies the *Marquis*. At this moment a letter is delivered to him in great haste. It is from his uncle, who informs him, in a few words, that he is totally ruined; that his house alone remains, but that every one of his effects will be sold that day.

The noisy *Chevalier*, his town friend, arrives at the head of a troop of acquaintances, and he announces that the fete of which he had formed the plan, is about to commence; they take their places—and quartettes of shepherdesses, with tambourins, and troubadours, enter one after the other. "Attention," cries the director of the fete; "now comes the quartetto of Chevaliers;" and immediately enter a troop of huissiers (bailiffs). They seize the goods of the *Marquis*, who conjures his friends not to forsake him. "Depend on our friendship," they say to him. "Let us be gone," they say to each other; and all go out. He is now left alone with the *Chevalier*, and as he pays him a compliment on his unshaken fidelity, he receives for answer a scornful sneer. But, at least, he thinks his tender *Countess* will remain true to him; he learns, however, from her own lips, that a woman, like her, can only

regard with contempt, a man, who in her presence had been saying soft things to a village maid. The eyes of the *Marquis* are at length opened. A note from *Colin* winds up the climax of his misfortunes. This friend, whom he has used so ill, informs him that he has purchased his hotel, and desires him to quit it immediately. He soon goes to take possession of it, where he finds no more the *Marquis de la Jeannotoire*, but the humble *Jeannot*, in his waistcoat and pantaloons. *Colin* first puts on a coldness of manner, and next a haughty demeanor. *Jeannot* confesses himself unworthy of pardon. At this expression *Colin* rushes into his arms, unites the hands of *Colette* and *Jeannot*, weds *Theresa*, and the happy family gaily return to Auvergne.

This piece abounds with well chosen and striking expressions, of which the following is a proof: *Jeannot*, desirous of giving his friend *Colin* a high opinion of his talents, says, "Ah! you cannot imagine how much we may learn with money." "No," replies *Colin*, "but I know how much it will make one forget."

The music of *Jeannot* and *Colin* is good, and the cast of the parts promise it a brilliant success.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Archdeacon Coxe has in the press *Memoirs of the Great Duke of Marlborough*, chiefly compiled from the papers and correspondence preserved at Blenheim.

George Power, Esq. Surgeon to the 23d regiment, has nearly ready for publication, in an octavo volume, a *History of the Empire of the Mussulmans in Spain and Portugal*, from the first invasion of the Moors to their ultimate expulsion.

The Rev. Roger Ruding has ready for the press, *Annals of the Coinage of Britain and its dependencies*, from the earliest authentic period to the end of the fiftieth year of his present Majesty, illustrated by upwards of one hundred plates.

The Rev. W. Anderson has in the press, *Historical Sketches of Russia*, with particular reference to the house of Romanoff, the reigning family.

Mr. James Hogg has a new poem ready to appear, entitled the *Pilgrims of the Sun*.

Mr. Wm. Hey, jun. Surgeon to the General Infirmary at Leeds, will soon publish a *Treatise on the Puerperal Fever*, illustrated by cases.

Dr. Henry Holland, the coadjutor of Sir G. Mackenzie in the account of Iceland, has in the press, *Travels in the South of Turkey*, during the latter part of 1812 and the spring of the following year.

Mr. Bingley's *History of Hampshire*, to be comprised in two folio volumes, will soon be committed to the press.

Mr. Usko, rector of Orsett, in Essex, is printing a *Grammar of the Arabic Language*, accom-

panied by a praxis of the three first chapters of Genesis.

Mr. Cottle has in forwardness at the press, the *Messiah*, a poem, in twenty-eight books.

Mrs. Taylor, author of *Maternal Solicitude*, will soon publish, *Practical Hints to Young Wives, Mothers, and Mistresses of Families*.

The Rev. Henry Meen has in the press, *Selections from Ancient Writers*, sacred and profane, with translations and notes.

Memoirs of the late Major General Andrew Burn, author of the *Christian Officer's Complete Armour*, and other works, are preparing for publication in two small octavo volumes.

Time's Telescope for 1815, or a complete Guide to the Almanack, containing an explanation of saints days and holydays; a succinct account of the festivals now kept by the Jews; astronomical occurrences in every month; the naturalist's diary and meteorological remarks. In the third edition (which is almost a new work) will be found a variety of new and interesting matter, relative to the manners and customs of our ancestors, and the ceremonies now observed in Catholic countries; remarks on the Ornithology and Botany of Great Britain; and a history of Astronomy.

A translation of the Archduke Charles of Austria's *Memoir of the Campaign of 1796*, is in the press.

Mr. Walter Scott's new poem of the *Lord of the Isles*, will appear about the end of the month, and a series of illustrations, from designs by Westall, are engraving in the first style of excellence.

Andrew Becket, Esq. is printing in two octavo volumes, *Shakespeare is Himself again*, or the Language of the Poet asserted, being an examination of the reading and interpretations of the later editors.

Lient. General Cockburn's *Narrative of his Voyage in the Mediterranean*, in 1810 and 1811, describing a Tour in Sicily, Malta, and the Lipari Islands, will soon appear, accompanied by numerous views and plans.

Mr. John Scott, editor of the *Champion*, will soon publish, in an octavo volume, *a Visit to Paris* in 1814.

Mr. C. G. Ward, author of the *Daughter of St. Omar*, and other works, has in the press, the *Son and the Nephew*, in three volumes.

The late Mr. Pratt left ready for the press, a small volume of poems, under the title of *Pillow Thoughts*, written during his confinement after being thrown from his horse.

HAYTER'S INTRODUCTION TO PERSPECTIVE, DRAWING, PAINTING, &c.

The author introduces his work with an appeal to those who are competent to judge of its merits, and an exultation in favour of the science he has undertaken to simplify: "That an apostate to the laws of Perspective was never known,"

and those only are found on the objecting side who are unacquainted with it. To those (as critics) he very fairly says, "Silence is all I ask of them."

He then proceeds to express his regret in observing a general reluctance to geometrical learning, and especially among professional students. With some well pointed remarks on the ridiculous consequences which must attend works which are produced without that systematic knowledge attempted in this little volume, Mr. H. is hopeful that he may obtain success in drawing attention to the proper course of study, by exhibiting it in a simple and familiar manner. He praises highly Mr. Matton's complete *Body of Perspective*, but regrets that its composition should necessarily be such as to call for intense application; Mr. H. has accordingly confined himself to the plain style, fitted for youthful learners, and has been content to forego the praise of elegance for that of utility and convenience. His book is divided into two parts,—dialogues and letters. The following is a part of the table of contents of the dialogues.

CONTENTS.—Introduction to Perspective, and comprehensive definition of the science; and on the mechanical means of drawing and copying, and the extensive powers of Perspective.—The difficulty of acquiring the art; how removed; and the right idea of the transparent plane confirmed by experiment.—Practical Geometry, and the Drawing instruments explained.—The boundary lines of a picture and horizontal line explained.—A bird's eye view explained.—The point of sight explained.—The point distance, with practical explanations.—On the imperfect effect of an oblique view of a picture.—Directions for beginning a sketch from nature, consonant with the laws of perspective; a main key to the whole.—An angular view.—Foreshortening and anamorphosis.—On the vanishing points of inclined planes.—To draw a circle in perspective.—Practical method of designing in perspective to given dimensions.—Laws of perspective absolute.—To draw an object any given height or width, at any distance.—On reflections.—On shadows; and conclusive remarks on perspective.—The whole illustrated with explanatory plates and diagrams.

The first letter of the second part, was given to a lady who has already made some progress in painting, but is withheld from the study of practical geometry through general prejudice to elementary systems, from which the following extract is given:—

"Believe me, Madam, notwithstanding your acknowledged taste and genius, you will find it difficult to pass the ordeal of true criticism without an acquired knowledge of what may be termed the mechanism of a picture. I readily admit that your genius may attend you so far as to sketch a general idea of a subject, conveying to one's mind an immediate recollection of some particular person, place, or historical circum-

stance; but you can go no further.—Genius here wants her auxiliaries, whose names I shall mention as introductory to your farther acquaintance with them, if you ever expect to rise above the humble sphere of a copyist. First, without geometry, you are incapable of forming the truth of the parallelogram, or oval, which is generally the boundary line of a picture; and as for perspective, I have the highest authority, as well as my own positive conviction, to assure you, that without it, you are liable to make as many errors as touches. Next, how can you sketch any design, where architecture is required, unless you know its general characters at least? and if your subject should be landscape, sketch you may, but it will be impossible to finish without a thorough acquaintance with the detail of natural scenery, by study of its characters. Now, Madam, we come to the actors, or animated part of the picture, which (do not think me severe), shall be all crippled and disproportionate, by the best aid of genius, unassisted by elementary knowledge. You are pleased, no doubt, with the compliments paid to your genius, taste, and what your partial friends so mistakenly doat on your intuitive knowledge of whatever you undertake: this is worse than the severest criticism, in its effect tending to lull you into an indifference to those aids, without which the works of genius can only rank with the wild productions of nature, without her consistency; because nature is always competent, but the utmost efforts of art are often deficient.”

Of the other topics treated in these letters, the following extract from the table of their contents will convey an idea:—

Letter the first contains a general view of the proper progress of a student, part of which forms the above extract.—2. Proper materials and habits.—3 and 4. Treat on radical lines, curves, and easy lessons, (plate 15), with a view to a proper command of hand.—5. Directions for beginning a copy.—6 and 7. Treat on the study, and explain the general proportions of the human head and figure.—8. Teaches the use of the native chalks, and recommends proper books on the subject of the fine arts.—9. On application, and explains the author's manner of black-lead pencil drawing.—10 and 11. Treat fully on the use of India-ink, and give regular rules for light, shade, reflection, and transparency.—12. On the economy required in treating overshadowed parts in a picture.—13. Objections to the liberties taken with light under the sanction of poetical licenses, with instructive observations on the subject.—14. On the engraver's tint as a substitute for colour, distinguished from light and shade, and extreme blackness considered.—15. How to avoid manner; knowledge, forecast, and the memory considered.—16. A comprehensive yet compendious treatise on colours, with four diagrams.—17. The use of water-colours with systematic agreement to na-

ture, under various circumstances and aspects.—18. On the term “outline” profile, and reasons for painting by one high light.—19 and 20. Miniature painting, the whole progress.—21. On crayons, and reference to instructions on oil painting; concluding with the technical names and sizes of canvas used by painters, and table of proportion—a copy to an original.

The list of professional subscribers which reflected so much credit to the author in his first edition, is substituted by many extracts of letters of commendation highly to the author's honour.

MANNERS OF THE FRENCH.

(Continued from our last.)

THE FETE, AND THE DAY AFTER THE FETE.

MADAME MOUSSINOT is the mistress of her husband, who is the proprietor of the house which I inhabit, and she is one of the guests at our suppers. She is a woman of feeling and of good sense, in the true acceptance of the term, but very headstrong. If she had been endowed with a more easy temper, and had not been such a mere citizen's wife, of a less imperious character, also, where vanity predominates, she might be cited as one of the first amongst the middling classes. It was some time before I could conform myself to her manner of shewing her affection towards her husband and her children; to that kind of acrimony which discovers itself even in her most tender sentiments; and which is, perhaps, the reason that one does not render her justice for other many good qualities.

A good comedy, I am sure, might be written from those scenes which I witnessed at M. Moussinot's, last week, on the day and the day after his fete: this little picture of life might be worthy of a place in the gallery of the Hermit of the Chausee d'Antin, which I have been obliged to continue.

There are, from ancient times, two great solemnities to be observed in the family of my landlord, Saint Barbara, the feast of the lady, and Saint Dominick, the feast of M. Moussinot: these days are the only two from which they derogate from the sumptuary laws which regulate the order of their household, where economy borders strongly on avarice, if vanity did not sometimes order otherwise.

There is scarce a house in Paris where we do not meet with those people, who make a trade of their indefatigable complaisance: their usefulness, their prepossessing manners, on which they pride themselves, render them equally indispensable, either to the husband, the wife, or the children. The house of Moussinot, has, like every other, one of these officious beings, under the title of a friend; it is as old as the employment of controller general; and he is an old bachelor, who lives on his pension, and passes his life in meddling with the affairs and the plea-

asures of other people. Fifty years, which have passed over his head, have not in the least diminished his natural gaiety: no one knows so well as M. Descourtils how to do the honours of that table which does not belong to him: he carves so well; and plays the violin like a professor for a little family ball; knows a thousand little innocent pastimes, and they are always certain in finding in him a fourth for a party at *whist*, *basto*, or *reversi*. Too old to be regarded amongst a number of young girls, and yet young enough to please by his assiduities those who are growing old, and yet in search of husbands: so that he is received every where, made much of by every one, consulted on all occasions, and is, in short, the friend, the adviser, and the oracle of every house he frequents. He had not yet found an opportunity of displaying all his knowledge before Madame Moussinot; but the birth-day of her husband gave scope to his talents: he laid his plans, and proposed, in the first instance, in a point of moral view, to bring about a reconciliation between several members of the family, who had fallen out with the head, from motives of self-interest; and which subject is one on which the latter will never hear reason. He had just given notice to one of his nieces, who owed him two quarters rent, to quit her dwelling. Nor did he scruple to plead with his son-in-law, M. Bernard, on the execution of one of the clauses of his marriage contract. M. Descourtils, who was busy in preparations for this festival, could not give himself up to it, in the presence of him for whom it was made; while Madame Moussinot, as a secret is the delight of these joyous meetings, made her husband go out before twelve, to dine with one of his friends, who did not dine till four; and whom she requested not to let him stir till he was sent for.

Scarce was he at the bottom of the stair-case, when the workmen under the orders of Descourtils, entered his apartment, and while some were placing festoons of green paper amongst the branches and girandoles, others were ranging benches, and suspending curtains to make a drop scene, and to cover a pantomimic exhibition in the bed-chamber of M. Moussinot, hastily transformed into a theatre. It is impossible to form an idea how quickly the bed, the bureau, the charts, all the furniture of this room, were carried off and thrown together, *pêle mêle*, in a little dark room, which served heretofore as an office. The theatre, formed of two tables, which the fiddler arranged together, was placed in an alcove, and a few screens, some of tapestry, the others of India paper, served as scenes and decorations.

The hall was stripped of its furniture to make a dancing room, and the orchestra, which was composed of two musicians from the Circus, was placed, to give room, into the seat of an open window.

It was chiefly in the decoration of the dining

parlour, that Descourtils gave way to the suggestions of his lively imagination: it was nothing but festoons, wreaths of flowers, and cyphers. Over the place which the master of the house was to occupy, was suspended a crown of laurels and roses to a pully, which had been taken from the cage of the canary bird, and which, at a signal given, was to make the crown descend perpendicularly on the head of M. Moussinot.

It was seven o'clock before every thing was in proper order; those persons who were invited were, contrary to general custom, precise to their time. M. Bernard, entered, like a man used to the best company; and seemed even to forget that he had obtained a judgment against his father-in-law.

Precisely at eight o'clock, M. Moussinot, that Descourtils meant to have fetched, arrived, and immediately testified his surprize, with some acrimony, at the row of lamps on the stair-case.

All the company, with Madame Moussinot, at their head, were prepared to receive him in the anti-chamber, presenting nosegays to him; at the same instant, the two musicians in the orchestra struck up the inimitable *quartetto* of Lucille, and the heart of M. Moussinot expanded with affection as he received the embraces of his family.

His ill-humour was, however, on the point of returning, when he saw the state of his apartment; but pleasure succeeded pleasure with such rapidity, that he had no time for serious reflection. He was affected even to tears, as he listened to a little composition of ballads, at the end of which his friends and his children addressed to him by turns those complets, containing sentiments and praises, which, however absurd, could not claim the privilege of insanity in the present case: Descourtils was certain of his little entertainment being well received, as it had been already performed twenty times on similar occasions: and by the means of a few additional verses, which he had in reserve, it would suit any saint's day in the calendar.

A ball succeeded to the comedy, and was only interrupted by a call to supper; the sensibility of M. Moussinot was put severely to the proof: what profusion! every dish, every bottle of wine that he counted with his eyes, drew a sigh from him, which his wife suppressed by a look of affection. A rondeau was sung, and every chorus was bedewed with a bottle of Champaign, and when the rondeau finished, the garland, which had not been made according to the size of the hero's head, fell over his nose, and terminated the feast in the most satisfactory manner.

After supper, dancing recommenced, and was continued to a very late hour; but all on a sudden, a lodger, dressed with a night-cap and a cotton dressing-gown, presented himself in the ball-room, complaining of the noise which was making at such unseasonable hours, and threatening to quit the house the next day. Monsieur

Moussinot, by the advice of his wife thought better to put an end to the evening's entertainment, and accordingly wished his guests a good night. I left the room the last, not being able to withstand the amusement I found in the embarrassment of the good man, who could find neither his night-cap or slippers; and for want of his bed, which had been taken down, he was obliged to sleep on a sofa; fatigue, however, and plenty of Champaign, made him accommodate himself to these inconveniences with a very good grace; I expected a different behaviour the next day.

In effect, by seven o'clock, the storm arose between the wedded pair, and what was extraordinary, the husband's voice was as loud as that of his wife. I did not want a pretence to be present at this fracas, the cause of which I was previously acquainted with, and of which I was desirous of seeing the result.

When I arrived, the servant, with her eyes half closed by sleep, was picking up in the dining-room, the several remains of glasses and plates which had been broken the preceding evening. Moussinot, with a face as red as fire, was walking from one room to another, and every new object augmented his rage; nothing could be more laughable or incoherent than his conversation. "Twenty-two empty bottles! Can it be possible? See, see, my curtains are all torn! that calico cost one hundred and ten sous the yard! and those holes in the wainscot to place their cursed music stands! My account books, my cartons; where have they stowed them? That crazy Descourtils!"—"Do, pay some attention," screamed out Madame Moussinot, from her chamber. "What do you say, M. Guillaume? How happy a woman must be with such a husband?" "Hey, Madame," replied Moussinot; "why did you tell me yesterday that I was the best husband in the world?"—"Because it was your birth-day."

"It was your birth-day!"—This sentence, both the mistress and the servant alternately made use of as an excuse against all the reproaches of M. Moussinot: these words, which I also made use of to appease him, as I entered, caused him to make the queerest grimace I ever saw on a human countenance.

This first scene was only the prelude to what was to come: those who had furnished every thing for the last evening's entertainment came in crowds, each holding his bill in his hand. Moussinot cried out against the price of every article. "It was your birth-day," cried out all the workmen, in full chorus. "We were pressed for time, and Monsieur would not wish us to work for nothing." The bills then were paid, without the workmen abating a single farthing.

To complete the farce, M. Bernard, accompanied by a tip-staff, came to notice the judgment he had obtained against the best of fathers; Madame Moussinot treated her son-in-law with

much harshness; and I could not forbear telling this lawyer to recollect all that he had said and sung the preceding evening in honour of his father-in-law. "The case is altered," replied he, coldly. "There is time for all things. Yesterday it was his birth-day."

When M. Bernard was gone, I tried to make my two neighbours listen to reason: Moussinot acknowledged how much he owed to his wife and his friends for their kind intentions; but he persisted, very reasonably, that they might have amused themselves at less expence; that disorder and profusion was not pleasure, and that a true domestic entertainment ought to be without end. Madame Moussinot, on her side, confessed that she had been ambitious to do like other people; she wished their little fete to be spoken of, and she had therefore less consulted her own feelings than her vanity.

The married folks now embraced each other, and promised to enjoy themselves in future with less ostentation; and I took my leave, thoroughly convinced, that if ever the gratification of vanity made any one really happy, that person was no better than a fool or a madman.

GUILLAUME THE FREE SPEAKER.

ACCOUNT OF AN AUTOMATON EXHIBITED AT VIENNA, IN 1783.

The speaking automaton in London, now draws many spectators to view the extraordinary specimen of human skill: as the process employed in figures seeming to speak, is well known to be effected by certain tubes which have a communication with separate apartments, we think the action of automations far superior to that of borrowed speech, and the following account will, we doubt not, be entertaining to our readers.

"The press to which this automaton is fixed, is about three feet and an half in height. It is placed on four rollers, by means of which it can be safely transported from one place to another. Behind this press is a figure, as large as life, dressed in the Turkish habit, seated on a wooden chair, which is attached to the body of the press, and moves with it when it is wheeled into the apartment. This figure leans on its right elbow on the table, which forms the base of the press, and holds in its left hand a long Turkish pipe, and seems in the act of smoking. It is with this hand that it plays, when the pipe is taken away. Before the automaton is a chess-board placed on a table. M. de Kempelen, the owner of this piece of machinery, opens the press doors, and takes out a drawer which is underneath, and the press is divided by a kind of partition in two unequal parts, that to the left is the narrowest, near three parts narrower than the other, and it is filled with wheel-work, levers, cylinders, and other pieces of clock-work; in that towards the right, are some wheels, some little barrels, with

springs, and two-fourths are of horizontal circles; the vacant part is filled up by a box, a cushion, and a tablet, on which are characters traced in gold. The inventor takes out the case or box, and places it on a little table near the machine; he does the same by the tablet. The front doors of the press being opened, he opens those behind, so that the wheels are all displayed, and a wax light is brought that all the crevices may be open to inspection. They then lift up the caftan of the automaton, and unbind the head, in order to display completely the interior structure, and to shew all the wheels and levers which are within the automaton, and to prove that no living being can act with more seeming intelligence. After having allowed every one to take time in examining it, they close the doors of the press, and place it behind a railing, in order to prevent the speculators from shaking the machine, by leaning on it while the automaton plays, and also to leave a place for the exhibitor to walk at his ease, as he approaches by times the press, either on the right or on the left: though without touching it except sometimes to wind up the springs. It appears difficult to conceive what communication there can possibly be between the machine and the table, or between the machine and the box, to which, however, the inventor frequently has recourse during the time the automaton is at play. Many have been prompted to believe, that this box is only a stratagem to take off the attention of the spectators: but M. de Kempelen affirms, that this box is so indispensably requisite to the mechanism of his automaton, that without it it could not play, and if he should be disposed to reveal the secret, the world would soon be convinced of the truth of what he advances.

"If the automaton plays with the left hand, it is through the carelessness of the inventor. When it gives a check to the queen, it bows the head twice, and three times when it checks the king. If a false move is made, it shakes its head, repairs the fault, and continues the game.

"When the game is finished, the tablet is placed on the chess-board; and the automaton satisfies the assembly, by answering their questions, in pointing with his finger to each different letter requisite to announce his replies.

"The most able mechanists in Germany have not yet been competent to the discovery of the agent employed to direct the motions of the automaton: there is no perceptible manner of the inventor's influence on the machine. They have not failed, amongst many other conjectures, to attribute it to the force of magnetism: but in order to do away that opinion, M. de Kempelen gives permission to any one to place on the machine the most well tempered and heavy loadstone they please, without fearing that this astonishing piece of mechanism will receive the least alteration."

ORIENTAL CORNELIAN.

The Parisians are now employed in discussions on a very curious oriental cornelian, bearing an exact likeness of Louis XVI. which was discovered in the stone by a M. Paradis, in 1800. Some attest it to be a natural production, others say it is not possible.

The stone in question is about two inches and an half in length, and one inch and an half in breadth. It was found amongst a number of other cornelians. When first M. Paradis saw it, he thought he discovered something extraordinary. He bought it, and gave it into the hands of a skilful polisher, and watched the progress of his work. What was their astonishment, in discovering a perfect resemblance of the head of Louis XVI. surmounted by rays of glory! without one having been traced, the portrait being formed only of the veins and undulations of the stone. In 1812, M. Paradis shewed this prodigy to M. Lesage, director of the mint, who declared he had never beheld any thing so wonderful. Several persons waited on M. Paradis to see the stone, which became an object of public curiosity and admiration. The police, on being informed of these visits, took umbrage at them, visited the proprietor, examined the stone, and forbade him to shew it again.

The back part of the head of Louis XVI. represents an old man with a long beard, if regarded in one certain point of light. If a part of this beard is covered, it represents the exact features of Henry IV.

Considerable sums have been offered M. Paradis for this precious gem; but he has preserved it with the most scrupulous care, in the intention, sooner or later, to lay it at the feet of the royal family: his wishes have been crowned with success; the Duchess of Angouleme has been pleased to accept it, and has thanked M. Paradis in the most honourable and flattering manner.

FRENCH BEGGARS.

There are a set of beggars at Paris, who excite the public charity in an extraordinary manner; these mendicants do not offer to the eye the loathsome and repellant spectacle of people covered with rags, and displaying revolting infirmities or hideous deformities, but they appear always in clean linen, a good-looking outward garment, and with an air of gentility, while they are distinguished by the manner in which they address their supplications to the passers by. These select beggars generally address themselves to the ladies. Their manner, though meek and plaintive, is not mean; it is the moving accent of misfortune, and not the importunate plaint of beggary; and thanks to the perfection to which they have attained, the trade of a beggar has become a science.—One of the masters of this art, useful, because he feeds his master, stopped me yesterday on the boulevard Poissoniere. "Sir,"

said he, with a plaintive voice, and downcast eyes, "I am dying with hunger." This expression admits of no refusal: I rummage my pockets, and to my great regret, I find no change. "I am very sorry," said I, "I have nothing about me but a piece of gold."—"If Monsieur will give me leave," replies the beggar, without the least embarrassment, "I will change it for him." I give it him, or rather I let him take it, thinking he will go to the next shop, but with great *sang froid*, he takes out a neat purse, pretty well filled too, and presents three pieces of five francs, and two of forty sous, adding, "Monsieur will not think if I keep twenty sous, that it is too much." He gives me my change, makes me a low bow, and leaves me motionless at my own folly and his impudence.

Another class of beggars will say, when a gentleman refuses them, saying he has nothing but gold—"Ah! Sir, when a person has gold and charity, change is easily found."

A TRAVELLER.

BIRTHS.

The lady of the Rev. R. Massie, of Chester, of a son.

At Withenshaw Hall, the lady of T. W. Tatton, Esq. of a daughter.

At Thorp-Arch Hall, the lady of Colonel Goslip, of a son.

MARRIED.

John Serancke, Esq. 4th Regiment of Dragoon Guards, eldest son of Francis Carter Serancke, Esq. of Hatfield, to Lucy, third daughter of Samuel Newbould, Esq. of Bridgefield, Sheffield.

At Mary-le-bonne Church, by the Rev. R. H. Chapman, J. Borland, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth Dymond, of Topsham, Devon.

At St. Martin's in the Fields, Mr. W. Armstrong, late of the Royal Navy, to Miss Margaret Meighan, of Brighton.

DIED.

At his seat, Slindon House, Sussex, the Right Hon. James Anthony Radcliffe, Earl of Newburgh. His Lordship was grandson of James Radcliffe, second Earl of Derwentwater, by Lady Mary Tudor, natural daughter of Charles the Second. Dying without issue, the title devolves to his first cousin, Francis Eyre, Esq. of Hassop, Derbyshire, whose mother, Lady Mary Radcliffe, was sister to the deceased Earl's father. The whole of his Lordship's estates, on the Countess of Newburgh's death descend to the present Earl's family.

At his seat, Amesbury Hall, Wilts, in consequence of a fall from his horse while hunting, John Rowland Bloxam, Esq. aged 74.

In Newman-street, in the 74th year of her age, Elizabeth, the wife of Benjamin West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy. In the death of this excellent woman, her afflicted relatives have respectively to lament a faithful wife and an affectionate parent—her friends an object of their warmest regard, and the world a female whose undeviating integrity and benevolence of disposition have rarely been equalled.

In the Island of Jamaica, William Clowes, Esq. of his Majesty's ship the North Star. This much valued young man fell a victim to the climate at the early age of 23 years.

Mrs. Finch, wife of Mr. William Finch, of the Edgware-road, and sister to Mr. Ebers, bookseller, Old Bond-street.

At Falmouth, on board his Majesty's ship Weymouth, aged 23, Mrs. Thurston, wife of Mr. Thurston, surgeon, Gibraltar.

Lately at Kingston poor-house, of an illness which had for some time been gradually bringing him to his end, John Harcomb, formerly of Portchester. This unfortunate young man exhibits, in an extraordinary degree, the frailties of human nature, and the follies of dissipated youth.—In early life he was articled to a most respectable Solicitor at Portsea; but on considerable property falling to him, he launched forth into all those improprieties which will soon reduce the most extensive patrimony, and the possessor to comparative misery. When this money was spent, he entered as a private in the 10th Hussars. After having served in this capacity for some time, another occurrence placed him again in affluence. He now instead of a private, figured as an officer, and not having profited by experience, resorted to his former ways, kept hunters, &c. spent all his money, sold his commission, and again enlisted as a private in his former regiment, in which capacity he breathed his last, almost unknown, without a single friend of his prosperity appearing at his bedside to soothe his last moments.

The Dowager Lady Kensington, at Haverfordwest, at a very advanced age.

Aged 56, Mr. William Fieldwick, many years a respectable inhabitant of Hackney.

In Southampton-street, Strand, Mr. James Bell, of North End, Fulham, aged 82.

At Geneva, the Most Noble John, Marquis of Bute, Earl of Windsor, &c. He was born June 20, 1744.

At Simson's Town, Cape of Good Hope, Rear Admiral George Dundas, the Commissioner of the Navy at that station.

At Hereford, aged 64, Mr. Henry Jones, solicitor.—At Stoneyford, Francis Bradley, aged 104.—At Foelslase, Cardiganshire, Jane Harry, aged 105.—At Dyffry Faith, in the same county, John Davies, aged 108.

TO

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BEING

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE
MAGAZINE,

FOR THE TENTH VOLUME OF THE NEW SERIES.

CONTAINING

A Critical Review, and Abridgement

OF THE

MOST DISTINGUISHED WORKS OF LITERATURE

FOR THE YEAR 1814.

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JANUARY, 1815.

SUPPLEMENT
TO
THE BELLE ASSEMBLEE
BEING
Jell's
COURT AND FASHIONABLE
MAGAZINE.

FOR THE TENTH VOLUME OF THE NEW SERIES.

CONTAINING

A Critical Review, and
OF THE
MOST DISTINGUISHED WORKS OF LITERATURE
FOR THE YEAR.

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SUPPLEMENT

TO VOL. X. NEW SERIES, OF

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

CONTAINING A CRITICAL REVIEW OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED WORKS OF LITERATURE
FOR THE YEAR 1814.

HISTORY, VOYAGES, TRAVELS, &c.

REMARKS ON ITALY.

Remarks on Italy. By Joseph Forsyth, Esq. 8vo. Cadell and Davies.

THIS agreeable and interesting account of a journey, taken by a gentleman of observation and literary talent, may be classed amongst the best publications of the two last years: this year, we are sorry to say, has been rather barren in works of extraordinary talent.

Mr. Forsyth began his excursion near the Christmas of 1801, and proceeded from Nice, on which place, and also on Pisa, he makes but few observations; his remarks on Fontana, the brother of the Abbate, after his visiting the Museum in Tuscany, is worth insertion, as it marks the author's skill in painting characters.

"Fontana seems to preside here in the scientific world; not by superior knowledge, for his is rather diffuse than deep; by bringing into science the man-of-the-world faculty; by a well-managed talent of display and evasion, which gains him credit for double what he knows; by the art of improving the inventions of others, and passing their joint work under his own name. In his hands every man's ability is available, and nothing is lost.

"He readily detailed to me the history of imitative anatomy, 'an art invented by Zumbo, and revived,' said Fontana, 'by me. I began with a very young artist, whom I instructed to copy the human eye in wax. This I shewed to Leopold, who, pleased with the attempt, and desirous that his sons should learn anatomy, without attending dissections, ordered me to complete the whole system.'

"This active Prometheus is creating a de-

composable statue, which will consist of ten thousand separable pieces, and three millions of distinct parts, both visible and tangible. I saw only the head, and the upper region of the trunk; but this machine appeared to me as sensible to the weather as its fleshly original is. The wood is so warped by the heat, that the larger contours are already perceptibly altered, and the pieces are connected by pegs which become unfit on every change of atmosphere."

When Mr. Forsyth treats of the members of the *Improvvisatori*, and the various tricks of the art, he gives the following wonderful account of *La Fantastici*:—

"This lady convenes at her house a crowd of admirers, whenever she chooses to be inspired. The first time I attended her Accademia, a young lady of the same family and name as the great Michael Angelo, began the evening by repeating some verses of her own composition. Presently *La Fantastici* broke out into a song in the words of the motto, and astonished me by her rapidity and command of numbers, which flowed in praise of the fair poetess, and brought her poem back to our applause.

"She went round her circle, and called on each person for a theme. Seeing her busy with her fan, I proposed the fan as a subject; and this little weapon she painted as she promised. In describing its use, she acted and analyzed to us all the coquetry of the thing.

"So extensive is her reading, that she can challenge any theme. One morning, after

other classical subjects had been sung, a Venetian Count gave her the boundless field of Appollonius Rhodius, in which she displayed a minute acquaintance with all the argonautic fable. Tired at last with demi-gods, I proposed the Sofa for a task, and sketched to her the introduction of Cowper's Poem. She set out with his idea, but, being once entangled in the net of mythology, she soon transformed his sofa into a Cytherean couch, and brought Venus, Cupid, and Mars on the scene; for such embroidery enters into the web of every *improvvisatore*."

Mr. Forsyth next passes on to his observations on ancient and modern Rome, and thus writes on the Colosseum:—

"Every nation has undergone its revolution of vices; and as cruelty is not the present vice of ours, we can all humanely execrate the purpose of amphitheatres, now that they lie in ruins. Moralists may tell us, that the truly brave are never cruel; but this monument says 'No.' Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours' sport shed in this imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery: a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter; and, when glutted with bloodshed, those ladies sat down in the wet and streaming *arena* to a luxurious supper.

"Such reflections check our regret for its ruin. As it now stands, the Colosseum is a striking image of Rome itself:—decayed—vacant—serious, yet grand;—half grey and half green—erect on one side and fallen on the other, with consecrated ground in its bosom—inhabited by a beadsman—visited by every cast; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray."

We next beg leave to present to our readers one of the most lively and observant pictures of Naples, which ever issued from the pen of a traveller:—

"Naples, in its interior, has no parallel on earth. The crowd of London is uniform and intelligible: it is a double line in quick motion; it is the crowd of business. The crowd of Naples consists in a general tide rolling up and down, and in the middle of this tide a hundred eddies of men. Here you are swept on by the current; there you are wheeled

round by the vortex. A diversity of trades dispute with you the streets. You are stopped by a carpenter's bench; you are lost among shoemakers' stools; you dash among the pots of a *maccaroni* stall, and you escape behind a *lazaroni*'s night basket. In this region of caricature every bargain sounds like a battle: the popular exhibitions are full of the grotesque; some of their church processions would frighten a war-horse.

"The mole seems on holidays an epitome of the town, and exhibits most of its humours. Here stands a methodistical friar preaching to one row of *lazaroni*; there, Punch, the representative of the nation, holds forth to a crowd. Yonder, another orator recounts the miracles he has performed with a sacred wax-work, on which he rubs his *agnuses*, and sells them, thus impregnated with grace, for a *grano* a piece. Beyond him are quacks in hussar uniforms, exalting their drugs and brandishing their sabres, as if not content with one mode of killing. The next *professore* is a dog of knowledge, great in his own little circle of admirers. Opposite to him stand two jocund old men, in the centre of an oval group, singing alternately to their crazy guitars. Further on is a motley audience seated on planks, and listening to a tragicomic *filosofo*, who reads, sings, and gesticulates old Gothic tales of Orlando and his Paladins.

"This is a theatre where any stranger may study for nothing the manners of the people. At the theatre of San Carlo, the mind, as well as the man, is parted off from its fellows in an elbow chair. There all is regulation and silence: no applause, no censure, no object worthy of attention, except the court and the fiddle. There the drama—but what is a drama in Naples without Punch? Or what is Punch out of Naples? Here, in his native tongue, and amongst his own countrymen, Punch is a person of real power: he dresses up and retails all the drolleries of the day: he is the channel, and sometimes the source of the passing opinions: he can inflict ridicule, he could gain a mob, or keep the whole kingdom in good humour."

Mr. Forsyth, on leaving this whimsical place, after taking an excursion to Paestum, returns to Rome, and from thence proceeds to Ancona, visits Bologna and Venice, and we own ourselves rather disappointed that he should say so little of the latter; he remarks on what we may gain from the many books published on the subject; but Venice, de-

scribed by the pen of so original and chaste a writer as Mr. Forsyth, would have much added to the interest that celebrated city is always sure to excite. He pays, however, a concise and elegant compliment to Italy in general, when, as an apology for the hurry in which he was obliged to visit some of its towns, he thus expresses himself:—

“ We make the tour of Italy as we make the circuit of a gallery. On advancing we are dazzled with excellence, and fatigued with admiration. We can take, however, but a certain dose of this pleasure at a time; and at length, when the eye is saturated with a picture, we begin to long for the conclusion, and we run through the last rooms with a glance. Such a feeling as this will account for the hurried manner in which I passed through the few final towns; and this feeling was enforced by the dread of an impending war, the love of home, and the impatience of my companion.”

The justice of the following remark must be felt by every one who travels for observation, and possesses a wish to be acquainted with the manners and customs of the countries he passes through, and desires

to regard all that is curious with care and precision:—

“ Whoever goes abroad merely for observation, should avoid his own countrymen. If you travel in a party, your curiosity must adopt their paces: you must post through towns which are rich in arts and antiquity, and stop where the only attraction is good cheer. While you linger with fond delay among the select beauties of a gallery, your friends are advanced into other rooms, and the keeper complains when you separate: you thus lose the freedom of inspection, your ears ring with impatience, and often with absurdity. If you travel with one who is more ignorant of the language than yourself, you must stand interpreter in all his bickerings with the natives; and a man is usually harsher, when his spleen has to pass through the mouth of another.”

After travelling through Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, and Milan, the author reached Turin in May, 1803, where he was arrested as a British subject, and sent prisoner to France. He lingered out a tedious and almost hopeless captivity; and the above interesting and entertaining work is dated Valenciennes, June, 1812.

GALT'S TRAVELS.

Galt's Travels. 4to. Cadell and Davies.

THESE voyages and travels, performed in the years 1809 and 1810, contain many interesting miscellaneous observations; particularly on Sicily, Malta, Serigo, and Turkey; a few extracts from which we lay before our readers: and the following is the account he gives, when speaking of the ceremonies of the church, and of the state and manners of the nobility in Sicily:—

“ One evening, as I happened to be returning home, I fell in with a procession of monks and soldiers, bearing an image of St. Francis; and, not having seen any thing of the kind before, I went with the crowd into the church, towards which the procession was moving.—While reckoning the number of friars as they entered, and having reached a hundred and seventy, all excellent subjects for soldiers, a well-dressed gentleman came up to me, and bowing, pointed to some of the ornaments, as

objects worthy of a stranger's curiosity; but perceiving me shy of entering into conversation with him, and the procession entering the church at the same time, he walked, or was forced by the current of the crowd, away.

“ The idol being placed near the high altar, the crowd began to chant a hymn. As they all fell on their knees, and my tight prejudices and small clothes would not permit me to do the same, I turned into one of the side chapels, and, leaning against the railing of the altar, began to speculate on the spectacle before me, when the stranger again accosted me. Somewhat disconcerted by the interruption, and the forwardness of the man, I abruptly quitted my place. But, before I had moved two steps, he approached, and, bowing, said, ‘ I am the Baron M—, and my palace is just opposite.’ At this instant the worshippers rose, and the procession turning to go out at

one of the side doors near where we were standing, before I could retreat, I found myself involved in the crowd and obliged to go with the stream. When I reached the street, I found the stranger again at my side.

"When we had got out of the nucleus of the throng, he seized me firmly by the arm, and drew me aside. Enraged and alarmed at this mysterious treatment, I shook him fairly from me. For about the time that one might count twenty, he seemed to hesitate; and then, suddenly coming back, repeated, in Italian, 'I, I am the Baron M—, this is my palace; but I have nothing to eat!' I looked at the building, near the gate of which we were then standing: it was old and ruinous; there was no lamp in the court-yard, and only a faint light glimmering in one of the windows.

"Mistaking my silence and astonishment, he pulled out his watch, and, placing it in my hand, entreated me to give him some money. As I had no disposition to become a pawnbroker, I returned it with some expressions of surprise, and took out my purse, with the intention of giving it him, for it only contained two or three small pieces. But here all the solemnity of the adventurer terminated: he snatched it out of my hand, and emptying the contents into his own, returned it; and wishing me good night, ran into the gateway."

The following sketch of the character of the Sicilian people is well drawn:—

"Loquacious and ingenious, they make more use of persuasion in their dealings than any other people. They persuade the people to buy bits of blessed rags and paper, which, when worn round the neck, have the effect, as they pretend, of neutralizing the malignancy of the evil eye. The same superstition is well known in Scotland; but it is more generally prevalent among the Sicilians than the Scotch.

"The Sicilians have, certainly, a very keen relish of humour; and, now and then, one may perceive in them a strong trait of peculiarity, not individual, but national, which, notwithstanding their ancient proficiency, is an assurance to think that they may yet attain some literary superiority which shall be regarded as original."

The reception Mr. Galt received in the Morea in the country of the Maniots, a Spartan territory, from Antonby, one of

their chiefs, is amusing and interesting in the recital.

"The court was dirty with rubbish, offal, and excrements. Hogs were confined in a corner; but the poultry and ducks enjoyed the range of its whole extent. We ascended into the keep by a zigzag stair on the outside."

"The door, narrow, opened into a hall, where a number of long-haired soldiers were sitting. They rose, as we entered, in order to make way for us to ascend the stairs which led to the apartment of the Prince. The walls of the presence chamber were hung with bundles of arms, cloaks, and petticoats. A bed occupied the farthest corner; under which I perceived a large, antique, carved coffer.

"Antonby, a strong hale carle, was sitting near the bed when we entered, and beside him an old priest. I think he appeared to be about sixty. Opposite sat his lady, with large rings on her fingers, but otherwise slovenly dressed. On her one side was a warlike relation, with a snuff-box in his hand, and on the other she had also her ghostly comforter. She was younger than the Prince, and still possessed the remains of beauty. They all rose up as we entered; and the old chieftain received us with a kind of honest gladness, that military frankness, which gains at once the esteem of strangers."

Mr. Galt gives a striking description of his approach to Constantinople, in the following passage:—

"The domes of the chief mosques, were the first things that the eye detached from the mass of objects; then the grim Castle of the Seven Towers; and, finally, the innumerable minarets interspersed amongst stately cypresses, and other trees of more cheerful foliage. But, unlike the approach to London, where the gay variety of villas and gardens, and the lively emulation of innumerable chariots and horsemen, exhilarate the spirits, the traveller passes on to the very gates of Constantinople, irresistibly disposed to moralize on the vanity of human affairs. He hears nothing like that continuous sound, the voice of London, which is heard so far off; but all is melancholy and solemn. The road lies through fields of sepulchres; the walls are covered with ivy; the towers are nodding to their fall; and the great Upas tree, of Ottoman despotism, is approached with sadness and awe."

HISTORY AND LANGUAGES OF THE INDIAN ISLANDS.

History and Languages of the Indian Islands. By William Marsden, F. R. S. 4to.

WITHOUT dwelling on the literature and science of this work, the former part of which is a complete Malayan dictionary, we shall proceed to the historical part, as less heavy and more adapted to the taste of the miscellaneous reader: and in the first proofs of the origin of the Malays, which Mr. Marsden gives, he is upheld by many learned cotemporaries, particularly those who have compiled the *Asiatic Researches*. The following extract will serve to evince the pains taken by Mr. Marsden to found his opinions on the basis of probability, the best source of verity:—

“The original country inhabited by the Malayan race, was the kingdom of Palembang, in the island of Indalus, now Sumatra, on the river Malaye, which flows by the mountain named Mahu-mera, and discharges itself into the river Tatang, on which Palembang stands, before it joins the sea. Having chosen for their king or leader, a prince named Sri Turi Buwana, who boasted his descent from Iskander the Great, and to whom, on that account, their natural chief, Demang Lebar Daun, submitted his authority; they emigrated under his command, about the year 1160, to the south-eastern extremity of the opposite peninsula, named Ujong Tanah; where they were at first distinguished by the appellation of Orang de bawah Angin, or the Leeward people; but in time the coast became generally known by that of Tanah Malayo, or the Malayan Land.”

Many are of opinion that the Malayan origin is of very little moment; and amongst those who cherish this opinion we are somewhat surprised to see one of our cotemporary reviewers, whose learned and judicious criticisms are, in general, both scientifically and critically just. But those who have visited India are well convinced, notwithstanding the little faith in their dealings, which some Malays may be possessed of, that they are nevertheless an important acquisition to the European. Their facility in learning languages, their quickness of intellect, and dispatch of business, make them sought after continually as interpreters, and

as guides in the transaction of those local affairs wherein an European settler would find himself totally lost.

Mr. Marsden then, after going through a prolix account of the Malaysans, next carries his observations to Java; the religion of which he treats of, and imagines the Javanese to be indebted to the Hindoos for their mode of worship; while the language of the Javanese has been borrowed from the Arabic, as may be found by many Arabic words and sentences engrafted on the ancient language of Java.

In treating on Malay, Mr. Marsden has mentioned the Binuwaw, a race of hunters, indigenous, as one may say, to the soil, whose means are but little, and whose numbers, are of consequence, but few. He accurately describes the state of society in the island of Java, and their form of government; in which the will of the prince is literally law. The people possess no hereditary marks of distinction, and when a subject presents himself before his prince, it is in a posture rather of crawling than walking: he must not shew his respect by his dress, but must be in the rags which scarcely cover him, in a state of comparative nakedness; and the meanness of his discourse, and the humility of his expressions must be correspondent with his dress. Terms of awe and adoration must alone be made use of in his addresses to the despot; and so far from selecting his expressions, or choosing proper terms in his discourse, his language must breathe nothing but slavery and ignorance, in order to shew the inequality of his condition to that of his sovereign.

Yet though there exists no hereditary rank, the Javanese have their titles of nobility, but they are conferred only during pleasure; though the temporary noble has unbounded privileges and authority during the term of his splendid hour, and holds the people at an immense distance, performing their pageant like the heroes of the drama.

Mr. Marsden imagines the Javanese to

be descended from the sect of Ali; though there is little doubt but what they rather are the descendants of those Mahometans, who, like the ancient Persians, worshipped the sun.

We cannot conclude this article better than by giving Mr. Marsden's precise account of the Malays, which is well and circumstantially drawn.

"They retain a strong sense of pride, but not of that laudable kind which restrains men from the commission of mean and fraudulent actions. They possess much low cunning, and plausible duplicity, and know how to dissemble the strongest passions and most inveterate antipathy, till the opportunity of grati-

fying their resentment offers. Veracity, gratitude, and integrity, are not to be found in the list of their virtues; and their minds are almost strangers to the sentiments of honour and infamy. They are jealous and vindictive. Their courage is desultory, the effect of a momentary enthusiasm, which enables them to perform deeds of incredible desperation; but they are strangers to steady magnanimity and cool resolution in battle. The Malay may be compared to the animals of his country, the buffalo and the tiger. In his domestic state he is indolent, stubborn, and voluptuous as the former; in his adventurous life, he is insidious, blood-thirsty, and rapacious as the latter."

BURGH'S ANECDOTES OF MUSIC.

Burgh's Anecdotes of Music. 3 Vols. 12mo. Longman and Co.

THE pleasure which the musical biography afforded the public, numerous extracts of which we gave in several of our preceding Numbers, has made us peruse with peculiar attention the above interesting work, entitled *Anecdotes of Music*: and we are tempted to present from it a few extracts, which we doubt not will be read with peculiar interest by our female subscribers; for music claims a decided patronage from the fair.

This work is a kind of history of the progression of a science, now, as may be said, arrived to a maturity of perfection.—The volume is addressed from a parent to his daughter, and is written in the pleasing style of familiar and chit-chat correspondence.

The author pursues his subject, from the earliest music of the ancients, and arranges it according to the different nations wherein it flourished, from the most distant ages; while he describes, with much interest, the characters of the Troubadours and minstrels of old. The work is interspersed with several amusing anecdotes.

Speaking of the music of the ancients, the author justly observes,

"The infancy of every art and science is

involved in impenetrable obscurity, and the difficulties, absolutely insurmountable, which continually present themselves, in tracing their early progress, too frequently render the studies of the antiquarian irksome to himself, and useless to society. In respect to the music of antiquity, all at present is fable or conjecture."

Treating of the dramas of ancient Greece, when the ignorance of music was regarded as a proof of barbarism, he farther adds,

"Notwithstanding the simplicity of their music, the poets themselves being able to set their own pieces, and to sing them so well to the satisfaction of the public, is a certain proof, that their music had not only fewer difficulties, but also fewer excellencies than the modern. To be at once a great poet, and a great musician, appears, to our conception, utterly impossible; otherwise, why should not such a coincidence of talents frequently occur? Milton studied music, and so have many of our poets; but, to understand it equally well with a professor, is a drudgery to which they could not submit. The Grecian sage, according to Greyina, was at once a philosopher, a poet, and a musician. In separating these characters, says he, they have all been weakened: the sphere of philosophy has been contracted; ideas have failed in poetry; and force and energy in song."

The following detached ideas on the harmonious science are well thrown together :

"The effects of music have been considered by ancient writers as eminently salutary in softening the manners, in promoting civilization, in exciting or repressing the passions, and in the cure of various diseases.

"Nero played on his lute when Rome was in flames. A popular air, even of a very simple construction, may be easily supposed, by the air of appropriate poetry, to excite the passions of love or anger, to inflame the warrior, or melt the love-sick maid. The plaintive Scots' melodies, and Purcell's simple air, *Britons strike home*, will sufficiently elucidate this possibility to an English ear.

"Birds were, assuredly, the most ancient music-masters. Even to this day, with all our boasted refinement, all our natural and artificial exertions, who will be bold enough to assert, that either Mrs. Billington, the delight of the present age, or Farinelli, the admiration of the last, ever approached the excellence of these instinctive musicians, either in fertility of imagination, in the brilliancy of their shake, or neatness of execution."

Amongst the anecdotes, the following is interesting and circumstantial:—

"About All-hallow-tide, in the year 1633, several of the principal members of the four inns of court, amongst whom were some servants of the King, had a design that these inns of court should present their service to the King and Queen, and testify their affection to them by the outward and splendid visible testimony of a royal masque, of all the four societies joining together, to be by them brought to the court, as an expression of their love and duty towards their Majesties.

"This design took well with all the inns of court, especially the younger sort of them; and in order to put it in execution, the benchers of each society met, and agreed to have this solemnity performed in the noblest and most stately manner that could be invented."

After giving the names of the committee the author proceeds:—

"The time for preparing this masque at Whitehall was agreed to be on Candlemas night, to end Christmas; and the several parts of it being brought near to a readiness for action, Hyde and Whitelocke were sent to the Lord Chamberlain (the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery), and to Sir Henry Vane (the Comptroller of the King's house), to advise with them, and take order about the

scene, and preparing things in the banqueting house.

"The dancers, masquers, anti-masquers, and musicians, did beforehand practise in the place where they were to present the masque, and the scenes were artfully painted by Inigo Jones, at the lower end of the banqueting house, and all things were in readiness.

"The grand masquers were four gentlemen of each inn of court, most suitable for their persons, dancing, and garb, for that business: and it was ordered that they should be drawn in four rich chariots, four masquers in each chariot, by six horses in each."

The author then gives the following account of the procession:—

"The first that marched were twenty footmen, in scarlet liveries with silver lace, each one having his sword by his side, a baton in one hand, and a torch lighted in the other: these were the Marshal's men, who cleared the streets, made way, and were all about the Marshal, waiting his commands.

"After them, and sometimes in the midst of them, came the Marshal (Mr. Darrell), afterwards knighted by the King, an extraordinary handsome, proper gentleman, one of Lincoln's Inn, agreed upon by the committee for this service.

"He was mounted upon one of the King's best horses, and richest saddles, and his own habit exceeding rich and glorious, his horsemanship very gallant; and beside his Marshalsmen, he had two lacqueys, who carried torches by him, and a page in livery that went by him, carrying his cloak.

"After him followed one hundred gentlemen of the inns of court, in very rich clothes, five-and-twenty chosen out of each house, of the most proper and handsome young gentlemen of the societies.

"Every one of them was gallantly mounted on the best horses, and with the best furniture, glittering by the light of the multitude of torches attending them, with the motion and stirring of their mettled horses, and the many and various gay liveries of their servants, but especially the personal beauty and gallantry of the handsome young gentlemen, made the most glorious and splendid show that ever was beheld in England.

"After the horsemen came the anti-masquers; and as the horsemen had their music, about a dozen of the best trumpets proper for them, so the first anti-masque, being of cripples and beggars on horseback, had their music of keys and tongs, and the like, snapping and yet playing in concert be-

fore them. These beggars were mounted on the poorest, barest jades, that could be gotten out of the dust carts, or elsewhere; and the variety and change from such noble music and gallant horses as went before them, unto their pitiful music and horses, made both of them the more pleasing.

"After the beggars' anti-masque came men on horseback, playing upon pipes, whistles, and instruments, sounding notes like those of birds of all sorts, and in excellent concert, and were followed by the anti-masque of birds. This was an owl in an ivy bush, with many several sorts of other birds in a cluster about the owl, gazing, as it were, upon her: these were little boys, put into covers of the shapes of those birds, rarely fitted, and sitting on small horses, with footmen going by them, having all of them torches in their hands.

"After this anti-masque came other musicians on horseback, playing upon bagpipes, hornpipes, and such kind of northern music. First, in this anti-masque, rode a fellow upon a little horse, with a great bitt in his mouth, and upon the man's head was a bitt, with head-stalls and reins fastened, and signified a projector, that none in the kingdom might ride their horses but with such bitts as they should buy of him. Another projector, who begged a patent of monopoly to feed capons with carrots, and several other projectors, were in like manner personated."

After going through the procession, with a prolixity which our limits will not allow us to follow, the author gives us the conclusion in the following words:—

"The King and Queen stood at a window, looking straight forward into the street, to see the masque come by; and being delighted with the noble bravery of it, they sent to the Marshal, to desire that the whole show might fetch a turn about the Tilt Yard, that their Majesties might have a double view of them;

which was done accordingly, and then they alighted at Whitehall gate, and were conducted to several rooms and places prepared for them."

On their entrance, he adds, that

"The Queen did the honour to some of the masquers to dance with them herself, and to judge them as good dancers as ever she saw; and the great ladies were very free and civil in dancing with all the masquers, as they were taken out by them.

"Thus they continued their sports until almost morning; and then the King and Queen retiring, the masquers and inns of court gentlemen were brought to a stately banquet, and, after that was dispersed, every one departed to their own quarters.

"The Queen, who was so delighted with these solemnities, desired to see this show acted over again. Whereupon an intimation being given to my Lord Mayor of London, he invited the King and Queen, and the masquers, to the city, and entertained them with all taste and magnificence at Merchant Taylors Hall. Thither marched through the city the same show that went to Whitehall, and the same masque was again represented in the same state and equipage as before. This also gave great contentment to their Majesties, and no less to the citizens, especially those of the youngest sort, and of the female sex; and it was to the great honour, and no less charge, of the Lord Mayor and freemen.

"After these dreams past, and these pomps vanished, all men were satisfied by the committee justly and bountifully."

We are further informed, that the music of this entertainment "cost one thousand pounds;" and "the clothes of the horsemen, reckoned one with another, at one hundred pounds the suit, at least, amounted to ten thousand pounds!"

TRAVELS IN THE CAUCASUS AND GEORGIA.

Travels in the Caucasus and Georgia. By Julius Von Klaproth. 4to. Colburn.

THE name of Klaproth is well known amongst those who are acquainted with German literature. The above volume is well written, and proves the noble author to be an observant traveller; for he investigates every place he visits, with a precision which it would be well if some of our

modern voyagers would imitate. He solves geographical difficulties, and makes the most minute inquiry into every pass, while he gives an historical genealogy of the different governors of the kingdoms and provinces he finds in his tour.

These are all very scientifically, though,

as may naturally be expected, somewhat heavily arranged, from the complex subjects of such investigation above-mentioned; the extracts we have taken from the more descriptive part of the work will, we doubt not, be found interesting.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MANGOL TRIBES.

"No people of Asia are so strikingly distinguished by their physiognomy and the figure of the skull as the Mongols. They exhibit almost as wide a deviation from the ordinary conformation of man, as the negroes in Africa; and it is truly remarkable, that this cast of countenance is almost indelible, even by long intermixture with the other nations; and that where this singularity once prevails, it can scarcely ever be eradicated. A Mongol might marry an European woman, in the midst of Europe, and his latest descendants would nevertheless retain the features of Mongols, as abundance of examples in Russia attest. The characteristics of this physiognomy are, the corners of the eyes, next to the nose, running back rather obliquely, and completely filled up; small eye-brows, black, and but little arched; a remarkable broad, but at the same time small, and flat nose; prominent cheek-bones; round face and head. The ears are large, and stand out from the head; the lips broad and thick; and the chin short. A beard composed of detached, strong hairs, which soon grow grey, and entirely fall off in advanced age, is likewise a peculiarity of this nation.

"The women may be pronounced small, but yet they are delicately shaped. There are scarcely any cripples among them; but crooked legs and thighs are a very common personal defect, which arises from the circumstance, that infants already in the cradle, are constantly placed astride, on a kind of spoon, and, as soon as they can go alone, are obliged to travel on horseback, upon every removal to a fresh pasturage. The skin and complexion of the Mongols is, by nature, tolerably fair, at least this is the case with all young children: but the custom of the common people, whose children, of the male sex, run about naked in the sun, and in the smoke of their tents, and among whom likewise the men generally sleep in summer, with no other covering than their under garment, occasions their ordinary colour to be a sallow brown. The women, on the contrary, are very white under their clothes; and among people of quality, you meet with faces of a delicately fair complexion, still further heightened by the blackness of the hair; and which, in these re-

spects, as well as in the features themselves, bear a strong resemblance to the figures in Chinese paintings.

"The Mongols lead a roving life, and dwell in moveable felt-tents, commonly called *gurts*, or *kibitkas*. They are circular, and of different dimensions, and rest upon lattice-work, about four feet high, which is held together by borders above and below, but may easily be taken to pieces. The skeleton of the habitation, which stands upon this frame, is composed of poles, which meet at top. They are covered with thick grey or white felt; which among the more opulent people, are worked at the borders with cords of plaited hair. They are tied round with hair-ropes, which keep them fast, and only one opening is left for an entrance, which is closed externally with a felt curtain."

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHARKOW, ON THE SOUTH OF MOSCOW.

"Charkow has become better known abroad in consequence of the university founded there by the present Emperor; but this measure does not seem to have rendered the place more flourishing.

"Among the professors of Charkow, I found some Germans, well known by their works, but who seemed to me not to be exactly in their element here. This observation applies to most of the Germans, who, when no longer young, emigrate to Russia, and enter into the service of the crown, if they are not appointed to situations in Petersburg and Moscow. It is, however, in some measure, their own fault. Many of them, for instance, neglect to learn the Russian language, under the idea that they have no occasion for it, and expect the natives to converse with them in a foreign idiom. This is unreasonable; for when a man resides in a country, and receives a salary from the government of that country, he ought certainly to take the trouble to learn its language.

"The building appropriated to the university is spacious, and, according to report, is about to be still farther enlarged; but the number of students would be very small had it not been augmented by a recent ordinance of the Emperor: according to which no person shall be appointed to any civil employment unless he has studied at some Russian university; nor any individual, without a previous examination in the sciences, be promoted to a staff officer, or from a collegiate counsellor to a counsellor of state.

"The idea of founding an university at Charkow, was not of itself a bad one, because

many opulent gentry, whose sons might have benefited by it, resided in that vicinity. But in Russia, there is yet too little taste for learning; and the old French mode of education is still too fashionable: on which account people of rank and fortune very seldom avail themselves of the advantages offered by universities and other seminaries.

"Another almost insurmountable obstacle, which will long prevent Russia from making any progress in the sciences, lies in the political constitution. As there is no middle class in this country, the whole nation is divided into two parts, masters and slaves; and at present, in another way, into persons who are in the service of the state, and such as are not. To the latter belong the vassals and tradesmen, who have neither inclination nor opportunity to cultivate their minds. The others are much too anxious to obtain honours and titles, which the service alone confers, to devote much time to the sciences. Every one strives, at as early an age as possible, to procure an appointment under the crown; for which he needs nothing but a good recommendation, and an acquaintance with the Russian style of business, and the laws of the country. He has no encouragement to study the sciences, of which he knows nothing, and for which he thinks he has no occasion."

DESCRIPTION OF THE TARTAR TRIBES INHABITING THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE CAUCASUS.

"The Ckaratachai, in their persons, are some of the handsomest of the inhabitants of the Caucasus, and bear a much stronger resemblance to the Georgians than to the roving Tartars in the Steppe. They are well shaped, and have remarkably delicate features, which are embellished by large black eyes, and a fair complexion.

"In general they take only one wife; but some have two or three, with whom they live very happily, and, contrary to the practice of the other mountaineers, treat them with humanity and affection; so that here, as among the Europeans, the wife is the companion, and not the menial servant of the husband. The wives of the princes have separate habitations, and dare not shew themselves to any stranger, and still less converse with him.

"The daughters likewise go but little abroad: they are occupied in the manufacture of gold and silver thread; and in making clothes for their fathers and brothers."

THEIR WEDDINGS.

"The bridegroom, if he is wealthy, sends

a complete dress to the bride, who must put it on, when she is conducted to him, which is always done in the night. On the wedding-day the bridegroom assembles at his house all his friends of the male sex, and gives them an entertainment, at which they eat and drink heartily. A similar treat is given in the house of the bride, but only her female acquaintances are invited to it. Towards evening the young men repair to the bride's, to conduct her with her whole train to the habitation of her future husband. The festivities last three days: the company dance, feast, and make merry; the youths have an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with the girls of the village, and thus commences many a passion which terminates in a new marriage."

TIFLIS, THE CAPITAL OF GEORGIA.

"The city itself makes but a very mean appearance; for since the last destruction by Agha Mahommed Chan, in September, 1795, great part of it resembles a heap of rubbish, not more than two thirds of the houses having been rebuilt. The streets are so narrow, that the most spacious of them are barely wide enough to admit an arba, without inconvenience; whereas in the cross streets there is scarcely room for a horseman, and in dirty weather, two pedestrians often find it difficult to pass one another. The houses are carelessly built, in the Georgian fashion, of bricks and rough stones, intermixed and cemented with dung or clay; so that they scarcely ever stand more than fifteen years. There is not one large or prominent building in the whole city: some Georgian princes, accustomed to the Russian manners, have, indeed, erected for themselves habitations, which commonly have two stories, and a gallery running round them; but, with these exceptions, no other objects meet the eye, than wretched stone huts, most of which are extremely filthy. Windows are to be found in very few of them; instead of these they have but holes, which are not always so much as stuffed up with oil-paper.

"The markets comprehend, according to the Asiatic fashion, the workshops of all the artisans. You here find a whole street inhabited exclusively by shoemakers, another occupied by the shops of cap-makers, and a third by those of smiths, Silk spinners, silver-smiths, gun-makers, and sword-cutlers, all pursue their respective occupations; and by their public industry afford a pleasing spectacle to the traveller."

LETTERS ON THE NICOBAR ISLANDS.

Letters on the Nicobar Islands. 1 Vol. 8vo. London.

THIS volume, the work of a Moravian Missionary, or rather the joint work of those Missionaries combined, forms an interesting account of those islands, from the time that the Danes, from Tranquebar, in 1756, attempted to establish there a commercial settlement: the ordinary of the Moravians then, at the command of the court of Copenhagen, sent out some of the brethren to endeavour to bring the inhabitants acquainted with revealed religion; and the colony arrived at Tranquebar in 1760.

The accounts most to be relied on, of the inhabitants of these islands, are those given by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Fontana, and Lieut. Colebrooke, in that learned work, entitled *Asiatic Researches*. For the above work of Letters, we are indebted to the recollections of Haensel, the last surviving Missionary.

Haensel complains much of the want of articulation in the Nicobars; and their pronunciation being reduced to a kind of sputtering, by their immoderate use of betel, rendered it difficult for him to find out when they understood him or when they did not; whilst their gross superstitions rendered them almost incapable of receiving any improvement. Devoid of any notion of the Godhead, they worshipped the author of evil through fear: yet, as Mr. Haensel remarks, they believe in a being most high; but in what his goodness consists they know not, neither do they take any pains to enquire; though they imagine the world to have been formed by him alone.

They are good-natured, inoffensive, and devoid of all ferocity, except in those cases where a juggler has pretended to cure a patient (for all diseases are cured by exorcism) and he chance to fail; for the juggler, to save his own skill, declares that some person, by witchcraft, has sucked from his body all the art of healing: he then pretends to discover the culprit, and woe to him whom the juggler considers as his enemy; the death inflicted on the unhappy wretch, diverts the thoughts of the deluded

relatives of the patient from farther investigation of the exorcist's skill.

Mr. Haensel describes their inordinate love of tobacco, in the following passage, while he yet proves how much fonder they were of rendering the rites of hospitality.

"When they had nothing to sell, they would come and fetch their portion of tobacco, which we never refused them as long as we had any, till by the non-arrival of the ship, we were left entirely without it. We therefore told the captain of the village, that as we had no more tobacco, the people need not bring us any more provisions, for we had nothing to give in exchange. The captain did as we desired, yet on the very next day we were supplied more plentifully than ever with the things we wanted. They would not even wait for pay, but hung up their fruit and meat about the house, and went away. We called after them, and told them how we were situated. Their answer was, when you had plenty of tobacco, you gave us as much as you could spare; now, though you have got no more of it, we have provisions enough, and you shall have as much as you want, as long as we have any, till you get more tobacco."

Mr. Haensel collected above eighty different species of serpents in these islands, and mentions, in particular, a red scorpion, the bite of which is extremely venomous, and he speaks also of the Nicobar bats, which are as large as a common cat; some of which have heads like dogs, and others like cats; but the insects, unlike those of other warm climates, are neither noxious nor troublesome. A malignant fever and a liver complaint are, however, prevalent and generally fatal; and proved particularly so to the Missionaries.

On the failure of the mission, Mr. Haensel speaks with a humility and sincerity which highly interests the admiration and feelings of the reader.

"I cannot help observing, that when we speak of the total failure of our endeavours, we have cause, in a great degree, to blame ourselves. For my part, I must confess, with humble shame, that I soon lost my faith and courage, brotherly love having ceased to prevail between us. It is true, our trials

were great, and the prospect most gloomy ; but we have seen, in other instances, what the Lord can do, by removing obstacles, and giving strength to his servants if they are one in spirit, pray, and live together in unity, and prefer each other in love. This was too much wanting during the latter part of our abode."

In another part of the work, he treats thus feelingly on the same subject :—

"Oh! how many thousand tears have I shed during that period of distress and trouble! I will not affirm that they were all of that kind, which I might with David pray unto the Lord, "to put into his bottle," and ask, "are they not in thy book?" For I was not yet fully acquainted with the ways of this people, and had not yet a heart wholly resigned to all his dealing. Oftentimes self-will, unbelief, and repining at our hard lot,

was mixed with our complaints and cries unto him. Do not, therefore, think them so very pure and deserving of pity as they may seem."

When Mr. Haensel was sent to break up the establishment, and bring the last surviving Missionary from Tranquebar, he affectingly describes the sensations with which he executed the task :—

"Words cannot express the painful sensations which crowded into my mind while I was executing this task, and making a final conclusion of the labours of the bretheren in the Nicobar Islands!

"When I beheld our burying-ground, where eleven of my brethren had their resting place, as seed sown in a barren land, I burst into tears, and exclaimed, "surely all this cannot have been done in vain!" Often had I visited this place, and sat down and wept at their graves."

BRAND'S POPULAR ANTIQUITIES.

Brand's Popular Antiquities, arranged and revised, with Additions, by Henry Ellis, F. R. S.—London.

WE are here presented with the revival of a work which was published, we believe, about the middle of the last century, and which threw much light on many of the ancient customs observed by our forefathers, and still continued, by long habit, amongst their numerous progeny.

The author begins in the first volume with New Year's Eve, when the wassail bowl was drank at twelve o'clock, to drink the old year out and the new one in: and this custom is yet regularly observed by all lovers of conviviality, and who are fond of drinking the grace-cup on every occasion.

Twelfth-day is the next wassailing which the present compiler of this instructive work describes, and which he relates in the following manner, as observed in Gloucestershire :—

"At the approach of the evening, on the vigil of the Twelfth-day, the farmers, with their servants, meet together; and about six o'clock walk out to a field where wheat is growing. In the highest part of the ground, twelve small fires, and one large one are lighted up. The attendants, headed by the master of the family, pledge the company in old cider, which circulates freely on these occasions. A circle is formed round the large fire, when

a general shout and hallooing takes place, which you have answered from all the adjacent villages. Sometimes fifty or sixty of these fires may be all seen at once. This being finished, the company return home, where the good housewife and her maids, are preparing a good supper. A large cake is always provided, with a hole in the middle. After supper, the company all attend the bailiff (or head of the oxen) to the wain-house, where the following particulars are observed. The master, at the head of his friends, fills the cup, generally of strong ale, and stands opposite to the first or finest of his oxen. He then pledges him in a curious toast, the company follow his example with all the other oxen, addressing each by his name. This being finished, the large cake is produced, and, with much ceremony, put on the horn of the first ox, through the hole above mentioned. The ox is then tickled, to make him toss his head: if he throws the cake behind, then it is the perquisite of the mistress; if before, the bailiff himself claims the prize. The company then return to the house, the doors of which they find locked, nor will they be opened until some joyous songs are sung. On their gaining admission, a scene of mirth and jolity ensues, and which lasts the greater part of the night."

Mr. Brand has often quoted verses from

the Hesperides of Herrick, which serve to throw much elucidation on the established customs of our ancestors; as on the drawing for King and Queen on Twelfth-night.

“Now, now the time comes,
With the cake full of plumbs,
When beanes the King and the sport here;
Besides we must know,
The pea also,
Must revel as Queen of the court here.”

He then mentions an old Norman custom observed on this night.

“In Normandy, they place a child under the table, which is covered in such a manner with the cloth, that he cannot see what is doing; and when the cake is divided, one of the company, taking up the first piece, cries out, *Trabo Domine, pour qui?* The child answers *Pour le bon Dieu*. The King is chosen by drawing long or short straws. Otherwise, whoever gets the bean chooses the king or queen, according as the person happens to be a man or woman.”

The following rustic piece of superstition, in the west of Devonshire, is curious enough:—

“A superstitious notion prevails in the western parts of Devonshire, that at twelve o'clock at night, on Christmas eve, the oxen, in their stalls, are always found on their knees, as in an attitude of devotion; and that since the alteration of the style, they continue to do this only on the eve of Old Christmas-day. An honest countryman, being on the edge of St. Stephen's Down, near Launceston, Cornwall, informed me, October 28, 1790, that he once, with some others, made a trial of the truth of the above; and watching several oxen in their stalls on Christmas, at twelve o'clock at night, they observed the two oldest oxen only fall upon their knees, and as he expressed it in the idiom of his country, *make a cruel moan like christian creatures*.”

The second volume abounds with a detail of “Popular Antiquities;” amongst which we find the otherwise luxurious Henry VIII. reposing only on straw. For it was the custom, Mr. Brand says, “for certain persons to examine the *straw* which composed the king's bed, that no daggers might be concealed therein.”

VOYAGE TO THE ISLE OF ELBA.

Voyage to the Isle of Elba. By Arsenne Thiébaud de Bernaud. Translated by William Jerden. 1 Vol. 8vo. Longman and Co.

UNDER the immediate auspices of the French Institute, the author of the above work undertook his classic travels from the year 1801 to 1807. That M. de Bernaud is a man of judgment and literature cannot be denied; yet like too many possessed of a high degree of classical knowledge, there is a vein of pedantry and affectation runs through his style, which in describing the scite and various properties of different countries, is more easily dispensed with than in those writings which require profundity and depth of erudition to treat them as they deserve.

The following account of Elba is, however, interesting, and to the merit of the translator, much praise is due, who while he has preserved the true sense of the original, has divested it, in a great measure, of its pompous style.

“The Isle of Elba was known to the Greeks under the name of Aethalia. Among the Etruscans and Romans it was called *Iliua* or *Iliu*, of which the moderns have made Elba.”

POPULATION AND INDUSTRY OF ELBA.

“The Isle of Elba was peopled long before the use of that iron, which it furnishes so abundantly, was known; before Rome was built—the Etruscans were its first occupants. Its population must have been very considerable, as we know from Virgil, that it contributed three hundred chosen soldiers to Æneas, in his wars with Turnus.

“In 1778, the Isle of Elba contained scarcely eight thousand inhabitants. At present (1808) the number amounts to nearly twelve thousand. From a comparative calculation of the births and deaths, it appears, on an average estimate, that the births are equal to one in twelve, and the deaths to one in twenty-three.

“Remarkably attached to their native soil, the inhabitants of the Isle of Elba love labour, and in the hour of common danger they are all soldiers. Like the early Romans, we observe them with equal pleasure and eagerness, pass from the cultivation of the earth to the toils of a camp. Oftener than once they have been seen repulsing the herds of barbarians who sought to invade their country, or reap their

harvests. Pianosa, whence they procure a large quantity of grain, is still red with the blood of the Turks slain by them in defence of their rights. They have, indeed, been sometimes overcome, but their despair and boldness have rescued them from the horrors of a long and oppressive slavery.

"The Elboise are, in general, good and hospitable, and bear no resemblance to the Phœaciens, but like all weak nations, they are flatterers.

"They are of an ordinary height, and well made, robust, and of an excellent constitution; they are born seamen, are passionately fond of the chase, and of all manly exercises. Their hair is generally black, their complexion brown, and their looks lively and penetrating. The active and frugal life to which they are accustomed, contributes to render them hardy, ardent, and brave, and to preserve their health.

"Although education, which always exercises a direct and material influence upon the habits of life, and upon the happiness or misery of mankind, is much neglected in the Isle of Elba; although perpetual revolutions and violent commotions, which have so often struck at the root of the security and property of the people, have imparted to their character a singular degree of asperity, the Elboise do not inherit that spirit of hatred and revenge which is the distinguishing feature of some other nations."

DRESS AND CUSTOMS OF THE INHABITANTS.

"They are unacquainted with the monstrous luxury of cities. A hat of black straw, a white boddice, a short petticoat of red or blue, is the whole attire of the women. A flower, ribbons, a huge ring, large ear-rings, a gold chain, the precious metal of which is lost in alloy, these are objects of the female coquetry, which is not destitute of charms.

"The food of the inhabitants consists of dried pulse, cheese made from the milk of ewes, of which the smell and taste resemble that of bad grease; good bacon of a light quality, salted and smoked provisions, coarse bread, fresh fish, of which the tunny is the chief, and a few vegetables.

"The strictest economy prevails in their use of food. It is only upon holidays, that fresh meat, and a white wine, rendered excellent by the utmost care in making, are permitted to be placed upon their tables.

"Their houses are low; the interior arranged with neatness, and the furniture simple, but solid.

"Their beds are remarkable for their size; three, four, and often six persons sleep upon them together. One is frequently held to be

sufficient for a whole family. The use of these beds, so frequent in Italy, may be traced to the era of the brilliant age of chivalry.

"At Elba, the pleasures and diversions of the people are not of the most lively description. Dancing is the favourite amusement of the youth, but it wants that expression of sentiment, that vivacity of movement, and that variety of attitude, which is so enchanting in the countries of Rome, Naples, Tarentum, Pouille, and Calabria. Even in the time of harvest there is little gaiety; the corn is threshed under a burning sun, and in the evening we do not hear, as in the plains of Tuscany, the violin, or the mandoline, announce that the toils of the day are at an end—that every heart is happy; the pleasures of the table do not here cause the neighbourhood to resound with the joyous shouts of the labourer. The period of the vintage is the carnival of the cultivators of the vine. Mirth is then most obstreperous, and while the grapes are gathered, echo is taught to repeat the loud notes of musical instruments.

"The language of the country is a *Patsis*, of which the radical words are in the Tuscan dialect: it is of easy pronunciation, and far from disagreeable.

"The colonies which re-peopled the Isle of Elba, after the devastations of Barbarossa and Dragut, came from Naples and Tuscany; owing to this it is by no means uncommon to find, in particular families, the habits of the metropolis; and in the midst of gentleness, ease, and natural feeling, we encounter the studied politeness and gravity of the Tuscans, the gross manners and the ungracious behaviour of the Neapolitans, and the vices that spring from selfishness, whether allied to love, ambition, wealth, or passion.

"The practice of carrying stiletos, and of employing them on the most trivial quarrels, a practice so common amongst the Genoese and Romans, does not exist in the Island of Elba. I have been assured that the indigenous inhabitants held it in abhorrence, and that there has not occurred a single assassination of this sort within the memory of man.

"Robbery is very uncommon, murder still more rare."

PRODUCE OF THE SOIL.

"They raise in Elba maize, peas, beans, and other species of pulse. Of flax the produce is small, and hemp is not cultivated. The thread they use is manufactured from the leaves of the numerous aloes with which the fields of Lungone are covered.

The Isle of Elba contains a sufficiently

ample store of all the species of fruit trees common to Europe, except the apple. Pears, cherries, peaches, and prunes, arrive at perfect maturity; but they are rather of the wild sort, and their flavour is insipid. The lemon, the pomegranate, and the orange thrive, but their fruit does not possess the most perfect taste. Figs and chesnuts are very plentiful.

"The wine is fine, and too abundant, because it too frequently occupies a soil which would much better suit the cultivation of corn. The grape is of an excellent quality.

FISHERY.

"Oysters of different sizes, some of which contained pearls, were formerly caught off the coast of this Island. This fishery has long ceased here.

"It was not without great trouble that I met with a few small oysters near the rocks of Cape St. Andrea, the pearls of which were about the size of a common pin's head. They are of a very fine colour.

"The Tunny annually visits the coast of Italy in shoals. The fishery is very considerable, and forms an essential branch of the commerce of the Isle of Elba. It takes place twice in a year: the first begins about the 15th of April, and ends in the beginning of July; the second, called the *return fishery*, happens in September and October. It is carried on at Porto Ferrajo and at Marciana.

"This is a truly curious, but, at the same time, a barbarous sight. It is a period of festivity for the country: the sea is covered with boats, joy sparkles in every face—all eyes are fixed upon the nets, the tunnies arrive, they enter, and fill all the chambers of the vast inclosure; they are pierced with a very sharp iron harpoon, with two prongs, and the gulf is soon reddened with their blood.

"The annual amount of these two fisheries is estimated at 25,000*l.* sterling. Out of the produce the contractor engages to give a certain sum to the hospitals."

HERMITAGE OF MONTE SERRATA.

"In a delightful situation in the midst of stupendous rocks, whose sharp and rugged summits seem to pierce the clouds, at about the distance of two miles from the city, we find the charming Hermitage of Monte Serrata. We pass to it through an alley of cypress trees. I have sometimes stopped in this picturesque place, where the fresh springs yield delicious water, and which seems fondly to mingle with the excellent wine which the hermit lavishes on all who visit him. This tranquil retreat enjoys a certain something of Oseian in it, which I know not how to describe, which insensibly soothes us to meditation and delight, elevates the soul to sublime thoughts, and makes its inhabitants forget their pains and all the corroding cares of life. There all is calm, all well adapted to invite sensibility to pour forth its whole soul in boundless confidence. The wild magnificence of nature, agreeable solitude, a view, which extending from the fertile plain, is finally lost in the wide expanse of the ocean; murmurs, sweetly prolonged, which fill the heart with numerous ideas of long life; the concerts of the feathered songsters; an unclouded sun, spreading life and light around; and a moon, whose silver rays throwing the shadows of the trees on the neighbouring rocks, a long and fugitive train, produces a magical effect. Such is the hermitage of Monte Serrata."

LETTERS OF LORD NELSON TO LADY HAMILTON.

Letters of Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton. 2 Vols. 8vo. Lovewell and Co.

OBTAINED by treachery, made public only for the sake of lucre, it was not without a degree of indignation, we first perused the commencement of this collection of private trust, confidence, and tender friendship; it seemed like dragging the noble warrior from repose, to expose his weakness, (and what man has not his weak side?) and endeavouring to find blemishes in a character, which exulting Britons have ever viewed with an admiration amounting to enthusiasm.

But, on a more close investigation, we find malignity exerting her poisonous arts in vain: lovely in person, in possession of the most striking feminine accomplishments, and peculiarly fascinating in manners, we find Lady Hamilton addressed by many a maritime hero, in his warm and unshackled manner, as something more than angel, and the very goddess of his idolatry; even the saturnine St. V—, declares himself *ambitious* to be named her *knight*.

This is the language generally addressed

to beauty, and in a more particular manner, from the navy and army. A perfect Queen in Naples, Lady Hamilton irradiated the little sphere around her, wherein she shone the arbitress of taste and the dispenser of hospitality: the quiet English souls, who never quit the narrow circle of their fire-side, must not weigh their gravity against those, who, separated by distant seas, while they adopt the more unrestrained manners of more genial climates, are the joy and delight of their well-received countrymen and countrywomen, who are doomed, like themselves, to foreign lands.

Never can we agree with some of our cotemporaries, in calling the letters of Lord Nelson coarse or fulsome; they betray only warmth of heart in the energy of their expression, and where often less is meant than what really meets the ear: but to say that these letters were made public with the sanction of Lady Hamilton, we shall ever be inclined to believe an assertion both false and cruel.

In one of these letters Lord Nelson shews himself a poet; and we think the following simple lines well worth transcribing:—

“Though ——’s polished verse superior shine,
Though sensibility grace every line;
Though her soft muse be far above all praise,
And female tenderness inspire her lays:

Deign to receive, though unadorn’d,
By the poetic art,
The rude expressions which bespeak
A Sailor’s untaught heart!

A heart *susceptible*, sincere, and true;
A heart, by fate, and nature, torn in two:
One half, to duty and his country due;
The other, *better half*, to love and you!

Sooner shall Britain’s sons resign
The empire of the sea;
Than Henry shall renounce his faith,
And plighted vows to thee.

And waves on waves shall cease to roll,
And tides forget to flow;
Ere thy true Henry’s constant love,
Or ebb, or change, shall know.”

In one letter, the following passage excites a strong sensation in the bosom of all Nelson’s friends and admirers:—

“I shall endeavour to do what is right in every situation; and some ball may soon close all my accounts with this world of care and vexation.”

We find in the above letters, that the Rev. Mr. Nelson, the father of Lord Nelson, admired Lady Hamilton for the sweetness of her disposition and the elegance of her acquirements, as much as did his valiant son. She was, indeed, once, the admiration of all who knew her; but Lady Hamilton has, no doubt, seen enough of the world to find summer friends ready to desert her in the chill winter of declining years, and in the dark hours of affliction.

In regard to some coarseness of expression in Lord Nelson’s letters, where he calls a woman, whose treachery he has discovered, by a name too coarse for us to repeat, the fastidious reader ought to reflect that England’s great hero was a sailor; that he spoke from the undisguised feelings of his heart, that he spoke to the friend of his heart; and whether that friend is male or female, friendship owns not half confidence: friends should have but one soul, one heart between them.

LECTURES ON THE ART OF WRITING.

Extracts from a Work, entitled “Lectures on the Art of Writing.” By J. Carstairs.

FROM LECTURE III.—HISTORY OF WRITING, &c.

“WHEN the general diffusion of any art or accomplishment has rendered its principles and practice familiar to every class of society, the difficulties that attend its first advancement, and impeded its future progress, are too frequently forgotten. Simple and easy as

the expression of our thoughts and actions, by the combination of alphabetical characters, may now appear, it was not till after the lapse of many ages, and the adoption of many experiments, that it was reduced to a perfect system and generally practised.

“We have two modes of communicating our ideas; the one aided by the help of

sounds, and the other by means of characters or letters. Instances daily occur, and frequent opportunities offer of perpetuating our thoughts to posterity, and also of communicating them to persons far distant from us; and as sounds do not extend far beyond the moment and place where they are uttered, figures or characters have been invented after the sounds, in order that our ideas might participate of extension and duration: the mode of communicating our ideas by signs and figures at first consisted in designing naturally the forms or outlines of things: thus to express the idea of a man or a horse, the form of the one or the other was represented. We learn from the ancients, that the first stage of writing consisted merely of a rough outline or simple picture; they knew how to paint before they knew how to write. We find among the Mexicans a remarkable proof of this; they employed no other method than that of conveying their sentiments by means of painted

pictures; in this way they preserved and transmitted their laws and history.

"When the Egyptians were desirous to represent two armies arranged in battle array, they painted two hands, one of which held a buckler, and the other a bow.

"A lion was emblematical of courage; a sheep, of mildness; a dove, of innocence; and the bull, of strength.

"At length, however, men became sensible of the imperfection, the ambiguity, and proximity of these methods of communicating with each other, and began to consider the advantage of employing signs, which should not stand directly for things, but for the words employed in speech to designate those things.

"It is evident from the books of Moses, that letters had been invented prior to the age he lived in, and in all probability by the Egyptians. The united testimony of antiquity conduces to prove that they were first imported into Greece by Cadmus, the Phœnician."

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

A Voyage round the World. By Urey Lisiansky, Captain in the Russian Navy.

CAPTAIN LISIANSKY sailed from Cronstadt in July, 1803; arrived at Teneriffe in October, and doubled Cape Horn in the course of the succeeding March, 1804, and from thence reached the Marquessas and Sandwich Islands. He was patronised by his Imperial Majesty, Alexander, in this voyage, which he undertook partly at his own desire.

From his description of the Marquessas Islands we quote the following remarkable passage:—

"In rich families every woman has two husbands; of whom one may be called the assistant husband. This last, when the other is at home, is nothing more than the head servant of the house, but, in case of absence, exercises all the rights of matrimony, and is also obliged to attend his lady wherever she goes. It happens sometimes, that the subordinate partner is chosen after marriage; but in general two men present themselves to the same woman, who, if she approves their addresses, appoints one for the real husband, and the other as his auxiliary; the auxiliary is generally poor, but handsome and well made.

"The food of these islanders consists chiefly of fish, swine, cocoa nuts, plantains, bananas, bread fruit, taro root, and sugar cane. The last is rather a scarce article; as also is pork, which seldom makes its appearance but on occasions of festivity. Both sexes eat their meals together, except when public dinners are given in the dining rooms, where women dare not appear.

"In case of a bad harvest the poor suffer dreadfully, as they never lay up a sufficient stock of provisions to prevent the horrors of famine. A few years ago numbers of them were obliged to roam among the mountains in search of what they could find, leaving their wives and children at home dying with hunger.

"Considering the mild temper of the inhabitants of this island, it is difficult to believe that they are cannibals. Roberts, however, assured me, that the bodies of the prisoners taken in war were eaten, all but the skulls, which were preserved for trophies. We purchased several of these skulls, paying a knife for each: but neither their wearing them as trophies, nor offering them for sale, proves cannibalism; like other savages they may cut off the heads of their vanquished enemies,

without the idea occurring to them of eating their flesh.

"The Marquessans carry on war both by sea and land. Their arms consist of heavy clubs, spears, and an instrument in the form of a small oar. The clubs are four feet nine inches long, with a broad and flat upper end, which is generally carved with different figures. The length of the oar is six feet, and the spears are from eleven to thirteen feet. Besides these formidable weapons, the islanders are expert in throwing stones from slings made of the fibres of the cocoa nut. Though not deficient in courage, they never fight openly. They are very much afraid of fire-arms, the destructive power of which they learned some time since from an American ship, from which a shot was fired that killed one of the royal family, whilst he was swimming about with a great many others of his countrymen. The circumstance was this: one of the islanders threw a bread fruit on board, which struck the captain, who was walking on the quarter-deck. The sentinel, seeing this, instantly discharged his musket, and, missing the guilty person, unfortunately shot a brother of the king. This has produced such an effect, that the sight alone of fire-arms is sufficient to keep the whole island in awe.

"The simplicity of this people is astonishing. Their actions seem the result of instinct rather than of common sense, which makes them often commit faults ruinous even to themselves. Theft is so common among them, that hardly any thing is safe in their houses, especially in time of scarcity.

"I can easily credit this propensity of thieving, when I recollect that the king's brother himself stole a piece of sugar from me, and, being accused of the crime, endeavoured, in the most barefaced manner, to persuade me that it was committed by a duck which I had given him, and which was then under his arm.

"Every one here is persuaded that the soul of a grandfather is transmitted by nature into the body of his grandchildren. It is also a current opinion, that there are individuals on the island who can cure the effects of the strongest poison, by simply rubbing the sides of the patient with their hands, which is supposed to make the poison come out from under the ribs. But the belief in evil spirits has the greatest weight, and is carried to the greatest absurdity amongst them; for it is imagined that these spirits come sometimes into houses, and by whistling, and other tremendous noises, demand pork and cava, or

ava, which being placed in the middle of the room, and covered, are immediately devoured by them."

In the two separate districts, or governments, of the Sandwich Islands, Mr. Lisiansky informs us, that on the demise of the king twelve persons are killed, and every person of each sex in the island is compelled to lose a tooth! He gives the following account of these islanders:—

"The inhabitants of the Sandwich Isles are of a middle stature, and of a dark complexion. In the men the form of the countenance varies; some have even a perfect European face. The women, on the contrary, nearly resemble each other; the face in all being round, the nose small and flattish, and the eyes black. The hair of both sexes is black and strong. The men cut theirs in different forms; but the prevailing fashion at present is that of a Roman helmet. The women crop theirs close, leaving a ridge, about an inch and a half long, sticking up, and extending from side to side on the forehead. This ridge of hair they daub over every afternoon with a sort of pomatum, (if I may use the word,) made of shells and corals, to give it a yellowish appearance. The men do the same with theirs, colouring only the hair which forms the crest of the helmet. From this practice we were at first led to suppose the hair of the head to be of two different colours; for the ridge and the crest retain a portion of the hue they acquire by the frequent daubings. Contrary to the usages of their neighbours (the other islanders of the South Sea) these people neither paint the body nor wear ornaments in the ears; they have, however, bracelets on their arms, made of bone.

"The women ornament their heads with wreaths of flowers, or worsted threads, of different colours, ravelled out of European stuffs. They commonly wrap themselves in a long piece of cloth, of the manufacture of the country, and in cold weather cover the body with broader pieces of it, several times doubled. The rich and poor are in common dressed alike, but, on particular occasions, the rich put on their feather cloaks, which, with their helmets and fans, form a dress that must be admired every where. These people are extremely fond of the European dress, and receive, with pleasure, old shirts, jackets, and trowsers. We parted here with all our rags, in exchange for provisions and other articles of which we were in want."

THE REJECTED THEATRE.

The Rejected Theatre. The Gondolier.

WHEN the mania for pomp and tinsel show shall be at an end; when the stage shall cease to be made a hippodrome, and the true histrionic art shall be encouraged instead of these innovations; when the theatre again becomes the real *veluti in speculum* to the events, pursuits, and the natural and heroic sentiments of mortals, (and, we trust, from the encouragement lately given to extraordinary talent, that such a day is beginning to dawn,) then managers may turn, perhaps, to the *Rejected Theatre*, as to a never failing source of genuine idea, real taste, and correct language.

We were much pleased with the perusal of the elegant comedy, interspersed with some very appropriate songs, of *The Gondolier*. Without wishing to depreciate other performances of this nature, we must say, that we found in it a peculiar degree of merit and stage effect. The characters consist of an English nobleman, *Lord Forrester*, the *Marquis Virezzi*, with his son *Florindo*, a conceited, pedantic coxcomb. *Pasquino*, the servant to *Lord Forrester*, and *Le Bourru*, the French servant to the Countess Colombo, are two under, but very prominent characters, and who give, by some laughable *qui pro quos*, a very humorous effect to the different scenes. The female characters are, the Countess Colombo, *Rosaura*, her daughter, and *Corallina*, an arch girl, waiting-maid to the latter. *Lord Forrester* and *Rosaura* are inspired with a mutual tenderness for each other, while the Countess, imagining his Lordship to be some English impostor, is desirous of seeing her daughter wedded to *Florindo*, with whose father she is herself in love. In the palazzo of the Countess is a room of statues, amongst which is placed that of a gondolier, on a pedestal. Here, at the commencement of the piece (the time evening) the Countess nearly surprises her daughter, in conversation with the English Lord, who, to facilitate his approach to *Rosaura*, has taken the disguise of a gondolier. The lovers contrive to remove the statue before

the entrance of the Countess, and *Lord Forrester* personates the statue. Unable, however, to master his emotions, as he hears *Rosaura*, in order to gain time, promise her mother to receive the addresses of *Florindo*, he leaps down; it is, however, dusk; the Countess has, in her fright at the noise, hid her face with her hands, and the lover, at the intreaties of his mistress, again takes his former station.

Corallina, the faithful *Soubrette*, is equally admired by the rival servants; of course, she prefers the lively young *Pasquino* to the old French valet. A most laughable scene takes place towards the conclusion, full of mistakes and incident. The *Marquis Virezzi*, desirous of hearing the confession, from the lips of the Countess, of her love, goes disguised to her palazzo as a monk. *Pasquino* has been dispatched by his master to bring a gondola, and the chorus of the gondoliers is to be the signal of the escaping of the two lovers; *Rosaura* enters with a light while *Pasquino* gets in at the window; he snatches the monk's cowl from the head of the Marquis, and his son, *Florindo*, who has, during the confession of the Countess, been concealed in a closet, rushes out, convulsed with laughter. At seeing *Lord Forrester* in the disguise of a gondolier, the Countess again reproaches him with being an impostor; the Marquis, however, soon recognises him as a nobleman of high rank and wealth; and his sincere attachment to *Rosaura* being proved, and her mutual affection, the Countess gives her consent to the union, with which the piece concludes.

The chorus of gondoliers at the opening of the opera, offers a rich field for musical composition:—

“Light on the tide our oars impress’d,
Break with soft curls its tranquil breast;
Light o’er the wave, through twilight grey,
Holds our fleet bark its sparkling way.”

Nor is the duet between *Lord Forrester* and *Rosaura* less admirable:—

Lord F. “See, lady, see, the gondolier,
True to the vesper hour, is here.”

Ros. Well pleas'd I see the gondolier,
True to the vesper hour, is here.

Lord F. & Ros. Sweet is the wild birds' warbled
lay,

To him who toils at opening day;
Sweet is the silver-murmuring stream,
To him who faints in noon-tide beam:
Sweeter to me the twilight knell,

The far swung sound of the vesper bell.

All. Hark! hark! hark! with solemn swell,
Floats o'er the wave the vesper bell."

While *Rosaura* is playing with the jealous fears of her lover, the following remark is admirable:—

"The dawn of youth presents every object to me in all the fascinating variety of spring, and the more distant charms of maturing womanhood are obscured by that mist which the noon-day of my life will dissipate; but the perspective on which you gaze, is a sober-tinted, autumnal scene, which partakes more of the *oscurato* than the *chiara*."

In those lighter scenes, to excite broad mirth, that of *Corallina* and her two lovers in the dark cannot fail of its aim:—

Le Bourru. "Do not derange you, charming Miss Corraline. Lovairs have de hawk's eyes; me vatch-e you steal away in de dark.

Corallina. Oh! Oh!

Lord Forrester. This is incomprehensible.

Le Bourru. Me fear me have put-e you into von leetel fright, ma mignenne. Votre coeur palpite: I did make-e your heart beat. Que je suis heureux! Your tender lovair did make-e your heart beat!

Pasquino. (*Aside.*) Why, the rascal's getting quite amorous (*placing his hands on Corallina's shoulders*); and as I live he's fumbling one of her hands.

Corallina. Let go my hand; you are very rude, Mounseer.

Le Bourru. Mais, non, ma mie, je suis le plus tendre des amants.

Pasquino. (*Aside.*) I shall certainly murder the scoundrel. (*Pasquino removes Corallina's hand, and slips his own in its place.*)

Le Bourru. Vat delicate leetel hand!

Pasquino. (*Aside.*) Humph! A discovery!

Le Bourru. Dese fingers be so smood as de velvet, and (*kissing Pasquino's hand*) smell like de perfumes of Arabia.

Pasquino. (*Aside.*) Its the first time then, I'll be sworn.

Le Bourru. This leetel finger is as soft as one rabbit's ear. (*Kissing Pasquino's finger.*)

Pasquino. How happy the old fool makes himself!"

Le Bourru continues his fooleries till he gets pinched by *Pasquino*, when he cries out, "for vhy you pinchee me, Miss?" and the scene goes on in the dark till *Pasquino* is dismissed by *Lord Forrester*, between whom and *Rosaura* another lovers' quarrel takes place; after which the scene changes to a view of St. Mark's Place illuminated, and the following beautiful trio is sung:—

"At break of dawn—at fall of night,

Thy charms, dear Venice! are the same;

Thy loveliness ne'er met the sight

Of those who do not bless thy name.

1st Voice. Pleasure! Italia's sons adore

Thy blessed name, and hymn thy praise

From Milan to Sicilia's shore,

And songs of gratulation raise

To thee, who hast, thro' many a year,

Chosen thy sainted dwelling here.

Trio. At break of dawn, &c.

2d and 3d Voices. When moonlight cheers the
scenes we love,

And half removes the veil of night,

And Zendalettos seem to move

Upon a sea of liquid light,

With panting hopes and breathless haste

We swallow joys we seek to taste.

Trio. At break of dawn—at fall of night," &c.

At the reconciliation between *Rosaura* and *Lord Forrester*, when he is convinced of her attachment to him, his speech and her answer are well worth recording:—

Lord F. "To express what I feel to any but yourself, were impossible: very few have been initiated into the hallowed mysteries of intellectual passion. The vulgar doctrines of love are like those elementary lectures which Aristotle addressed to the common people; but the metaphysical principles of the lover's art, like those of the Grecian philosopher, are communicated to the most confidential of his friends only.

Ros. Since you are inclined to be so figurative, I'll furnish you with another allegory: It has been vulgarly declared, that all lovers feel alike; but does not this capricious deity, Love, resemble the keen grammarian, that defines the various meanings of emotions, which nine-tenths of the world consider synonymous?" &c.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

CORRESPONDENCE OF BARON GRIMM.

Correspondence of Baron Grimm with the Duke of Saxe Gotha. Part I. By Diderot. Colburn.

It is impossible for us to give any particular outline of this mixed and voluminous work; as it is a collection of literary and historical memoirs, interspersed with anecdotes. We offer, however, to our readers, from this celebrated publication, a great number of extracts, which, we doubt not, they will find amusing and interesting, and which, for the general use of our readers, we have rendered into English:—

ANECDOTE OF MADMOISELLE DE CORNEILLE AND VOLTAIRE.

“The father of this young person was a tradesman, who was a distant branch of the family of the celebrated Corneille, but had nothing resembling that great man but the name. M. de Fontenelle, who was a near relation of Corneille's, knew nothing of this man, who only made himself known when Fontenelle approached his hundredth year, and was near finishing his long earthly career. The father of Mademoiselle Corneille was, of course, forgotten in the will of Fontenelle, and he pleaded in a court of law in vain. The players generously gave him a benefit, and performed *Rodogund*, by which he gained six thousand francs; but the fortune of Mademoiselle Corneille was yet very precarious. The Prince of Conti took it in his head to make this melancholy descendant of Corneille sing an ode in honour of Voltaire. The philosopher, delighted with being styled the father of the French theatre, offered to take Mademoiselle Corneille under his protection, and have her educated under his own eye, by his niece, Madame Denis. This gave rise to the correspondence between Voltaire and Le Brun, which has been printed. Some rich and devout relations set their faces against this arrangement, fearing that the religious principles of Mademoiselle Corneille would be overset, under the guidance of the first man in the age wherein he lived; but, as they must then have taken the charge of her themselves, they at length consented that the young person should enter the broad and pleasant road to destruc-

tion, according to their ideas. Envy sought to take from the merit of Voltaire in this transaction; and others praised the goodness of the philosopher to the skies: if they were wrong in one instance, they were guilty of exaggeration in the other. Certainly he might have been the friend of Mademoiselle Corneille without so much parade; and if, by chance, he had become weary of her, without providing for her for life, he would have rendered her more miserable than if he had left her in her former indigence: but there were a set of people who were vile enough to predict this event, which did not take place, but which served them to disseminate their venom on the reputation of this celebrated genius.”

OBSERVATIONS ON THE REAL CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF THE FAMOUS CORNEILLE.

“Peter Corneille had received from nature, genius, the most exalted ideas, and a strong and vigorous understanding. If, with these great qualities, he had been but endowed with feeling, with a tender and susceptible heart, he would have been, without doubt, one of the first of men: but it is the heart which renders poesy truly elegant; it is that which, in the most barbarous ages, as well as in those which were more refined, gave that touching character which served to render a poet immortal. The heart of Corneille was dried up, and, being an empty void, he was obliged to have recourse to his head, so that reason usurped the place of sentiment. Though born at a fortunate period, he yet was not fortunate enough to discover the true source of taste; his understanding had not been cultivated by the study of the Greeks and Romans, and his genius did not become brilliant. A taste for Spanish literature, which had infected a great part of Europe, completed the corruption of Corneille. This poet, full of warmth and strength of expression, established the Spanish influence on the French theatre, and substituted declamation and mistaken emphasis for elevation and true grandeur. If Corneille, with his superior ta-

lents, and with that art of reasoning which he possessed in so eminent a degree, had devoted himself to the bar, he would have been one of the first lawyers of this age, or any other; but dramatic poetry, which was then but in its birth in France, required a different kind of genius. His situations are generally sublime, and the first conception of his ideas grand and astonishing; but I will take upon me to say, that, when executed, they seldom give satisfaction to a well cultivated mind, or to a man of real taste. His characters are generally out of nature: in his happiest moments it is always the poet who is exalted, and draws off our attention from the actors. The genius of his statesmen consist in laying down political maxims, with which our dogmatical works abound, but which have never yet actually been adopted. His tyrants and wicked characters have also their peculiar sentences, and do not scruple to speak aloud those principles which, though they enter their hearts, they are so far from uttering them, that they scarce own them to themselves. His tender and sentimental characters are always reasoning, and always coldly, instead of seeming actuated alone by the passionate warmth of their feelings. Every passion, but particularly that of love, instead of developing the secret emotions of the soul, becomes, in his pieces, only a tissue of the most common-place reasoning.

"Thus has truth been banished from the French theatre from its cradle, and, in the finest pieces of Corneille's, we may always cry out, 'really, that is very fine, but it is what never could have happened.'" In a word, if a lover, a tyrant, or a conspirator, was to act in the world, and make use of one single sentence, such as Corneille puts in his mouth on the theatre, he would be looked upon as a madman. How can any thing so false and puerile be supported by a sensible audience? If they can applaud such errors, is it not fair to call their taste in question?

"One of the fancies the most difficult to get out of our heads, and which we hear repeated every day, is, that there is only Corneille who knows the proper style in which a Roman ought to speak. I am not sure whether it was not Louis XIV. and the great Coude which decided this matter, and of whom the ignorant public have become the echo; but Louis XIV. born with an instinct which made him admire every thing great, had very little wit, and yet less education; and Conde, though he knew how to gain a battle, knew nothing of the Roman genius. To have the air and the manners of a Roman, it is not enough that he must talk with a tone of ele-

vation on liberty and the republic. When they presume to give to an actor the name of a great personage, besides the general features of his character which history has given him, it is requisite also to know the ideas, manners, and customs of the age he lived in: now no one knew less of the manners of the Romans than Corneille. He had learnt only from his Spanish studies the laws of chivalry. Not but what, like others, he was acquainted with ancient history, that is to say, he had read it, and had reaped from it as little fruit, as the greatest number of those young persons do, who give several years to a study which ought to form their taste and extend their knowledge, but which they too often quit, without ever knowing the authors whose works they have so often turned over; and without seizing the character and the genius of the age in which they lived—No, they have learnt to associate modern ideas to those ancient discourses, with which they have not the smallest connection. If Corneille had never undertaken any other kind of subjects than such as the *Cid*, his style would have been always natural; but in treating Roman subjects, he has given to his dialogue and to his principal characters sentiments of chivalry, and that romantic bombast, that certain emphatic ceremony unknown to the Romans. We may cite as a proof that famous scene in *Cinna*, which begins with, "Take a seat, Cinna;" and neither speaks a sentence but what is absurd. Corneille has transformed Augustus into a King of Castille, who reproaches his vassal with felony; but the true Augustus, as he is represented to us in history, would not have made use of a single expression such as Corneille has put in his mouth; and Cinna, himself, would have answered very differently. Those who have read the letters of Cicero, and the manner in which business was carried on at Rome, could never listen to a single line in this famous scene of *Cinna*, wherein Augustus deliberates with Cinna and Maximus, whether he ought to keep or depose the empire, nor of that other political scene of *Sertorius*, which is so cried up, and which has made so many half-witted people exclaim, what a great man Peter Corneille would have been if, as a statesman, he had been placed at the head of affairs; he would have been a second Timon. There are none but children who could ever imagine that important affairs are regulated, in fact, in the same manner as they are in our tragedies; but men of solid understanding and of strict taste, require nature in such discourses, and abhor all the false rhetoric of declamation."

There is much originality and sprightliness in the following letter which we have extracted from this work, written from the Abbé de Boufflers to the Abbé Porquet, at the beginning of the year 1762:—

“At length, my dear Abbe, I am about to execute a project which has been always uppermost in my thoughts, and which your better judgment always condemned, that of changing my condition. It certainly is not a trifling undertaking to begin a new life, as I may say, at the age of twenty-four; perhaps you will tell me that I ought to reflect more seriously on this matter than my age and natural vivacity will permit me; but do not condemn me without having heard me once more; and as in all things that relate to our happiness, there is no judge so proper as the parties concerned, suffer me, I beg of you, to plead and decide my own cause.

“I was in the direct road to fortune, the first steps I took were sufficient to ensure it to me. The most favourable circumstances seemed to be in unison, and presented the future to my imagination under the most brilliant colours. Without merit, I could, like many others, have obtained benefices; who knows but what a few intriguing stratagems might not have placed me at the head of the clergy? But I had rather be an *aid-de-camp* in the army of the Prince of Soubise. The first rule of conduct is not to aim at being rich and powerful, but to find out which way our desires tend, and to follow them. Alexander, with all the gold of Asia in his coffers, and the sceptre of the universe in his hands, sought happiness in Babylon; and a humble herdsman of eighteen, finds it in a cottage, if he marries the little country lass he loves.

“But a truce to Alexander, and let us return to speak of myself, who am much more like a herdsman than Alexander. You must be convinced that a sanguine disposition, a temper naturally thoughtless, and an independent spirit, are the three chief traits in my character: compare such a character with the duties of the state which I have embraced, and then tell me if I am fit for it? You are not ignorant how impossible it is for me, and yet how requisite it is for every ecclesiastic to conceal his desires, to disguise his inmost thoughts, to be particularly guarded in his expressions, and above all, to hinder others from prying into his actions. Think only of the atrocious hatred, the envy and jealousy, the unworthy meannesses which often take place in the hearts of the priesthood; and

which I should bring upon myself by my simplicity, my imprudence, and, indeed, by my libertinism: you must acknowledge that I am not formed to live among such people. Do you reckon as nothing the cry that would be raised against me for the freedom of my manners? None but fools would cry out against me, you will say. So much the worse, it would be better for me, if the censure came from the wise; there would be less noise about it.—Fools have always the advantage by their numbers, and it is the multitude which decide: we may fight against them as long as we please, but we shall never weaken them; they will always be our masters, and remain the lords of the universe; give laws, and assign to every one his rank in society—there is no practice, no custom, or duty of which they are not the authors. In a word, they will always oblige people of sense to think and act something like themselves; because it is a standing rule that the vanquished speak, in general, the language of their conquerors. After this profound veneration, which you find I possess for the power of fools, am I wrong in endeavouring to get in favour with them, and ought I not to look on it as the happiest moment of my life when I am reconciled with the first sovereigns in the world? Pardon me for jesting while I reason; it is to help both you and myself to support the *ennui* such reasoning might otherwise cause. Besides, Horace, your friend and model, allowed himself to laugh while he was telling truth; and the first philosopher of antiquity was surely not Heraclitus. I know you will tell me, that after my respect for the opinions of fools, I might quit my present situation without entering into another; but the fools told me that I must have a situation in society. I proposed that of a man of letters: they told me to beware of that, because I had too much wit. I asked them what they wished I should do, and they answered me as follows:—‘We have wished for a number of years that you should be a gentleman; we now desire that every gentleman should go to war.’ Thereupon I got a blue coat made, took the cross of Malta, and set off.

“You have now numberless objections to make against the manner in which I adopted my resolutions. I have often made them against myself. I will send you the detail with all the sincerity which you know belongs to me, and will answer them with a seriousness you do not imagine me to be possessed of.

“First, you will tell me that I have not

sufficiently consulted my parents on the steps I was about to take, and, moreover, that I ought to reckon on their tenderness; and by their superior experience to regulate my intentions. It is true that I am contented with acquainting my mother and brother of my intentions without asking their opinion; for I think it would be useless to do so, my resolution being fixed—I should have deceived them if I had asked their advice in the full determination not to follow it. If they had thought as I did, things would have gone on just the same; if their ideas had not agreed with mine, I should have been sorry I could not have yielded to their wishes—I had rather be guilty of a little want of form, than to deceive them or openly fly in their face. Of two unequal evils, you know which we ought to choose. But, perhaps, there is no occasion to form so decided a resolution. Are we masters of our will? Can we weaken or strengthen it at pleasure? And man, the inborn slave of his most absurd fancies—can he command those desires which his reason approves?—But ought we not always to obey our parents? The respect we owe our parents has no term; but obedience has one marked by nature:—it is that when the organs of our bodies and the faculties of our mind are entirely developed. At that moment, we enter, as we may say, on possession of ourselves; the helm of our actions is placed in our own hands, and after having been taught by others how to live, we begin to live for ourselves. But do not we owe at all times an unlimited confidence in a mother? It is this confidence to which I attended, in informing my mother of my intentions in your hearing. The pain it seemed to give her, made me cautious of speaking to her again on the subject, but did not prevent my following my plans; the happiness of my life was concerned in it, and that, I am sure, she would not wish me to sacrifice.

“Secondly, you ask me if the King is informed of my change of condition? The King has often questioned me on the plan of life I meant to adopt, and I always had the courage to answer him, for the last eighteen months, that I did not wish for promotion in my present way of life; that what I had now was quite sufficient for me; that my desires were rather to be happy than great. Thereupon the King was desirous of speaking to me on some projects he had conceived on my account, and which were enough to dazzle any one who had not taken his lessons from that wholesome philosophy taught me by my

best benefactor. I answered that then might add to the favours he had already conferred on me, but he could never add to my gratitude or my content, and that it would be of more advantage to me to imitate his moderation in my humble sphere, than to sink under the burthen of his benefits. The King, surprised that I should put limits, as I may say, to his beneficence, deigned to approve my answer, and has never since desired me to retract my opinion.

“So much, and enough concerning the situation I am about to quit; let us consider now that I am going to embrace. Now I will confess wherein I am wrong. You are but too well acquainted, my dear friend, with my natural wildness of disposition, and I have no occasion to remind you of my follies. To give you an idea of them, it is sufficient only to call to your remembrance what I drew upon myself by the songs I composed on the Isle of Adam, and how shocking it was thought at both Versailles and Paris, that a man who wore the clerical habit should make such indelicate couplets, which would be scarce pardonable in any one in whatever situation. Those who accused me at court, took very good care to be silent on my having taken too much champagne, which, together with my natural levity, made me scarce comprehend the sense the next day of what I had composed only the evening before. I was condemned unanimously, and, I must confess, but too justly. I tried, however, to reinstate myself in the good opinion of the Dauphin, which I knew I had lost. He told the person who spoke in my favour, and who read to him a letter I had written on the subject, that he wished to interest himself for me, and that he should be truly glad to see me in a situation more conformable to my character and the turn of my mind. This reason was what chiefly determined me to enter the service; a reason which I dare not confide to the King, as much on account of the shame I would feel in confessing my fault, as from a fear of afflicting him, when he should learn how unworthy I am of his kindness.

“I shall not undertake to answer those people, who accuse me of ingratitude towards my benefactor; I fear no reproaches on that head—my heart will always speak louder than the tongues of my calumniators, and I can safely say, that amidst every one of those moments, which they employed in uttering against me the most horrible things, my thoughts dwelt with tender recollection on the benefits I received from the King, and

The manner in which, the author has proved himself to be endowed with very superior talents.

To give an outline of this voluminous work cannot be expected from a periodical publication, open too, as ours always is, to every meritorious effort of genius; suffice it to say, that the author evinces great historical knowledge, while a fertile and strong imagination, conveyed in the most correct and beautiful style, entitles him to a conspicuous place amongst the best modern Poets.

Prefixed to this work is a dedication to the Pope; which being a true *multum in parvo*, we have translated, for the benefit of those readers who may not be conversant in the French language. To preserve the beauty of the Poem we are compelled to give the extracts in their native dress: however great may be the skill of a translator, the original must lose much of its native energy, and peculiar idiom, when put into a foreign language:—

“DEDICATION.

“TO HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS VII.

“MOST HOLY FATHER,—Divine Providence, after four years of captivity, again leads me to the feet of your Holiness. During those years of trial I have finished the long Poem, the first stanzas of which you so benevolently and graciously were pleased to approve. I am now permitted again to lay this work before the pontifical throne of Rome; my sojournment in that city, for several years, has given your Holiness an opportunity of being acquainted with my sentiments. Your remembrance, and your valuable letters, have supported me, together with my wife and children, in the hour of adversity, even when the hope of beholding you again seemed for ever shut out. At length restored to our home, under your fatherly protection, how can we sufficiently express what we owe you? In allowing me to mention only those benefits which, for ten years, you unceasingly showered on us, and in deigning to accept this dedication, your Holiness has, if possible, augmented my gratitude. Permit me now, Holy Father, to renew to you the oath of that fidelity and devotedness which can only end with my life, and to kiss your feet as I fervently implore your blessing.

“Of your Holiness,

“The most faithful and devoted son in J. C.

“LUCIEN BONAPARTE.”

No. 66.—Supplement.

HISTORICAL EVENTS ON WHICH THE STORY OF THE POEM IS FOUNDED.

In the eighth century the Emperors of Constantinople had lost their former power in Italy: King Luitprand had possessed himself of the Pentapolis, and, in this revolution, the city of Rome resolved to own no power but that of the Pontiffs. Pope Gregory III. implored the assistance of Charles Martel, Prince and Duke of the French; the menaces of this Prince caused Luitprand to cease from his enterprise.

Astolpho, his successor, besieged Rome, and Pope Stephen III. took refuge with Pepin, the son of Charles Martel, and King of France. Pepin in parliament declared war against the Lombards; crossed the Alps, and vanquished Astolpho, at whose death the Pope and the King of France united, in order to place the crown of the Lombards on the head of Didier; but scarce were the eyes of Pepin closed, when Didier revived the pretensions of the Lombards in Rome. The Greek Emperors, Leon IV. and Constantine, his son, had embraced the new heresy, and had been excommunicated by the church. Didier made an alliance with Constantine; he married his two daughters, one to Tasillon, Duke of Bavaria; the other to Es-selin, Duke of Benevento: but Didier thought he should sooner attain his views by allying himself to Charlemagne, the oldest of Pepin's sons, and he offered this Prince his third daughter, Hermengarda, or Arnelie; Charles accepted his offer, and abandoned the wife he had taken during the lifetime of his father. Pope Adrian expressed his displeasure at this scandalous conduct, but Charles persisted in his error, and Didier, hastening his preparations against Rome, invaded the duchy of Spolitto. Here commences the action of the Poem.

Charles Martel and Pepin had always been at war with the Princes of Aquitain, who, descended from Clovis, pretended to the throne: an alliance, however, was formed, by giving a daughter of the Duke of Aquitain in marriage to one of the adverse Chiefs. Vaitire, a son of Hunaud, of Aquitain, again revolted, and made several incursions on the French territories. Pepin defeated him in a memorable battle, and

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Aquitain became united to France; but Gaiffre, the son of Vaiffre, nourished in his heart a deadly hatred against Pepin; united with the Saracens, they rendered themselves masters of the passage of the Pyrennees, and the famous Roland, nephew to Charlemagne, perished at Roncevalles, through their treachery.

The dying Pepin divided his states between his two sons, Charles and Carloman; they joined their forces to appease the troubles which had again broke out in Aquitain; but they disagreed, and the discord between the two Kings augured badly for France, when Carloman died in the flower of his youth, leaving two children, Siagre and Pepin, under the tutelage of their mother, Gerberge, called in the Poem, Laurentia: the nobles, dreading a minority, offered their crown to Charles, which he accepted, to the prejudice of his nephews. The widow of Carloman, seeing her sons dethroned, trembling for their safety, fled with them into Italy. Siagre, the eldest, was made Bishop of Nice, and it was imagined that Pepin also had embraced an ecclesiastical life.

But in order to be acquainted with those foregoing events, and those which accompanied the destruction of Lombardy as a kingdom, it is requisite to read the history of Charlemagne. An Epic Poem is often known to depart from the rules of chronology; and some anachronisms are found in this relative to the war of Charles with the Saxons, and also of his expedition in Italy, which the author has previously acknowledged.

This poem opens with the following beautiful invocation:—

“ Muse céleste! viens seconder mon génie:
Redis-nous les hauts faits de ce héros chrétien
Qui, vainqueur de lui-même et fléau du péché,
Sauva l'arche du Christ des fureurs de l'impie.
De vingt rois conjurés guidant les étendards,
Contre les saints remparts

L'ange du crime en vain lève son front rebelle:
Au glaive des Français Dieu livre les pervers:
Sous les murs profanés de la ville éternelle
Charle accourt et détruit la ligue des Enfers.

De l'univers chrétien qui troubla le repos?
Ce fut Didier. De Rome épiant la conquête,
Dans l'ombre de la nuit il a surpris Spolète;
C'est là que de Byzance il attend les drapeaux.

Un nuage poudreux, descendu des montagnes
Obscurcit les campagnes:

Dix mille Grecs armés franchissent les co-
teaux:

Ils s'approchent des murs. Longin marche
leur tête,

Longin, dont l'esprit sombre et fertile en
complots

De Rome et des Lombards médite la défaite.”

THE ATTACK ON SPOLLETO.

“ Viens embraser mon âme, esprit sacré du
Ciel!

Viens, redis-nous des Grecs l'attentat sacrilège.

De Spolette Vilfrid tenait alors le siège,

Vilfrid, ministre saint, digne de l'Eternel.

Les pauvres, les mourants bénissaient sa
présence.

Il n'est point de souffrance

Dont l'horreur ne se calme aux accents de sa
voix;

De tous les malheureux abordant la chau-
mière,

Sur eux le saint vieillard répandait à la fois

Et les trésors du Ciel et les biens de la terre.

Quand les soldats lombards envahirent Spo-
lete,

Vilfrid osa braver le glaive du vainqueur.

Ses prières, ses vœux, sa céleste douceur

Allegèrent au moins les maux de la conquête.

Le roi Didier sentit son courroux enchaîné:

Interdit, étonné,

Il révoqua soudain les ordres du carnage.

De l'évêque bientôt révérent les vertus,

Les farouches soldats déposèrent leur rage;

Et Vilfrid devint cher aux vainqueurs, aux
vaincus.

Vilfrid sacrifioit au milieu des Latins.

Son front est prosterné devant le sanctuaire;

Ses sens sont absorbés dans le divin mystère;

Il n'entend ni la voix, ni les pas des mutins.

Au centre de l'autel et sur la croix domine

Une image divine:

C'est l'image du Christ souffrant pour les
mortels,

Et calmant par sa mort l'éternelle justice:

A cet aspect les Grecs courent vers les autels;

Et leurs cris furieux troublent le sacrifice.

THE TOMBS OF THE APOSTLES, PARTICULARLY ST. PETER, WITH THE STRIKING CEREMONIES OF THE CHURCH.

“ Des apôtres du Christ c'est ici le tombeau.

Sur cent balustres d'or, des lampes éternelles

Eclairent nuit et jour leurs dépouilles mor-
telles.

Sans cesse on offre ici quelque tribut nouveau.

Les marbres précieux, l'agate diaprée,
De la tombe sacrée.
Décorent à l'envi les parois somptueux;
Les miracles des arts, chefs-d'œuvre du génie,
Autrefois profanés au culte des faux dieux,
Ornent de l'Eternel la demeure chérie.

A droite sous la nef s'élève une statue,
Assise, et dans ses mains tenant les clefs du
Ciel:

Des chrétiens empressés le flux continuél
Se succède: chacun s'inclinant à su vue
Invoque du Très-haut le secours protecteur.

Dans si vive douleur
Le peuple se livrant aux transports de son
zele
Baise le pied d'airain de son premier pasteur;
Et le métal usé par la lèvre fidèle,
De la foi des Latins atteste la ferveur.

Le temple dans son sein déjà ne reçoit plus
Des Romains affligés la trop nombreuse foule:
Hors des portes poussée, elle cède et s'écoule
Pareille à l'océan pressé par le reflux.
On entend tout à coup des accords angéliques;
Sous les sacrés portiques
Le vicaire du Christ s'avance lentement:
Dans un profond silence on se prosterne, on
prie;
L'œil fixé vers le ciel, le pontife descend:
Il marche, dans ses mains tenant la sainte
hostie.

Des prêtres revêtus d'une robe éclatante
Le précédent: l'encens qui s'élève autour
d'eux
A voilé le pontife en montant vers les cieux;
Mais du saint sacrement la sphère étincelante,
Des parfums consacrés perce les tourbillons
Et s'échappé en rayons—
Moins pur et moins divin, l'astre de la lumière
Triomphe quelquefois des nuages divers:
Au milieu de leur ombre il poursuit sa car-
rière:
Voilé, mais lumineux, il règne dans les airs."

INVOCATION TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"Viens ranimer ma voix, remplis-moi de tes
feux,
Esprit saint! ouvre-moi les voutes éternelles;
Prête à mes faibles sens le secours de tes ailes,
Et souffre qu'un mortel ose parler des Cieux.
Quand la nuit dans les airs a replié ses voiles,
La clarté des étoiles
S'efface aux premiers feux de l'astre étince-
lant:
Un seul rayon sorti de la divine sphère
Eclipserait ainsi le soleil pâlisant,
Et sous un voile d'or cacherait sa lumière."

PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN MARY.

"Toi! dans qui l'Eternel as mis sa com-
plaisance!
Reine! source de grace! étoile du matin!
A ton nom, Vierge-mère! amour, gloire, sans
fin!
Et la terre et le Ciel bénissent ta puissance.
Tu foulas sous tes pieds l'audace des Enfers;
Et le triste univers
A puisé dans tes flancs une nouvelle vie.
De la race d'Adam tu changeas le destin.
Des enfants de la croix protectrice chérie!
A ton nom, Vierge-mère! amour, gloire sans
fin!

Les doctrines de sang, les dogmes criminels
Surcent peuples encore étendent leur ravage.
O mère des humains! achève ton ouvrage;
Des idoles du crime affranchis les mortels.
Que tous les cœurs païens s'ouvrent à l'évan-
gile;
Rends un esprit docile
Aux chrétiens égarés rebelles à la foi.
Dans le champs, les cités, sous la tente
sauvage,
Que tout du Dieu de paix reçoive enfin la loi.
O mère des humains! achève ton ouvrage."

DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLE OF ST. LOUIS, BURIAL PLACE OF THE KINGS OF FRANCE.

"Dans les murs de Paris la Seine forme une
île
Autrefois consacrée aux tombeaux de nois
rois.
Là, parmi les cyprès s'élevait une croix:
Le silence et la mort régnaient dans cet asile.
Sur les débris poudreux des anciens monu-
ments,
Les hommes et le temps
Construisirent depuis une nouvelle ville;
Lutèce dans ses flancs a renfermé ces lieux;
Et son peuple aujourd'hui foule d'un pas
tranquille
Les tombeaux inconnus des rois de nos aïeux.

On avait élevé sur le sol consacré
Un monument pieux d'une noble structure,
Qui paraissait du temps devoir braver l'injure:
Charles souvent errait dans ce lieu révé-
Jadis dans son enceinte, à l'ombre paternelle,
D'un souvenir fidele
Il offrait tous les jours quelques gages nou-
veaux;
Loin des flatteurs ici recueillant sa pensée,
Le monarque trouvait aux pieds de ces tom-
beaux
Le vérité, des rois trop souvent repoussée.

A tout autre mortel l'île était défendue:
Lui seul pouvait franchir son ténébreux con-
tour;

Mais depuis qu'il suivait un criminel amour
De l'enceinte funèbre il détournait la vue.
Des maux offensés il redoutait l'aspect:

Frappé d'un saint respect
Il fuyait du tombeau l'enceinte solitaire.
Son cœur avait besoin du tumulte des cours;
Et dans les vains plaisirs d'une flamme
adultère
S'écoulait à grand bruit le torrent de ses
jours."

The following description of Charle-
magne and Adelinda is strikingly beau-
tiful:—

"Adelinde atteignait à sa quinzième année.
Charlemagne comme elle entra dans son
printemps:

Et l'amour et la paix, des augustes amants
Sur les rives du Rhin tréssèrent l'hymenée.
Le belliqueux Héral, sa fille et tous les siens,
De la loi des chrétiens

Reçurent en ce jour le signe salutaire.
Les Sueves, bravant les Saxons irrités,
Du Danube et du Rhin couvrirent la barrière,
Et vécurent enfin fidèles aux traités.

La naissance d'Emma, dans le cœur de Pepin
Porta le doux espoir d'une race nombreuse;
Mais on vit s'éclipser son attente flatteuse:
Emma fut le seul fruit de ce premier hymen.
Charlemagne frappé des attrait d'Armeline,
D'une alliance impie

Où, depuis, former les sacrilèges nœuds;
Rien ne put arrêter sa passion brûlante.
Du perfide Didier le sort combla les vœux;
Et le trône reçut sa fille triomphante.

Charles, à l'aspect d'Emma, sent d'une pure
flamme

Reparaître dans son cœur les souvenirs heureux.
L'ineffable douceur d'un amour vertueux
N'a pas encore perdu son pouvoir sur son âme.
Il relève sa fille: 'Un plus doux avenir,

'Lui dit-il, va s'ouvrir,
'Chère Emma, pour ta mère! en peu d'in-
stants l'aurore

'Paraîtra dans les Cieux—Emma, viens sur
mon sein;

'Adelinde gémit; mais elle peut encore
'Retrouver tout l'éclat de son premier destin.'

Il dit: la jeune Emma lève ses yeux touchants
Où l'éclair du bonheur brille au milieu des
larmes.

Les accents de son père ont calmé ses alarmes:
Son cœur est inondé de doux pressentiments.

Charles se ressouvient d'une épouse fidèle!

Sur la main paternelle

Emma pose sa lèvre et regarde le Ciel!
Un soupir dit les vœux de son âme troublée.
Heureuse, elle s'éloigne; et le fils de Martel
Des peux autour de lui convoque l'assemblée.

ARIPERT'S FAREWELL OF ARMELIA.

"Reine, dit Aripert, je ne saurais comprendre
'Ce qui dans ce palais change tout au-
jourd'hui.

'Les armes désormais sont notre unique appui.
'A peine le monarque a-t-il daigné m'entendre:

'Le front sombre et rêveur, il me tient ce
discours:

'Vieillard, pars sous trois jours.

'Tu sais tout: va d'un maître éclairer la
sagesse.

'Lorsque pour obéir aux volontés du Ciel

'J'ai pu briser des nœuds si chers à ma
tendresse,

'J'ai dévoué ma vie à défendre l'autel.

'Tout me sera possible après ce grand effort.
'J'ai juré d'accomplir la plus sainte entreprise.

'Malheur aux souverains oppresseurs de
l'Eglise!

'Ils ne recueilleront que la honte et la mort.

'Didier dans mon sommeil mettait son es-
pérance:

'J'ai ressaisi ma lance.

'Qu'il se rappelle Astolphe et Martel et Pepin.

'Sa fille régnera sur la riche Aquitaine;

'Mais allié des Grecs, s'il s'attaque au lieu
saint,

'Aripert, apprends-lui que sa perte est cer-
taine.'

'Tels furent ses accents. Je vais quitter la
France.

'O fille de mon roi, recevez mes adieux.'

La fille de Didier enlève vers les cieux

Des regards enflammés de haine et de ven-
geance:

'Moi! demeurer ici! non, non, brave Aripert;

'Chaque moment est cher,

'Dit-elle; suivez-moi: c'est sous votre ban-
nière

'Que je veux m'éloigner d'un époux inhumain.

'Armez vos chevaliers: fuyons de cette terre

'Où je ne veux rentrer que la flamme à la
main."

MATERNAL FEELINGS OF LAURENTIA.

"Laurence prosternée, écoute avec douleur

Du vicaire de Dieu la volonté suprême.

Ce n'est que pour ses fils, et non pour elle-
même,

Que d'un second exil elle craint la rigueur.

Mais son cœur se ranime, enflammé d'un saint zèle :

Sa crainte maternelle
Se dissipe, semblable à l'humide vapeur
Qui du soleil naissant éprouve l'influence.
Laurence resignée à la voix du pasteur
Se dispose aux apprêts d'une pénible absence.

L'espoir d'être bientôt aux genoux de son père,
Achévé de calmer ses premiers sentiments.
Dans les murs de Nicée, accablé par les ans,
Privé de tous les siens, affligé, solitaire,
Mainfroi régnait encor sur ses heureux états :

Après que le trépas
Eut frappé dans sa fleur le mari de sa fille,
Il devint le vassal du monarque français.
Déplorant les malheurs de sa triste famille,
Il consumait ses jours en stériles regrets.

Le vieillard appela les jeunes orphelins
Dans les remparts soumis à sa loi souveraine.
Mais sur leur sort futur, effrayée, incertaine,
Laurence préféra des climats plus lointains :
Des neveux de Clovis elle a toujours présentés

Les images sanglantes ;
Et malgré ses vertus, l'héritier de Pepin
Lui paraît ressembler à ces tyrans barbares,
Qui, dans leurs froids calculs ne gardant rien
d'humain, [avares.
Du sang de leurs parents n'étaient jamais

Cette erreur pardonnable aux craintes d'une mère,

Agite encor son cœur d'un noir pressentiment :
Elle serre ses fils sur son sein palpitant,
Et quitte avec regret la terre hospitalière
Qui par un long repos adoucit ses chagrins ;

La foule des Romains
Au bruit de son départ se rassemble autour
d'elle :

Un murmure plaintif circule dans les rangs ;
Chacun croit éprouver une perte nouvelle,
En voyant s'éloigner Laurence et ses enfants."

The grand and imposing manner in
which the 8th Canto opens cannot be suffi-
ciently admired:—

"Dans la valle où l'Arc roule ses flots d'argent,
A l'heure où le soleil commence sa carrière,
L'air paraît obscurci par des flots de poussière ;
Des trompettes d'airain le son retentissant,
Fait gémir tour à tour les échos des montagnes ;

Au loin dans les campagnes,
On voit étinceler les glaives meurtriers :
Charlemagne parti des remparts de Lutèce,
Arrive aux pieds des monts ; la foule des
guerriers

Ayde de combats, autour de lui se presse.

Tous voudraient sans retard envahir l'Italie,
Et gravir les sommets qui cachent à leurs yeux

Ces plaines où jadis vainquirent leurs aïeux.
Approuvant des soldats la bouillante furie,
Charles règle des chefs l'essor impétueux ;

Assis au milieu d'eux,
Il leur expose ainsi son dessein magnanimé :
" Nos bras se sont armés pour la religion ;
" L'intérêt de l'Eglise est le seul qui m'anime,
" Et mon cœur est exempt de toute ambition :

" Je veux suivre aujourd'hui l'exemple de
Pepin ;

" Et j'offre au roi lombard une amitié sincère,
" Si brisant les liens d'une ligue étrangère,
" Il reconnaît les droits du pontife romain.
" Egobard et Fulrad se rendent à Spolete :

" La paix que je souhaite
" Suffit pour renverser l'espoir des Byzantins.
" Il est vrai, nobles Francs, que je laisse im-
punie

" L'audace de Didier—mais tel est mon dessein :
" Je vois encore en lui le père d'Armélie."

Un bruit vague, à ces mots, circule dans la
tente :

Les preux en sont confus expriment leurs
regrets ;

Ils craignent que bientôt les liens de la paix
Ne ferment des combats la carrière brillante.
Ogier ose du roi condamner le retard ;

Mais Charles, d'un regard,
Du chevalier danois a réprimé l'audace :
Sur le front rembruni du monarque offensé,
Du courroux qui s'élève on aperçoit la trace ;
Et le hardi murmure est bientôt apaisé.

Les Francs étaient assis autour de leurs dra-
peaux.

Leurs nombreux bataillons inondaient la vallée.
Des vaillants paladins la troupe rassemblée,
Suspendant à regret le cours de ses travaux,
Remplissait ses loisirs par des chants de
victoire.

Leur active mémoire.
Des premiers chevaliers, des plus fameux héros,
Rappelait tour-à-tour les prouesses passées ;
Et pour se consoler d'un importun repos,
La gloire et les combats occupaient leurs
pensées."

The Piety of Charlemagne is well de-
scribed:—

" Ces murs de Jupiter furent jadis le temple.
Dans le vaste circuit de ces murs renversés,
Au milieu du granit et des marbres brisés,
S'élève un pauvre autel : donnant aux siens
l'exemple,

Charlemagne à genoux invoque le Seigneur.

D'une nouvelle ardeur
Un moment de prière enflamme son courage.
Un cenobite alors se découvre à ses yeux :

Appesanti, courbé sous les glaces de l'âge,
Son front est sillonné par des traits douloureux.

Il approche à pas lents des valeureux guerriers.
Non loin du saint autel sont des réduits tranquilles,

De l'hospitalité doux et pieux asiles.

C'est là que le vieillard conduit les chevaliers.

Une lampe jetait dans la cellule austère

Sa tremblante lumière,

Et dans l'humble foyer la flamme pétillait.

Le monarque inconnu demande au solitaire

S'il est sans compagnons, et s'il vit satisfait
Dans ces lieux étrangers au reste de la terre?

'Hélas!' dit le vieillard, 'il n'est point de retraite

'Qui soit inaccessible aux malheureux mortels;

'Leurs vœux sont insensés et souvent criminels.

'Jusqu'ici quelquefois affrontant la tempête,

'Ils rencontrent la mort dans ces ravins profonds:

'Souvent nous entendons

'Du voyageur perdu la plainte déchirante:

'Eh! qui pourrait sans nous lui porter du secours?

'Ici nous apprenons à braver la tourmente;

'Et du prochain mourant nous prolongeons les jours.

'Dans cette obscure nuit, mes nombreux compagnons

'Achèvent loin de moi leur course journalière;

'Je les attends: mon corps se courbe vers la terre;

'Et je voudrais en vain les suivre vers les monts.

'Mais vous qui paraissez défenseurs de l'Eglise,

'De la sainte entreprise,

'Au nom du Ciel! hâtez, hâtez le prompt succès.

'Si du fils de Pepin vous suivez les bannières,

'Ecoutez des Lombards les horribles forfaits;

'Et que Charles par vous apprenne nos misères.

'J'arrive depuis peu des rochers d'Apulie;

'J'ai vécu soixante ans au fond du Mont-Cassin.

'Naguère, au point du jour, le farouche Ezelin

'Enveloppa nos murs de sa cohorte impie:

'Rien ne put apaiser la rage du Lombard;

'Dans le sein d'Adelard

'Ezelin par trois fois plongea son cimetière!

'Carloman et Rachis sont tombés près de moi.

'Chevaliers, en fermant les yeux à la lumière,

'Adelard prononçait le nom de votre roi.'

Charles voudrait en vain réprimer ses douleurs:

Au nom du Mont-Cassin, dans son âme inquiète

Une terreur soudaine, invincible, secrète,
Rappela d'Adelard les adieux et les pleurs.

Il s'écria: "Adelard a fini sa carrière!

'O mon guide, o mon père!

'Je vengerai bientôt ton malheureux destin;

'Oui, j'exterminerai les tyrans d'Italie.

'C'est à moi qu'appartient tout le sang d'Ezelin: [vie?]

'Mais quel sang d'Adelard peut me payer la

A ces tristes élans d'une sainte colère

Le vieillard reconnaît le patrice romain:

Il veut se prosterner; mais le fils de Pepin

Le relève et se livre à sa douleur amère.

Tous les preux à l'envi répètent son serment;

Leur cœur impatient

De l'Eglise déjà voudrait venger l'outrage.

Charles du solitaire a reçu les avis;

Et reprenant soudain son nocturne voyage,

Il s'approche à grands pas des sommets ennemis."

Like the immortal Milton, Lucien Bonaparte has well depicted the Monarch of the Infernal Regions:—

"Quel délire soudain s'empare de mon âme!

Et la terre et le jour ont fui loin de mes yeux—

L'Enfer s'ouvre: au-dessus de son cahos affreux

Bouillonne l'océan d'une éternelle flamme.

Dans ce gouffre inconnu quel sera mon appui?

Je t'invoque aujourd'hui,

Sainte fille du Ciel, vertu simple et sublime,

O foi! soutien du juste et terreur des méchants!

Prête-moi ton flambeau: pour effrayer le crime,

Dévoile à mon esprit l'abîme et ses tourments.

Loin de moi des païens les souvenirs trompeurs;

Loin de moi de Pluton l'image mensongère.

Celui qui du Tres-haut éprouve la colère

N'a ni sceptre ni trône au séjour des douleurs.

Tous ceux qu'il entraîna dans sa chute accablante,

D'une voix gémissante

Lui reprochent sans cesse et son crime et leurs maux;

Dans ces rugissements, la cohorte infernale,

Au chef qui la perdit demande le repos,

Et blasphème sans fin sa révolte fatale.

Ces imprécations, sans cesse renaissantes,

Sont l'unique tribut que reçoit Lucifer.

Toujours seul, et maudit jusqu'au fond de l'Enfer,

Il parcourt sans repos les régions brûlantes.

Immobiles, plongés dans les lacs ténébreux,

Ses complices nombreux

N'osent plus exhaler une vaine menace.

Leur cœur est dévoré de la soif des forfaits;

Mais le temps a brisé leur sacrilège audace:

Leurs complots des mortels ne troublent plus la paix.

L'indomtable Satan contemple avec mépris
Ces archanges jadis revêtus de lumière,
Aujourd'hui dépouillés de leur ardeur première;
Déplorant leur faiblesse et dédaignant leurs
cris,

Satan, seul, ose encor méditer la vengeance ;
Seul dans la nuit immense

Il ose encor lever un front audacieux.
Son livide regard, perçant le noir abîme,
Enveloppe la terre; et sombre et furieux,
Par ces tristes accents il s'encourage au crime.

« Quoi la haine ! la rage ! et toujours l'im-
puissance !—

« Rien ne peut donc changer ni fléchir mes
destins.

« Je suis vaincu, bravé par de faibles humains ;

« Et pour comble de maux il n'est plus
d'espérance !

« Dieu puissant, je le sais, par le sang de ton
fils

« Les mortels affranchis,

« Revêtissent au Ciel ma dépouille éclatante ;

« Jusqu'à toi leur orgueil est enfin parvenu.

« Jérusalem devient tous les jours plus bril-
lante.

« L'homme hérite du rang dont je me vois
déchu.

« La vengeance à jamais échappe de mes
mains ;

« Chaque moment détruit ma victoire première.

« L'Evangile, à grands pas, envahissant la terre,

« Réunit sous un chef tous les peuples latins.
Ces Francs jadis si chers, et dont les mains
sanglantes,

« De vietmes fumantes

« M'offraient dans leurs forêts des tributs so-
lennels !

« Ils ont brisé mon joug, trahi mon entreprise,

« Parjuré leurs serments, renversé mes autels.

« Les Francs sont aujourd'hui le soutien de
l'Eglise !

« Faut-il subir le joug de ce peuple rebelle,

« Et gémir impuissant dans la nuit de l'Enfer ?

« Non ; la terre et les cieux connaissent Lu-
cifer.

« Que les miens, oubliant leur nature immor-
telle,

« Languissent sans courage et blasphément
mon nom :

« Malgré leur abandon,

« Je saurai retrouver ma ruse et mon audace ;

« Je combattrai sans eux l'arbitre souverain.

« Malheur au peuple franc ! malheur à cette
race

« Qui déjà produisit et Martel et Pepin !

Il se lève, à ces mots, sur les gouffres profonds:
De flamme et de bitume une colonne immense

Au travers du chaos rapidement s'élance.

Ainsi l'Etna vomit en épais tourbillons

De ses flancs déchirés les entrailles fumantes :

Les nations tremblantes

Pâlissent ; tout frémit ; tout redoute la mort.

Tel l'archange déchu, dans la nuée affreuse

S'élève impétueux, et cherche en son essor

Des enfans du Très-haut la demeure odieuse.

Il s'applaudit déjà de sa course funeste :

Il croit déjà toucher au redoutable seuil,

Quand l'oracle de Dieu, dans l'empire du deuil

Est porté tout à coup par le souffle céleste :

Cet oracle infailible, immuable, éternel,

Que la Vierge du Ciel

Obtient pour préserver ses enfans d'esclavage.

Tombe comme la foudre au séjour des pervers :

Le Tartare ébranlé pousse un soupir de rage,

Et confond dans un cri tous les cris des enfers."

The following lines, we think, cannot
but be felt by the Bonaparte family:—

« Dans la troupe maudite on voit ces ho-
micides,

Qui de leur propre sang méconnaissant la
voix,

Et cachant leurs forfaits sous le manteau des
lois,

Immolèrent leurs fils de leurs mains par-
ricides :

Ici, Timoleon git près de Manlius ;

Ici, les deux Brutus,

Lâches ambitieux, héros de l'imposture—

Oui, malgré les clameurs de l'aveugle univers,

Les premiers des liens sont ceux de la nature ;

Et celui qui les brise appartient aux Enfers."

These lines are still more applicable to
the fall of ambition:—

« La folle ambition, dans ses calculs avides,
Fonde ses grands projets sur des sables mou-
vants ;

Un atome suffit pour perdre les tyrans :

Du sort le moins prévu les mouvements
rapides

Viennent leur arracher le fruit de leurs for-
faits ;

Ou bien si le succès

Semble les couronner d'une gloire éclatante,
Ils triomphent un jour ; mais bientôt à grand
pas

L'éternité paraît, terrible, menaçante,

Et plonge leur orgueil dans la nuit du trépas."

The punishment of Judas is here well
conceived:—

« Au milieu d'eux rugit l'apôtre déicide,
Qui vendit aux bourreaux le sang du fils de
Dieu,

Et vers Getsemani guidant l'aveugle hébreu
Lui livra le Seigneur par un baiser perfide.
L'ange maudit admire et contemple Judas!
De leurs noirs attentats,
De leurs longs châtiments la mesure est égale :
L'un et l'autre est déchu d'un rang presque
divin.

Tous les tourments connus sous la voute infernale,
Poursuivent l'affreux couple et déchirent son sein.

Sur la pointe du roc Judas est enchaîné.
Poussant auprès de lui d'horribles cris de joie,
Un fantôme livide auquel il sert de proie,
Le retient abattu sous son bras décharné.
Il dévore son cœur : ses mains, ses dents
sanglantes,

Des entrailles fumantes
Dispersent dans les airs le lambeau déchiré ;
Judas vomit en vain le blasphème et l'injure :
Cent fois dans un moment, par ses cris attiré
Le spectre du remords retourne à sa pâture."

LAURENTIA AND HER CHILDREN LED CAPTIVE.

" Du palais de Marsil Laurence et ses enfants
S'approchèrent au milieu d'une foule étonnée,
Le monarque aperçoit une femme enchaînée ;
Et Longin reconnaît la sœur du roi des
Francs.

Son visage a brillé d'une soudaine joie.

« La fortune l'envoie,

« Dit-il au sarrasin, des captifs précieux :

« Sais-tu qui la tempête a mis en ta puissance ?

« C'est Laurence et ses fils ! la discorde par
eux

« Peut troubler à ton gré l'Aquitaine et la
France."

A peine le monarque entend nommer la reine
Qu'un noble sentiment s'empare de son cœur.

« De mes soldats, dit-il, daigne excuser
l'erreur,

« Femme de Carloman ; pardonne-moi ta
chaîne.

« L'éclat de ton grand nom est ici parvenu :

« Le bruit de ta vertu

« T'a donné dès long-temps des droits à mon
hommage.

« Souffre que de ma main je détache tes fers.

« Tous les Maures, crois-moi, n'ont point un
cœur sauvage,

« Et parmi nous, il est des bons et des pervers."

Marsile a rassuré la mère et les enfants.

Il délivre leurs bras de leur chaîne pesante ;
Laurence lui rend grâce ; et de sa voix tou-
chante

Le Maure avec orgueil recueille les accents.

Il ordonne aussitôt, qu'une foule attentive,
De l'auguste captive

Préviennent les désirs au sein de l'Alcasar.
Lui-même il y conduit la reine d'Austrasie.
Cet immense palais offre de toute part
Sous des lambris pompeux les trésors de
l'Asie."

THE FRAGILITY OF HUMAN VICTORY, WITH THE CHARACTER OF ROLAND.

« Plus vide et plus légère est la feuille des
champs

« Que le souffle du soir poursuit de son ha-
leine.

« Les folles passions, la puissance mondaine,

« Les triomphes d'un jour, l'orgueil des cou-
quérants,

« Disparaissent devant l'éternelle justice.

« Que la gloire éblouisse

« Des aveugles mortels le cœur présomptueux :

« Dans la grande balance elle n'est que fumée.

« La vertu seulement se pèse dans les Cieux,

« Et non pas une injuste et vaine renommée.

« Roland fut le soutien de la veuve trem-
blante ;

« De l'orphelin, du faible il défendit les droits

« Le faible en sa faveur élèvera sa voix.

« Cette voix ici-bas trop souvent impuissante,

« Mais dont l'accent plaintif pénètre jusqu'au,
Ciel,

« Et plaît à l'Eternel !

« Roland fut le vainqueur et l'effroi de l'impie :

« Et si les passions ont obscurci ses jours,

« La foi de ce héros, les vertus de sa vie,

« Lui promettent des droits au céleste se-
cours."

There is much grandeur in the descrip-
tion of Godfrey giving the signal for battle,
and in that of the scene of combat :—

" Godefroi doit donner le signal du combat.

Au milieu d'un champ d'or on voit sur sa ban-
nière

Une croix triomphante, un sceptre, un cime-
terre,

Ensemble entrelacés, briller d'un vif éclat.

Telle était des Bonillons l'enseigne révé-
rée,

De leur race illustrée

Ces signes attestaient les antiques exploits ;

Où bien le Ciel voulait, par ce noble présage

Annoncer le héros défenseur de la croix,
Qui délivra, depuis, Sion de l'esclavage.

Après de longs détours, descendu des mon-
tagnes,

Bouillon voit devant lui les Francs et les Ger-
mains :

De son maître aussitôt remplissant les des-
seins,

A bonds précipités il parcourt les campagnes,
Et touche avec les siens au rocher fabuleux.

D'en cours impétueux

Charle avance pareil à la foudre enflammée :
Les trompettes d'airain répondent à sa voix ;
Sur le penchant des monts, de sa nombreuse
armée

Tous les corps attentifs s'ébranlent à la fois.

La plaine et les coteaux étincellent de feux ;
Les pieds des palefrois font retentir la terre.
Perçant les tourbillons d'une épaisse poussière,
Charles reprend son rang à la tête des preux.
Partout l'ordre est donné : tout marche en har-
monie.

De l'armée ennemie.

On enveloppe au loin les drapeaux triom-
phants

Vitiking des Saxons redoute la défaite ;
Un désordre inconnu s'empare de ses sens :
Avant que de combattre il songe à la retraite.

The slow and serious march of the druids
s worth attention :—

Semblables dans leur marche a des ombres
errantes,

Les Druides rangés à la suite d'Ormés
S'avancient lentement au milieu des forêts.
Sur le lin éclatant de leurs robes flottantes
L'astre des nuits jetait un lugubre rayon.

L'imagination,

Par fois nous offre ainsi dans le sein des téné-
bres

Des fantômes épars sur le penchant des monts,
Agitant les longs plis de leurs linceuls fune-
bres,

Et se perdant au loin dans le creux des val-
lons.

It is impossible to abridge these lines be-
ginning at the speech of Ulric, we rank
them among the chief beauties of this
Poem :—

“ Mon père,” dit Ulric, “ nous descendons
vers toi,

“ Pour t'apporter du Christ la suprême sa-
gesse :

Du fils du Dieu vivant connais enfin la loi.”

L'immortelle, à ces mots, suivant le jeune
Heral,

D'un pas majestueux s'approche du monarque.
“ Des élus du Très-haut reçois la sainte mar-
que,”

Dit-elle, “ et ne crains plus le pouvoir infernal ;
“ Le Ciel de ses bienfaits te comble sans me-
sure.

“ L'ordre de la nature

“ Se trouble en ta faveur ; et la religion

“ T'apparaît aujourd'hui sous des formes hu-
maines.

“ Ecoute-moi, mon fils ; que ta conversion

“ Affranchisse le nord de ses funèbres chaînes

No. 66.—*Supplement.*

“ Connais enfin tes dieux et rougis de toi-
même.

“ Que t'ordonne Irmensul ? que te prescrit
Odin ?

“ Combattre sans repos ; et dans le sang humain ;

“ S'agiter sans repos—Telle est leur loi su-
prême.

“ Vous fermez votre cœur à toutes les vertus.

“ Egorgeant les vaincus,

“ Accablant sans pitié la faiblesse et l'enfance,

“ Des combats meurtriers vous doublez les ri-
guezurs.

“ Vous ignorez la paix, la bonté, la clemence ;

“ Vous consommez vos jours au milieu des fu-
reurs.

“ Aimer tous les humains ; protéger leur repos ;

“ Savoir donner un frein aux haines, aux ven-
geances ;

“ Vaincre ses passions ; oublier les offenses ;

“ Pardonner aux vaincus, et soulager leurs maux ;

“ Telle est, ô Vitiking, ma doctrine ineffable,

“ Seule loi véritable.

“ Je viens, au nom de Dieu, maître des éléments,

“ Des célestes trésors t'apprendre l'origine.

“ Au prodige nouveau qui va frapper tes sens,

“ Reconnais, ô mon fils, ma mission divine.”

Sur le front du monarque, à ces mots, l'immor-
telle

Imprime de la croix le signe lumineux.

Soudain, le pavillon brille de mille feux ;

Un éclair, par trois fois, dans la nuit étincelle.

La tente se remplit de fantômes de rois :

L'image de la croix

Paraît au milieu d'eux s'élever glorieuse.

Dans l'ordre de leur race ils se trouvent placés ;

Le dernier rang couvert d'une nuit orageuse

Offre un trône sanglant et des sceptres brisés.

“ Fille auguste du Ciel ! dans cette vision

“ Dis-moi ce qu'aujourd'hui les Dieux veulent
m'apprendre

“ Par quel charme secret que je ne puis com-
prendre

“ Peux-tu m'offrir d'Ulric la douce illusion ?

“ Quels sont tous ces héros dont la foule bril-
lante

“ Se presse dans ma tente ?

“ Ont-ils pour moi brisé les chaînes de la mort ?

“ Parle : mon cœur ému se plaît à ton langage :

“ Quel intérêt ces rois prennent-ils à mon
sort ?

“ Pourquoi dans ce moment m'offres-tu leur
image ?”

“ De trente rois chrétiens tu vois ici la trace,”

Repond-elle, ô mon fils ; les Bourbons, les
Capets.

“ Qui monteront bientôt sur le trône français

“ Seront les rejetons de ton illustre race.

U n

- ' Rends grâce à tes destins et lis dans l'aveair
 ' Loin de t'assujettir,
 ' J'apporte à tes neveux le sceptre de la France.
 ' Le fougueux Rodamir me fuira malgré toi;
 ' Mais son frère Robert dont je chéris l'en-
 fance,
 ' Docile, recevra les clartés de la foi.
 ' C'est de lui que naîtront vingt familles de
 rois,
 ' Un de ses descendants, fameux pas son cou-
 rage,
 ' Hugue, de tous ses pairs obtiendra le suf-
 frage;
 ' Au sang de Charlemagne il donnera des lois.
 ' La providence ainsi change les dynasties :
 ' Les races affaiblies
 ' Dans la suite des temps penchent vers leur
 déclin !
 ' Tour à tour elles ont les mêmes destinées.
 ' Heureux ceux qui déchus du pouvoir sou-
 verain,
 ' Sans trouble et sans remords achèvent leurs
 années.
 ' Vois d'abord au milieu de la foule royale
 ' Ce héros couronné du nimbe radieux :
 ' Il voudra par deux fois délivrer les saints
 lieux,
 ' Et briser du Coran la puissance fatale.
 ' Par moi, depuis long-temps, son règne est
 préparé.
 ' Arbitre révéré,
 ' Il donnera la paix aux nations chrétiennes.
 ' Les travaux, les vertus rempliront tous ses
 jours.
 ' C'est pour moi que Louis aux plages afri-
 caines,
 ' D'une pénible vie achevera le cours.
 ' Sur un siège éclatant vois cet autre Louis
 ' Dont le regard serein exprime l'indulgence :
 ' Rien ne pourra lasser sa tranquille clé-
 mence ;
 ' Et dans tous ses sujets il aura des amis.
 ' Que de pleurs répandus à son heure der-
 nière !
 ' Privés d'un si bon père,
 ' Les peuples orphelins connaîtront la dou-
 leur.
 ' Un meilleur roi jamais ne porta la couronne
 ' Jeune, il profitera des leçons du malheur ;
 ' Monarque, il placera la bonté sur son trône.
 ' Moins vertueux que lui, mais plus brillant
 encore,
 ' Son jeune successeur couronné de lauriers
 ' Verra pour un moment ses rivaux à ses
 pieds.
 ' Son regne des beaux arts amènera l'aurore
 ' Mais trop impétueux dans ses jeunes desirs,
 ' Des frivoles plaisirs,
 ' En aveugle il suivra la pente enchanteresse :
 ' Captif, il fermera l'oreille à mes accents ;
 ' Et de l'honneur des cours la trompeuse sa-
 gesse
 ' Affranchira son cœur de la foi des serments.
 ' Six lustres après lui, les fils de Medicis
 ' Oseront profaner le nom de l'évangile.
 ' L'Enfer excitera la discorde civile,
 ' Et repandra le deuil sur l'empire des lis.
 ' O jours pour tes neveux d'éternelle infamie !
 ' Une étrangère impie
 ' S'abreuvra du sang des malheureux fran-
 çais ;
 ' Et par le sacrilège accomplissant ses crimes,
 ' On verra cette femme, au nom du Dieu de
 paix,
 ' D'un mot faire égorger un peuple de vic-
 times,
 ' Fixe les yeux, mon fils, sur ce front immo-
 bile :
 ' Tu vois de Charles neuf les misérables
 traits.
 ' Courbé, si jeune encor ! sous le poids des
 forfaits,
 ' La mort, le désespoir sera son seul asile.
 ' Immensul de ce roi troublera la raison :
 ' En confessant le nom
 Du Dieu plein de bonté que le chrétien pub-
 lie,
 ' Il suivra d'Immensul les principes pervers ;
 ' Ma doctrine de sang fut toujours ennemie :
 ' Le meurtre n'appartient qu'à l'esprit des En-
 fers.
 ' L'incrédule souvent ose accuser le Ciel
 ' Des crimes, fruits amers des passions hu-
 maines :
 ' Dans la suite des temps, les préjugés, les
 haines,
 ' Attaqueront encor la loi de l'Eternel.
 ' Henri nous reprochant les malheurs de la
 France,
 ' Dans son adolescence,
 ' D'une secte étrangère écoutera la voix ;
 ' Mais ses vertus de Dieu fléchiront la justice :
 ' Il baissera le front devant le roi des rois,
 ' Et saura s'arrêter au bord du précipice.
 ' Ce prince magnanime illustrera ta race ;
 ' Et ma tendresse un jour desillera ses yeux.
 ' Tu vois à ses côtés un voile nébuleux
 ' Qui devant mon flambeau s'éclaircit et s'ef-
 face :
 ' Ce héros comme toi me devra son bonheur :
 ' Je remplirai son cœur
 ' Des célestes rayons de la grâce ineffable ;
 ' Du trône devant lui j'ouvrirai les chemins ;

'Enchaînant à ses pieds la discorde impla-
 cable,
 'J'appellerai la France à des jours plus se-
 reins.
 'Ses fils recueilleront le fruit de sa valeur.
 'Tenant les factions sous une étroite chaîne,
 'Deux prêtres revêtus de la pourpre ro-
 maine
 'De ce vaste héritage accroîtront la splen-
 deur.
 'Instruit par-eux, vaillant, juste, clément,
 habile,
 'A mes leçons docile,
 'Enfin il régnera, le plus grand des Bourbons.
 'La France égalera l'Italie, et la Grèce :
 'De ce brillant soleil innombrables rayons,
 'Les sages, les héros illustreront Lutèce.
 'Au siècle de Louis si fertile en génies,
 'Le peuple, les guerriers, le monarque et les
 grands
 'Des ministres de Dieu chériront les accents
 'Et fermeront l'oreille aux discours des im-
 pies.
 'Mais après ce grand roi, l'athéisme, ô mon
 fils,
 'Dans les murs de Paris
 'Comptera chaque jour de nouvelles con-
 quêtes;
 'Des esprits enivrés de science et d'orgueil,
 'De l'incrédulité se faisant les prophètes
 'Prépareront au monde un long siècle de deuil
 'L'univers de tes fils déplorera le sort—
 'Mais sur eux aujourd'hui ne verse point de
 larmes :
 'Pour les enfants du Christ l'infortune a des
 charmes ;
 'On compte en me suivant la douleur et la mort.
 'Cet éclair de vos jours n'est qu'un pèleri-
 nage :
 'Dans un si court passage,
 'Si l'on arrive au but, qu'important les che-
 mins ?
 'Le royaume des cieux—voilà votre patrie :
 'Ce n'est que pour atteindre à la gloire des
 saints
 'Qu'ici vous soutenez l'épreuve de la vie.
 'Tes neveux dans mon sein trouveront un
 asile.
 'Toi cependant, mon fils, obéis à ma voix :
 'Embrasse avec les tiens le culte de la croix.
 'Vers le camp des français marche, l'esprit
 tranquille ;
 'Et du signe du Christ implore la faveur :
 'Pleins d'une sainte ardeur,
 'A la grâce divine ouvre ton âme enue.
 'Avec le jour naissant je t'attends à l'autel—
 A ces mots un éclair échappe de la nue,
 Frappe et dissout les traits de la fille du ciel."

AFFECTING DESCRIPTION OF THE WIFE
OF THUEDON.

"Sa longue chevelure abandonnée aux vents,
 L'épouse de Theudon, palpitante, égarée,
 Frappe l'air de ses cris : sa main mal assurée.
 Saisit, balance un frêne armé de clous tran-
 chants.

Les femmes des païens en rugissant de haine
 Répondent à leur reine,

Et couvrent les vainqueurs d'un nuage de
 traits ;

Mais les francs, dédaignant leur fureur inu-
 tile,

Avancent pas à pas en bataillons épais,
 Et pressent l'ennemi vers son dernier asile."

The opening of the 18th Canto is ex-
 tremely fine :—

'Quel orage a brisé les cordes de ma lyre ?

Hélas ! je ne suis plus sur les monts Tuscu-
 lans : [chants,

La paix de ces beaux lieux, favorable à mes
 De mes nobles transports nourrissait le délire

Du verdoyant sommet de ces coteaux fameux,
 Rome offrait à mes yeux

De ses vastes remparts l'enceinte magnifique.
 Du soleil radieux épiait le retour,

Je découvrais du Christ la sainte basilique
 Etincelante au loin des premiers feux du jour.

Là, si de mon génie éteignant le flambeau,

Le souffle de la guerre et de la calomnie

Obscurcissait par fois l'horizon de ma vie,

J'allais me prosterner aux pieds du saint tom-
 beau :

Du neveu de Martel je contemplais l'image,
 Auguste témoignage

Des bienfaits dont jadis il combla les romains ;
 Et souvent aux genoux du successeur de

Pierre,
 Je trouvais dans le feu de ses regards divins
 De l'inspiration la brillante lumière."

The description of Laurentia at her de-
 votions, with what follows, is inexpressibly
 interesting :—

"Se jetant à genoux sur le pavé du temple,
 A la Vierge immortelle elle adresse ses vœux.

Osant bientôt fixer son nimbe radieux,
 D'un regard recueilli Laurence la contemple :

Vers ce sourire ouvert à tous les malheureux,
 Vers ce front gracieux

Où respirent la paix, la candeur, la tendresse,
 Attentive, elle élève un cœur plein de ferveur ;

Et d'une sainte extase, irrésistible ivresse,
 Elle goûte à longs traits l'ineffable douceur.

Les parfums les plus doux enveloppent
 l'autel—

L'encens religieux et l'odorante myrrhe.
 Le dôme retentit des accords de la lyre

Mêlés au sons brillants des harpes d'Israël.
Une clarté vermeille et semblable à l'aurore,
Sous la voûte sonore,

Pénétre, et par degrés inonde les lieux saints.
Des mortels affligés la Vierge tutélaire
Apparaît dans le temple; un chœur d'esprits
divins

Forme autour de ses pas un cercle de lumière.

Les lis éblouissants qui couronnent sa tête
Pour le peuple français indiquent son amour.

' J'exauce tes soupirs,' dit-elle; ' et dans ce
jour,

' Femme de Carloman, tu seras satisfaite.

' Tes remords du Très-haut ont calmé le cour-
roux.

' Suis-moi vers ton époux :

' Sois admise aux secrets de la vie éternelle.

Si tu n'es point, ma fille, ingrate à ma
faveur,

Ranimant à ma voix la ferveur de ton zèle,

' Tu dois fuir à jamais l'ennemi du Seigneur.'

Laurence, aux doux accents de la reine des
cieux,

Sent calmer tous les maux de son âme affligée.

De ses liens mortels se croyant dégagée,

Rien n'intimide plus son cœur audacieux :

Elle s'est élancée : aux genoux de Marie !

Sa paupière éblouie

S'abaisse : l'Univers déjà loin de ses yeux,

Comme un point dans les airs s'obscurcit et
s'efface :

Bientôt elle parcourt les cercles lumineux

Que la main du Très-haut a semés dans
l'espace.

Du cortège divin suivant le vol rapide,
Laurence ne voit plus les célestes flambeaux ;
Et sur les bords lointains de l'antique chaos
Se montre à ses regards une montagne aride.

Les Alpes, auprès d'elle, et l'Atlas et l'Hémus,
Ensemble confondus, [lise.

A peine paraîtraient comme une humble col-
Sa base immense fume ; un tourbillon de feux
Allumés dans les temps par une main divine
Serpente en bouillonnant dans ses flancs ca-
verneux.

Les flammes en montant paraissent s'affaib-
lir ;

Un rocher circulaire arrête leur ravage ;
C'est ainsi que les flots meurent sur le rivage.
L'Invisible pouvoir qui sait tout contenir
Reprime également le feu, la terre et l'onde.

Si d'une nuit profonde
Règne encor sur le roc l'épaisse obscurité,
Ou n'y craint plus des feux les pointes déchi-
rantes ;

Et plus près de la cime, une douce clarté
De ce mont inconnu blanchit les vastes pen-
tes.

Laurence en ce moment se tourne vers son
guide.

' Quel spectacle nouveau pour mes sens éper-
dus !

' De ténèbres, de feux quel mélange confus !'

Dit-elle; ' de ce mont la base m'intimide :
Elle exhale des pleurs et des soupirs pro-
fonds.

' De quels divins rayons

' Sa cime cependant paraît-elle éclairée ?

' Moins douce est la lueur de l'astre de nos
nuits,

' Alors que s'élevant sur la voûte azurée

' Il vient porter le calme à nos secrets en-
nuis.'

' Tu vois, répond Marie, ' ô fille de Martel,

' Le mont où les humains vont expier leurs
crimes :

' Sa base du chaos touche les noirs abîmes ;

' Et sa cime pénètre aux régions du Ciel.

' De ses feux dévorants la flamme est passa-
gère.

' Cette douce lumière

' Qui charme tes regards, émane du lieu saint

' Ce rayon d'espérance et de béatitude,

' Des exilés du Ciel adoucit le destin,

' Et calme de leurs cœurs l'ardente inquiétude.

' Vois, sur les hauts sommets du mont expia-
toire,

' Ces ombres, l'œil fixé sur le rayon divin :

' La seule flamme encor qui consume leur
sein

' Est un désir brûlant de la céleste gloire.

' Elles ont traversé les abîmes de feux,

' Les rochers ténébreux,

' Et gravi, pas à pas, la cime lumineuse :

' Dans ses brillants parvis la maison du Seig-
neur

' Recueillera bientôt leur multitude heureuse,

' Pour jamais à l'abri des traits de la douleur.

' Les fantômes épars dans ces vallons loin-
tains

' Où le jour et la nuit confondent leur puis-
sance

' Doivent d'un long exil éprouver la souf-
france.

' Celui dont l'attitude annonce les chagrins,

' Et qui fixe en pleurant le globe de la terre,

' Vient de perdre naguère

' L'espoir que lui donnaient les vertus de son
fils :

' Egaré tout à coup en des sentiers profanes,

' Ce fils loin de son Dieu détourne ses es-
prits ;

' Et des biens désormais il néglige les manes.

' L'ingrât, d'un vain plaisir poursuivant les
chimères,

' Du céleste courroux affronte le péril :

' Pour abrégér les temps de son funeste exil
 ' Le fantôme trahi n'attend plus de prières
 ' De toute sa famille il est abandonné.
 ' Sur son front consterné
 ' La douleur a gravé son empreinte cruelle :
 ' Il crut vivre à jamais au cœur de ses enfants.
 ' Ils suivent de l'erreur la pente criminelle.
 ' Les cieus restent fermés à ses vœux suppli-
 ants.
 ' Le père a senti le châtiment certain
 ' Que réserve à ses fils l'éternelle justice.
 ' En voyant sa famille au bord du précipice,
 ' Il étend vers la terre une impuissante main
 ' Et pousse des soupirs de tendresse et de
 crainte :
 ' De la fatale enceinte
 ' Les accents paternels voudraient pouvoir
 sortir :
 ' Inutiles efforts pour les enfants coupables !
 ' L'immensité des airs, que rien ne peut
 franchir,
 ' Reçoit les vains conseils des ombres mise-
 rables.
 ' Un fantôme léger sort du vallon de larmes,
 ' Et s'approche du seuil de l'éternelle paix.
 ' Lève les yeux, ma fille, et reconnais ses
 traits :
 ' Jeune épouse d'un roi, de l'éclat de ses
 charmes
 ' Tu fus témoin jadis dans les murs d'Orléans.
 ' Des flatteurs imprudents,
 ' Ne mettant point de borne à leur perfide hom-
 mage,
 ' De leurs poisons cachés enivèrent son cœur.
 ' La mollesse et l'orgueil devinrent son par-
 tage.
 ' La mort dans son printemps moissonna cette
 fleur.
 ' L'exil un siècle entier devait la retenir :
 ' Telle fut du Très-haut la sentence sévère.
 ' Depuis qu'elle a fermé les yeux à la lumière,
 ' Son époux d'un cœur pur sut prier et gémir :
 ' Les vertus d'un bon roi marquèrent sa jeu-
 nesse :
 ' Sa constante tendresse
 ' Tousjours pour sa compagne offrit au Ciel
 des vœux ;
 ' Et c'est pour couronner une flamme si belle,
 ' Qu'en faveur de la foi d'un époux vertueux,
 ' Au nombre des élus le Très-haut la rappelle.
 Laurence a reconnu cette ombre triomphante :
 Un saint éclat brillait sur ses traits enchan-
 teurs.
 Son front purifié se couronnait de fleurs.
 Un voile d'hyménée, une robe éclatante
 Paraissaient embellir et voiler ses attraits.
 Vers les divins sommets
 Comme un astre brillant elle s'est élevée :

On entend les accords des célestes concerts ;
 Et du sombre chaos la masse soulevée
 Semble donner passage aux plaintes des
 Enfers.

Cette ombre, qui devait au plus fidèle amour
 Le destin glorieux d'une éternelle vie,
 Accable de regrets la reine d'Austrasie.
 ' Si Carloman,' dit-elle, ' a dû dans ce se jour
 ' Expier les erreurs de l'humaine misère,
 ' Qu'ai-je fait sur la terre
 ' Pour abrégér les temps de sa captivité ?
 ' O des infortunés mère compatissante !
 ' Montre-moi mon époux De ce cœur agité
 ' Accueilli par pitié la prière fervente.'

LAURENTIA'S ADDRESS TO HER HUSBAND
CARLOMAN.

" — Carloman ! cher époux ! ô moitié de
 moi-même ! —
 Laurence veut poursuivre : un doux saisisse-
 ment
 De son cœur attendri glace le mouvement.
 Le neveu de Martel, dans sa surprise extrême,
 De celle qu'il adore a reconnu les traits.
 ' Achève tes bienfaits,'
 Dit-il, ' Dieu Tout-puissant ; d'une épouse
 chérie
 Ne me dérobe plus le fantôme enchanteur.
 ' Et toi qui fus jadis le charme de ma vie,
 ' Viens ; que ta douce voix me rappelle au
 bonheur.'

Laurence dans ses bras a reçu son époux :
 Elle croit un instant presser sa vaine image.
 ' J'ai senti dans mon cœur renaître mon cou-
 rage,'
 Dit-elle ; ' du malheur je puis braver les
 coups.
 ' Carloman, tu n'as point oublié ma tendresse
 ' Sur mon sein je te presse !
 ' La mort ne peut donc rien sur les chastes
 amours !
 ' Je te vois, mon soutien, mon appui tutélaire !
 ' Avec toi s'éteignit la clarté de mes jours ;
 ' J'ai peut-être sans toi failli dans la carrière.

" Nos enfants sont assis au trône d'Austra-
 sie.
 ' En acceptant pour eux le sceptre paternel
 ' Aurais-je provoqué les colères du Ciel ?
 ' La faiblesse et le crime ont-ils flétri ma vie ?
 ' Le Ciel des orphelins n'est-il pas le vengeur ?
 ' Dissipe de mon cœur
 ' Par tes sages conseils l'obscurité profonde.
 ' Mais, toi ! pourquoi ce deuil et ces tristes
 lambeaux ?
 ' Sur ton front consterné quelle poussière
 immonde ?
 ' N'est-il pas dans ces lieux de relâche à tes
 maux ? "

The fate of Laurentina compared with that of Hagar, when driven from her home by Abraham, is very fine :—

“ Laurence se relève : elle jette la vue
Sur les champs inconnus qui bornent l'ho-
rizon.

L'astre des nuits encor prolongeait son rayon
Sur leur mélancolique et stérile étendue.

Le sable seul inonde et couvre ce désert,
Où les eaux de la mer

Roulaient au temps passé leurs vagues écu-
mantes.

On ne voit point ici la parure des champs :
Le pasteur altéré fuit ces plaines brûlantes ;
Le soc y tracerait des sillons impuissants.

Quelques faibles buissons, stériles ornements,
Sont au loin dispersés dans cette solitude.

Laurence s'aperçoit avec inquiétude
Que déjà la fatigue accable ses enfants.

Elle ignore quel lieu leur servira d'asile.

Loin des murs de la ville
Elle fuit sans savoir où diriger ses pas.
L'espérance et la foi soutiennent son courage :
Contente d'obéir, elle ne doute pas
Qu'une invisible main ne guide son voyage.

Cette campagne aride, et la pâle lumière
Que le flambeau des nuits jette du haut des
cieux,

Rappellent à son cœur le mont silencieux
Qui naguère a frappé sa timide paupière.
Mais son époux n'est plus sur le roc sour-
cilieux ;

Et son front radieux
Sans doute des élus a reçu la couronne :

Tel qu'un astre nouveau, dans son vol glo-
rieux,

Carloman attiré vers le céleste trône,
A roulé dans le sein du parvis lumineux.

Cette image charmait la fille de Mainfroi.
Par les mots les plus doux, sa bonté mater-
nelle

Console ses enfants, encourage leur zèle,
Et repousse loin d'eux la tristesse et l'effroi.

Elle leur dit comment pour protéger l'enfance,
Dieu montra sa puissance,

Et souvent au désert répandit ses faveurs :
Comment l'Ébreu sorti d'une terre profane,

De la faim, de la soif ressentant les horreurs,
Vit tomber sur le sable une céleste manne.

Comment près de Gaza, fugitive, égaré,
L'esclave d'Abraham vit son cher Ismaël

Eprouver de la soif le supplice cruel :
Sous l'arbre du désert Agar désespérée

Depose son enfant ; et détournant les yeux
De ce front douloureux

Que le doigt de la mort marque de son em-
preinte,

Elle implore le Ciel par un cri suppliant :

Un messager céleste accourant à sa plainte :

‘ Agar, relève-toi,’ dit-il, ‘ prends ton enfant.

‘ A l'appui du Très-haut tu viens de recourir !

‘ Quand on sait l'invoquer par d'ardentes
prières,

‘ Les rochers inféconds, les sables solitaires

‘ Et de fleurs et de fruits peuvent se revêtir.

‘ Ici ton fils croîtra plein de force et d'audace.

‘ Une nombreuse race

‘ Sortira d'Ismaël pour bénir le Seigneur.

‘ Agar, porte ton fils au travers de la plaine :

‘ Bientôt un puits sacré t'offrira sa fraîcheur :

‘ Vois ses bords s'élever sur la mouvante
arène.’

L'ange a parlé : déjà la bienheureuse mère

A soulevé son fils. Ce précieux fardeau

Paraissait lui donner un courage nouveau.

Bientôt devant ses yeux, hors du sein de la
terre

S'élançait cette source objet de ses desirs !

Par ses brûlants soupirs

Exprimant son amour et sa reconnaissance,

De l'onde salutaire Agar puise les flots :

Ismaël se ranime—oubliant sa souffrance,

L'esclave d'Abraham sent calmer tous ses
maux.

C'est ainsi que Laurence, à Siagre, à Pepin,
Des bienfaits du Seigneur rappelait la mé-
moire.

Quand du fils d'Abraham elle redit l'histoire,
Des larmes tout à coup s'échappent sur son
sein.

Cette lande est pareille aux champs de Ber-
sabée :

Aride, inhabitée,

Elle ne peut offrir aucun secours humain :

Comment franchir sans guide un immense in-
tervalle ?

L'ombre s'éclaircissait ; et l'horizon lointain
Brillait des premiers feux de l'aube matinale.”

The mingled sound of the bugle of the
Byzantine soldiers with the shrill clarinet
of the Druids, is touchingly described in
the following lines ; nor is the description
that follows less admirable :—

“ Le cor harmonieux des soldats byzantins
Se mêle aux cris aigus du clairon des druides.
Chaque troupe a son tour presse ses pas ra-
pides,

Touche le pied des murs, brave les dards ro-
mains,

Et lève au même instant les échelles terribles
Jusqu'à lors invincibles,

Des latins avaient vu couronner leurs exploits :

Les creneaux sont couverts de leur foule aguerrie ;

Mais Rodamir s'avance : aux accents de sa voix,

Plus fière que jamais marche la horde impie.

Du Tibre au Vatican la mort impitoyable Parait, se reproduit sous mille traits divers.

Les plaintes, les sanglots font retentir les airs.

Sur les corps des mourants, l'assaillant implacable

S'élève, et par degrés envahit les creneaux.

Suivi de ses vassaux,

Ruffin des ennemis va moissonnant l'armée :

Il passe comme un trait de l'une à l'autre tour.

Les flèches et les dards, les rocs, l'huile enflammée

Plongent mille soldats au ténébreux séjour.

Entouré de mourants, le mole d'Adrien

Semble un roc sourcilieux battu par la tempête :

Les machines de guerre en vain frappent sa tête ;

Et ses pieds sont lavés de flots de sang païen.

Rodamir a dressé son échelle pesante :

Aux yeux de son amante,

Il vent sur ces remparts triompher ou mourir :

Il s'approchait déjà de la tour menaçante—

Une baliste alors s'ébranle, et fait jaillir

Sur le héros du nord une roche brûlante.

Son large bouclier frémit, cède et se brise.

Le preux aux pieds des murs succombe renversé.

Honteux, il se relève ; et d'un œil courroucé

Il blasphème le Dieu qui protège l'Eglise.

Ornés en ce moment se présente à ses yeux.

' O roi, loin de ces lieux,'

Lui dit-il, ' suis mes pas et Rome est abattue.

' Au milieu du combat, ceint de lauriers sanglants,

' Le puissant Irmenul vient de frapper ma vue :

' Je te parle en son nom : écoute ses accents.

This exquisite Poem concludes with the following lines :—

" De prêtres entouré, le pontife suprême

Au-devant du monarque avançait lentement :

Près de lui, de la croix le signe éblouissant ;

Et sur son front sacré le triple diadème.

A l'aspect d'Adrien, Cherle, Egbert et les preux,

D'un cœur religieux

Au vicaire du Christ rendent un saint hommage :

' Mon père,' dit le roi, ' j'embrasse tes genoux ;

' Du Dieu que nous servons ma victoire est l'ouvrage ;

' C'est lui seul qui livra les lombards à mes coups.

" Un messager divin dirigea ma valeur ;

' Sur les remparts soumis au sceptre de l'Eglise

' Que le bronze attestant la céleste entremise,

' Offre aux yeux des chrétiens l'ange exterminateur :

' C'est lui de qui le souffle a guidé ma faiblesse :

' D'une sainte promesse

' Mon cœur en ce moment acquitte ici les vœux :

' Mon père, bénis-nous ; que ta main favorable

' Daigne répandre ici, de la bonté des Cieux,

' Sur moi, sur mes guerriers, le trésor ineffable."

" Charlemagne, à ces mots, se courbe vers la terre :

Il adore le Dieu des francs et des latins ;

' Mon fils,' dit le pasteur, ' le maître des humains,

' L'arbitre de la paix, l'arbitre de la guerre,

En te livrant partout les pervers abattus,

' Couronne tes vertus."

Il dit, et vers le ciel ce cri soudain s'élève :

' Gloire au fils de Pepin, gloire à l'oint du Seigneur :

' L'Eglise et les romains délivrés par son glaive

' Le proclamant du nom d'Auguste et d'Empereur."

RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTH.

Extracts from Roderick, the last of the Goths. By Robert Southey, Esq. Longman, London.

RODERICK'S PENITENCE.

" THEN Roderick knelt
Before the holy man, and strove to speak.
Thou seest, he cried,—thou seest,—but memory

And suffocating thoughts repress the word,
And shudderings, like an ague fit, from head
To foot convulsed him; till at length, subduing
His nature to the effort, he exclaim'd,
Spreading his hands and lifting up his face,
As if resolved in penitence to bear
A human eye upon his shame,—Thou seest
Roderick the Goth! That name would have
sufficed

To tell the whole abhorred history :
He not the less pursued,—the ravisher,
The cause of all this ruin! Having said,
In the same posture motionless he knelt,
Arms straightened down, and hands outspread,
and eyes

Raised to the Monk, like one who from his voice
Expected life or death.

All night the old man
Prayed with his penitent, and minister'd
Unto the wounded soul, till he infused
A healing hope of mercy, that allay'd
Its heat of anguish."

HIS REMORSE.

" Oh for a voice
Of comfort,—for a ray of hope from Heaven!
A hand that from these billows of despair
May reach and snatch him ere he sink engulf'd!

At length, as life when it hath lain long time
Opprest beneath some grievous malady,
Seems to rouse up with re-collected strength,
And the sick man doth feel within himself
A second spring; so Roderick's better mind
Arose to save him. Lo! the western sun
Flames o'er the broad Atlantic; on the verge
Of glowing ocean rests; retiring then
Draws with it all its rays, and sudden night
Fills the whole cope of heaven. The penitent
Knelt by Romano's grave, and, falling prone,
Claspt with extended arms the funeral mould.
Father! he cried; Companion! only friend,
When all beside was lost! thou too art gone,
And the poor sinner whom from utter death
Thy providential hand preserved, once more
Totters upon the gulph. I am too weak.
For solitude,—too vile a wretch to bear

This everlasting commune with myself.

The Tempter hath assail'd me; my own heart
Is leagued with him; Despair hath laid the nets
To take my soul, and Memory, like a ghost,
Haunts me, and drives me to the toils."

THE RESULT OF ADOSINDA'S ADDRESS.

" As thus she spake,
Roderick intently listening had forgot
His crown, his kingdom, his calamities,
His crimes,—so like a spell upon the Goth
Her powerful words prevail'd. With open lips,
And eager ear, and eyes which, while they
watch'd

Her features, caught the spirit that she breath'd
Mute and enrapt he stood, and motionless;
The vision rose before him; and that shout,
Which, like a thunder-peal, victorious Spain
Sent through the welkin, rung within his soul
Its deep prophetic echoes. On his brow
The pride and power of former majesty
Dawn'd once again, but changed and purified :
Duty, and high heroic purposes,
Now hallow'd it, and, as with inward light,
Illumed his meagre countenance austere.
Awhile in silence Adosinda stood,
Reading his alter'd visage, and the thoughts
Which thus transfigured him. Aye, she ex-
claim'd,

The tale hath moved thee : it might move the
dead,

Quicken captivity's dead soul, and rouse
This prostrate country from her mortal trance :
Therefore I live to tell it. And for this
Hath the Lord God Almighty given to me
A spirit not mine own, and strength from Hea-
ven;

Dealing with me as in the days of old
With that Bethulian Matron, when she saved
His people from the spoiler. What remains,
But that the life which he hath thus preserved
I consecrate to him? Not veil'd and vow'd
To pass my days in holiness and peace;
Nor yet between sepulchral walls immured,
Alive to penitence alone; my rule
He hath himself prescribed, and hath infused
A passion in this woman's breast, wherein
All passions and all virtues are combined :
Love, hatred, joy, and anguish, and despair,
And hope, and natural piety, and faith,
Make up the mighty feeling. Call it not
Revenge; thus sanctified and thus sublimed,

'Tis duty, 'tis devotion. Like the grace
Of God, it came and saved me; and in it
Spain must have her salvation. In thy hands
Here, on the grave of all my family,
I make my vow."

RODERICK'S ANSWER TO FLORINDA.

" Father, at length she said, all tongues amid
This general ruin shed their bitterness
On Roderick, load his memory with reproach,
And with their curses persecute his soul—
Why shouldst thou tell me this? exclaim'd the
Goth,
From his cold forehead wiping as he spake
The death-like moisture:—Why of Roderick's
guilt
Tell me? Or thinkest thou I know it not?
Alas! who hath not heard the hideous tale
Of Roderick's shame! Babes learn it from
their nurses,
And children, by their mother unproved,
Link their first execrations to his name.
Oh, it hath caught a taint of infamy,
That, like Iscariot's, through all time shall
last,
Reeking and fresh for ever!"

DESCRIPTION OF MOONLIGHT.

" How calmly gliding through the dark-blue
sky
The midnight Moon ascends! Her placid
beams,
Through thinly scatter'd leaves and boughs
grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
Here, o'er the chesnut's fretted foliage grey
And massy, motionless they spread; here
shine
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills; and on how awfully
Into that deep and tranquil firmament
The summits of Auseva rise serene!
The watchman on the battlements partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the earth, the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,
Which in that brightest moon-light well-nigh
quench'd,
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence
Toward eternity the attemper'd mind.
Musing on worlds beyond the grave he stands,
And to the Virgin Mother silently
Breathes forth her hymn of praise."

FIDELITY OF A DOG.

" While thus Florinda spake, the dog who lay
Before Rusilla's feet, eyeing him long
And wistfully, had recognized at length,
Changed as he was and in those sordid weeds,
His royal master. And he rose and lick'd
His wither'd hand, and earnestly look'd up
With eyes whose human meaning did not need
The aid of speech; and moan'd, as if at once
To court and chide the long-withheld caress.
A feeling uncommix'd with sense of guilt
Or shame, yet painfullest, thrill'd through the
King;

But he, to self-controul now long inured,
Reprait his rising heart, nor other tears,
Full as his struggling bosom was, let fall
Than seem'd to follow on Florinda's words.
Looking toward her then, yet so that still
He shunn'd the meeting of her eye, he said,
Virtuous and pious as thou art, and ripe
For heaven, O Lady, I will think the man
Hath not by his Good Angel been cast off
For whom thy supplications rise. The Power
Whose justice doth in its unerring course
Visit the children for the sire's offence,
Shall He not in His boundless mercy hear
The daughter's prayer, and for her sake restore
The guilty parent? My soul shall with thine
In earnest and continual duty join—
How deeply, how devoutly, He will know
To whom the cry is raised!

Thus having said,
Deliberately, in self-possession still,
Himself from that most painful interview
Dispeeding, he withdrew. The watchful dog
Follow'd his footsteps close. But he retired
Into the thickest grove; there yielding way
To his o'erburthen'd nature, from all eyes
Apart, he cast himself upon the ground,
And threw his arms around the dog, and cried,
While tears stream'd down, Thou, Theron, then
hast known
Thy poor lost master,—Theron, none but
thou!"

SPEECH OF FLORINDA ON THE MERCY OF
OMNIPOTENCE.

" O blessed Saints,
Florinda cried, 'tis from the bitterness,
Not from the hardness of the heart, he speaks!
Hear him! and in your goodness give the scoff
The virtue of a prayer! So saying, she raised
Her hands in fervent action claspt to heaven;
Then as, still claspt, they fell, toward her sire
She turn'd her eyes, beholding him through
tears.

The look, the gesture, and that silent woe,
Softened her father's heart, which in this hour

Was open to the influence of love.
 Priest, thy vocation were a blessed one,
 Said Julian, if its mighty power were used
 To lessen human misery, not to swell
 The mournful sum, already all-too-great.
 If, as thy former counsel should imply,
 Thou art not one who would for his craft's
 sake

Fret with corrosives and inflame the wound,
 Which the poor sufferer brings to thee in
 trust,

That thou with virtuous balm wilt bind it up;
 If, as I think, thou art not one of those
 Whose villainy makes honest men turn Moors,
 Thou then wilt answer with unbiass'd mind
 What I shall ask thee, and exorcise thus
 The sick and feverish conscience of my child,
 From inbred phantoms, fiendlike, which pos-
 sess

Her innocent spirit. Children we are all
 Of one great Father, in whatever clime
 Nature or chance hath cast the seeds of life,
 All tongues, all colours: neither after death
 Shall we be sorted into languages
 And tints,—white, black, and tawny, Greek
 and Goth,

Northmen and offspring of hot Africa;
 The All-Father, he in whom we live and
 move,

He the indifferent Judge of all, regards
 Nations, and hues, and dialects alike.
 According to their works shall they be judged,
 When even-handed Justice in the scale
 Their good and evil weighs. All creeds, I ween,
 Agree in this, and hold it orthodox."

RODERICK IN BATTLE.

"Roderick and vengeance! O'er the field it
 spread,

All hearts and tongues uniting in the cry;
 Mountains and rocks and vales re-echoed
 round;

And he rejoicing in his strength rode on
 Laying on the Moors with that good sword,
 and smote,

And overthrew, and scattered, and destroy'd,
 And trampled down; and still at every blow
 Exultingly he sent the war-cry forth,
 Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
 Roderick and Vengeance!

Thus he made his way,
 Smiting and slaying through the astonish'd
 ranks,

Till he beheld where on a fiery barb,
 Ebba, performing well a soldier's part,
 Dealt to the right and left his deadly blows.
 With mutual rage they met. The renegade
 Displays a scymitar, the splendid gift
 Of Walid from Damascus sent; its hilt
 Emboss'd with gems, its blade of perfect steel,
 Which like a mirror sparkling to the sun
 With dazzling splendour flash'd. The Goth
 objects

His shield, and on its rim received the edge
 Driven from its aim aside, and of its force
 Diminish'd. Many a frustrate stroke was
 dealt

On either part, and many a foin and thrust
 Aim'd and rebated; many a deadly blow
 Straight, or reverse, deliver'd and repell'd.
 Roderick at length with better speed hath
 reach'd

The apostate's turban, and through all its
 folds

The true Cantabrien weapon making way
 Attain'd his forehead. Wretch! the avenger
 cried,

It comes from Roderick's hand! Roderick the
 Goth,

Who spared, who trusted thee, and was be-
 trayed!

Go tell thy father now how thou hast sped
 With all thy treasons! Saying thus, he seized
 The miserable, who, blinded now with blood,
 Reel'd in the saddle; and with sidelong step
 Backing Orelia, drew him to the ground.
 He shrieking, as beneath the horse's feet
 He fell, forgot his late-learn'd creed, and call'd
 On Mary's name. The dreadful Goth past on,
 Still plunging thro' the thickest war, and still
 Scattering, where'er he turn'd, the affrighted
 ranks.

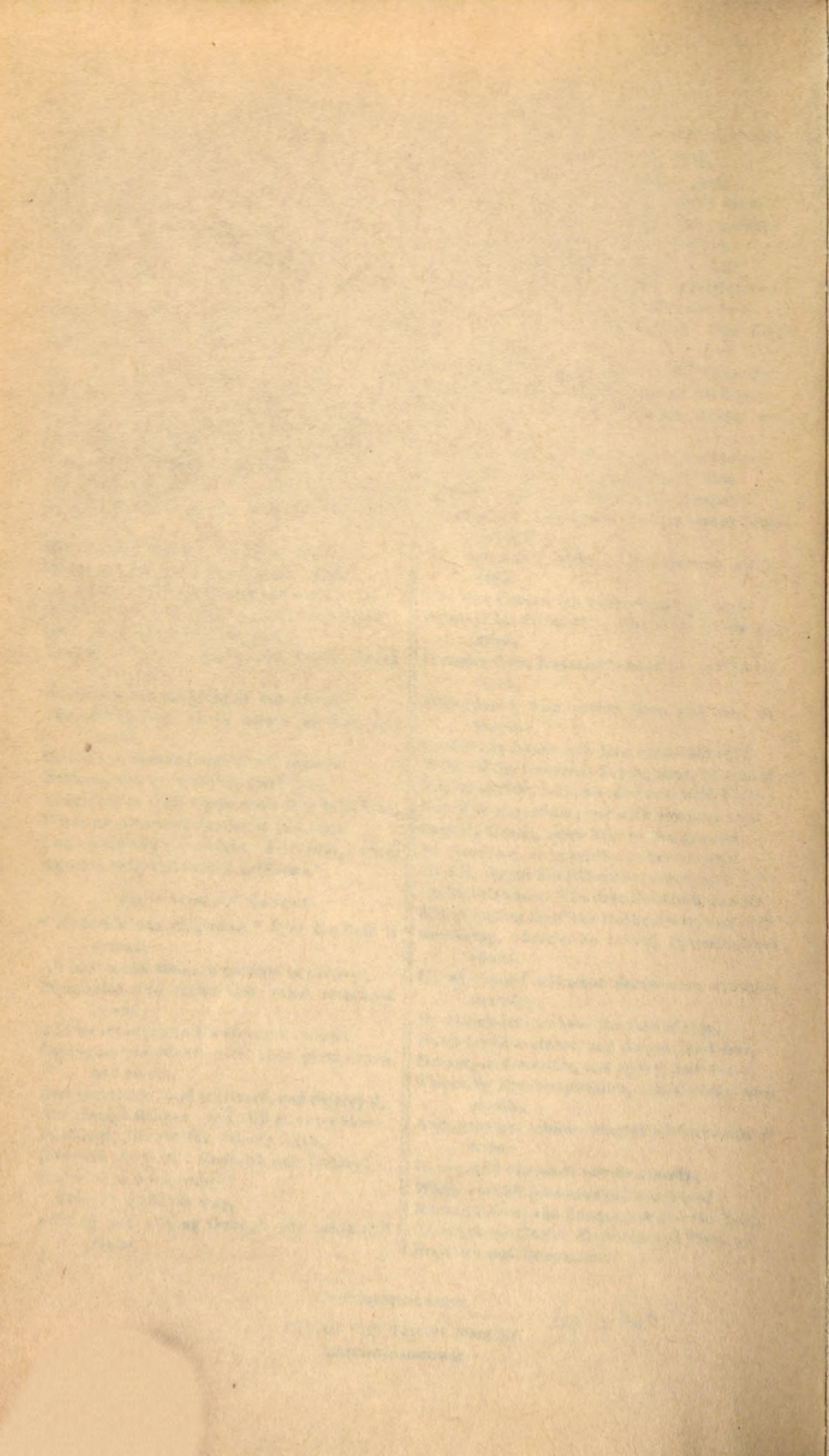
Oh who could-tell what deeds were wrought
 that day;

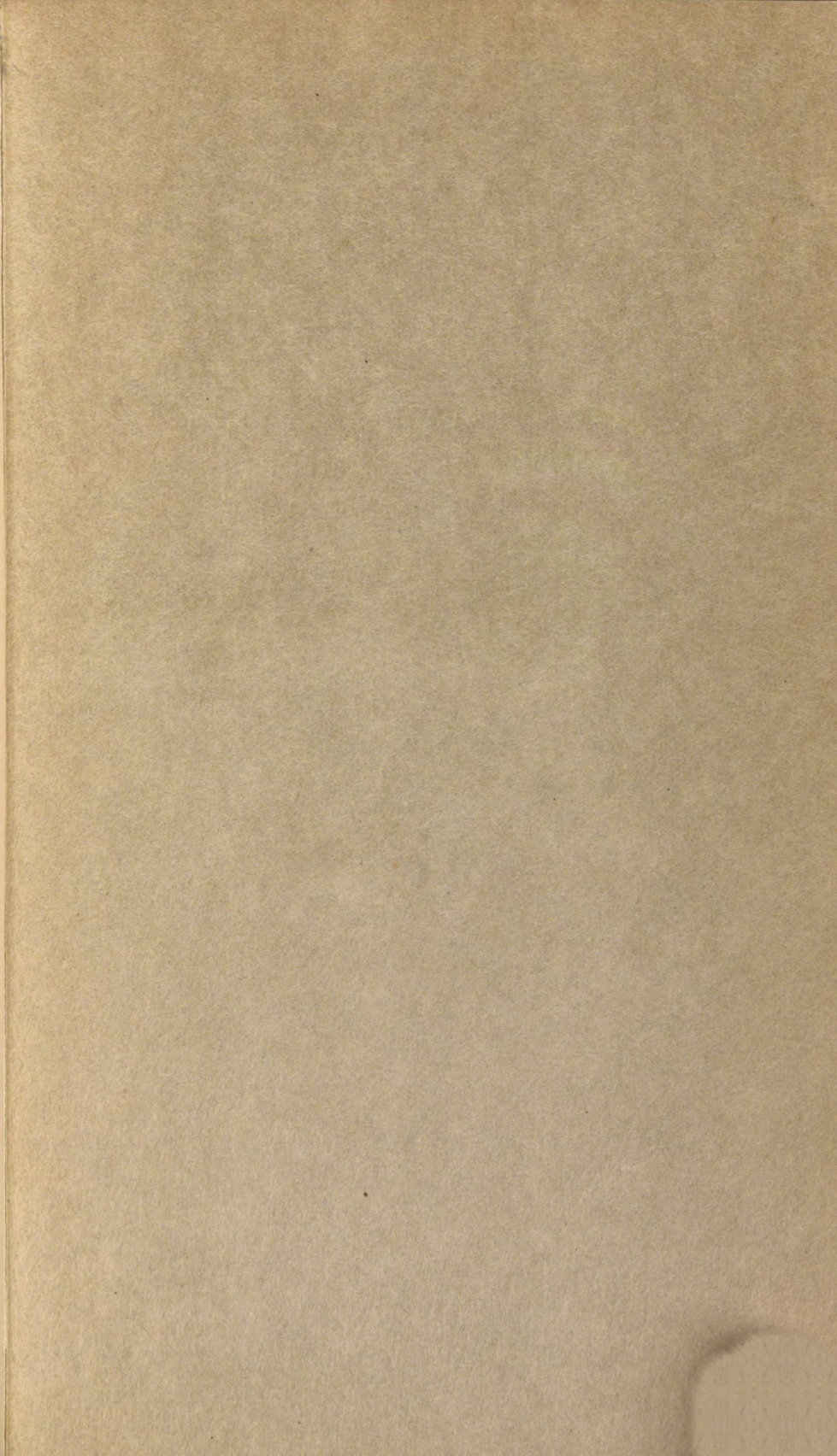
Or who endure to hear the tale of rage,
 Hatred, and madness, and despair, and fear,
 Horror, and wounds, and agony, and death,
 The cries, the blasphemies, the shrieks, and
 groats,

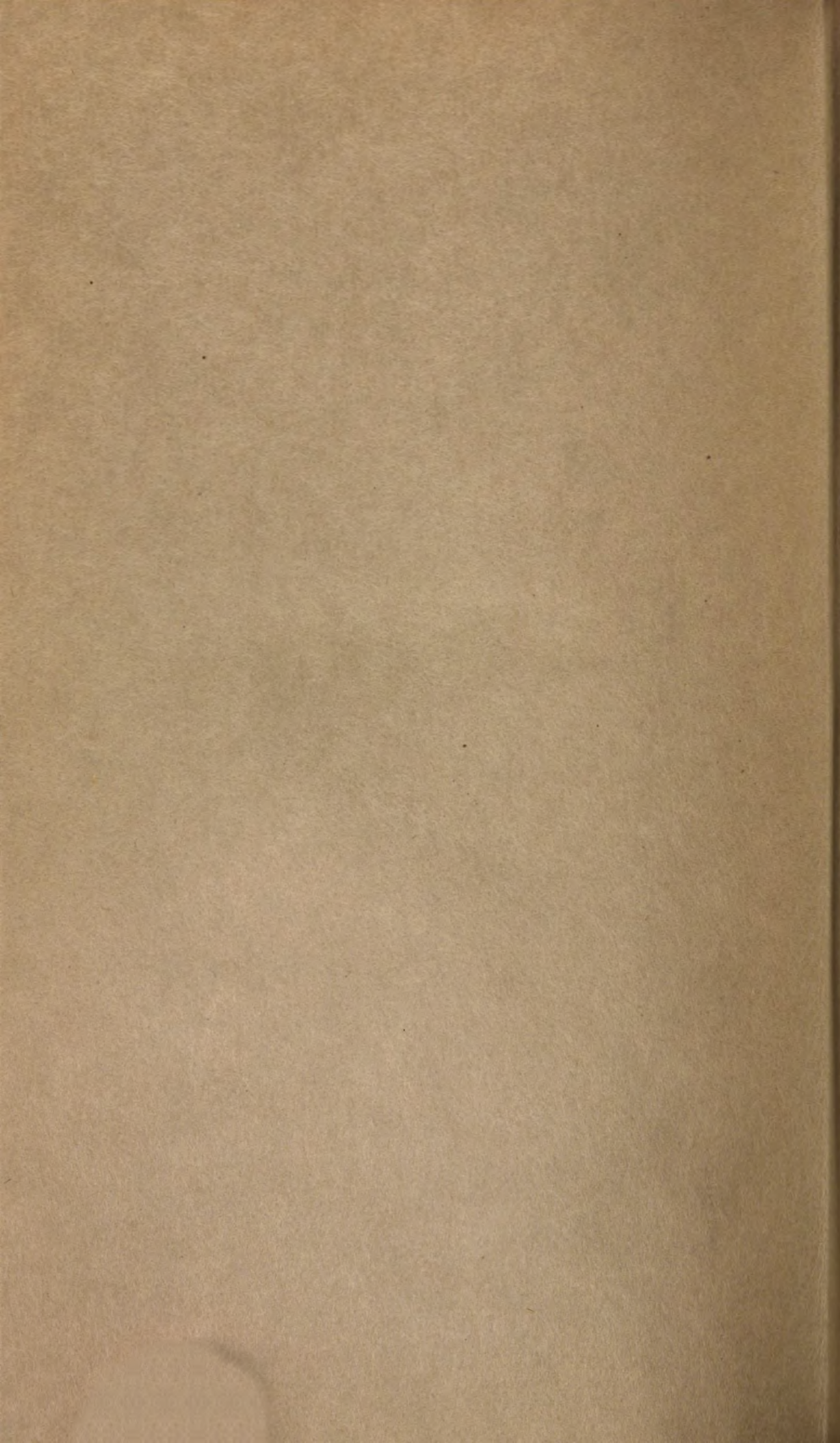
And prayers, which mingled with the din of
 arms

In one wild uproar of terrific sounds;
 While over all predominant was heard

Reiterate from the conquerors o'er the field,
 Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
 Roderick and Vengeance!"







JUN 7 1945



